

Class No.....

[illegible]

punch



VOL XL

LONDON:
PUBLISHED AT THE OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET,
AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.
1861.

LONDON
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.



"CRACKING our walnuts and sipping our claret," as the present Leader of HER MAJESTY'S Opposition is said to have begun the first leading article in the first number of the "Representative" newspaper (only for "cracking" and "walnuts," read "smashing" and "strawberries"), We, PUNCH the First and Last, were pondering over our own virtues, and many other less palpable things, when TOBY, frightened for the only time in his life, dashed frantically into the presence-chamber, and got under a chair.

"Why this excitement, dog of our soul?" demanded MR. PUNCH.

TOBY signified in canine Latin, a trifle purer than that which it is thought certain hierarchs of the SHAFTESBURY creation would indite, if hurried, that a dreadful Deputation was coming up.

"*Quid immerentes hospites vexas, canis?*" said his master. "Thou hast seen Deputations before—wild Sabatarians, loud Irishry, maddened Spanish bond-holders, frantic Bank-victims, rabid Chartists—what is this strange Terror that has come upon thee? Speak, dog!"

"Gorillus, gorilla, gorillum," stammered TOBY, in the excess of his fright.

And truly, as the animal spoke, the door opened widely, and a group of Gorillas entered. Entered noisily, and with some of the effrontery which belongs to the simious race both in Europe and Africa. But not more speedily was the clownish CYMON awed, first, into reverence, and, next, into qualifying himself for Competitive Examination, by the sight of the young beauty of IPHIGENIA, than were these African travellers astounded, and educated into the proprieties, by The Presence. Foremost came their chief—

"The Fool of Nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Long mute he stood, then, turning to his staff,
His wonder witnessed with an idiot laugh.
Then would have spoke, but by his glimmering sense
First found his want of words, and feared offence."

The Great Teacher permitted the lesson to saturate the whole being of his guests, and gazed benignly while they toned themselves down to a becoming modesty and stillness. Then, taking pity on their dumb, inarticulate helplessness, and remembering that, like the wise QUEEN ELIZABETH, he knew the language of every Ambassador that approached the throne, he said, affably,—

"*Bab choddery hairyopagus snick bungjungle hippocampo mi chowder gum benjamin?*"

Tears came into the eyes of the poor Gorillas as they heard their native tongue, spoken with sweetness and purity.

"*Slabbito gastly nebuchadnezzar*"—began the spokesman, but his feelings overpowered him, and he broke down under the weight of emotion.

"Take your time," said MR. PUNCH, still speaking in the Gorilla tongue. He, however, translates the rest of the dialogue, for all his readers are not Gorillas.

"O, MR. PUNCH," said the Gorilla Ambassador, "I come from Africa."

"I have heard of that place," said the Great Geographer, proudly. "It is one of the five quarters of the world."

"Your information is unexceptionable, Sir," replied the Gorilla, rapidly civilising into polysyllables. "May I venture to hope that one who has bestowed so much study upon our poor country, will deign to add to our weight of gratitude, and grant the boon which I am come to implore?"

"Name it; and in the meantime don't scratch the carpet," replied the Lord of a Million Monkeys.

"Sir," said the Gorilla, and a unanimous and confirmatory howl (echoed by a protestant growl from under the throne) proceeded from his suite, "we are a great nation, we Gorillas, and we are not understood by travellers."

"I have heard that self-assertion from one or two other nationalities," said MR. PUNCH, smiling.

"It is true, Sir, nevertheless. We are misrepresented."

"Ah! and we, too, have a House of Commons," sighed MR. PUNCH.

"Travellers, Sir, do not stay long enough with us to comprehend us."

"You are said to detain them with some little impetuosity," replied MR. PUNCH.

"O, Sir, such may be the practice among our *canaillie*. Do not judge us by our inferior orders. Would you desire that England should be judged by the persons who pay ten shillings to see BLONDIN, or threepence to see a dog-fight? No traveller or missionary has yet been admitted to good Gorilla society."

"Is it so very good?" demanded MR. PUNCH.

"Sir, I may say with pride that it is. We are very desirous to imitate our non-hirsute fellow-creatures. We have instituted exclusive castes, and no blue-tailed Gorilla grins to a low-born monkey with a brown tail. No lady Gorilla ever nurses her young monkeys. A Gorilla who has lost his store of cocoa-nuts is at once bitten to death. We have certain trees which are considered fashionable, and any Gorilla who does not live in them is regarded as a snob-monkey. The larger the hoard of nuts which a Gorilla can steal, the more he is honoured; but we have also much respect for the monkey who has torn many other monkeys to pieces in fighting; and a Gorilla of either class may take as mate the prettiest young lady monkey he can find. When two of us quarrel they are set to fight, and the backers share with the umpire the nuts of the combatants. We never trouble ourselves about the low-class monkeys, unless they grow too troublesome, and then we strangle them, to encourage the others. You see, Sir, that we are trying to do our best for ourselves, and that we are not what has been supposed."

"I am sorry to hear it," said MR. PUNCH, sternly. "I had thought better of you, from the statements of my friend PAUL DU CHAILLU. What do you want from me?"

"We wish to be Recognised, Sir, at your Court. We wish you to send an Ambassador to us—if I dared to designate the honourable TONY——"

But a storm of growls from under the chair indicated the unwillingness of the proposed representative to accept office.

"And we desire to place a Gorilla in London, as our Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary. He will be solitary, but——"

"Not so solitary as you imagine," replied MR. PUNCH. "Listen to me, ambitious but imperfect gentlemen. Can you read?"

"Certainly, Sir," exclaimed all the Gorillas.

"Then take this Book. Go home to your forests, read, study, learn its lessons. It is the physic which I administer to the British variety of Gorilla, and it may be equally beneficial to you. Come back six months hence, and let me see how the medicine has worked. Begone, but take with you my

Fortieth Volume.



PUNCH'S ALMANACK.



January xxxi Days.			February xxviii Days.		
1 Th	Circumc.	17 Th	Franklin b.	15 F	R. Lepia.
2 W	Sun Hillm.	18 F	Prusa.	16 S	C. L. T. div.
3 Th	S. s. 412m.	19 S	Compere d.	17 S	Qu. digne.
4 F	Let Bank	20 S	S. s. 412m.	18 F	Lucifer d.
5 S	Trans Day	21 M	Agave.	19 Th	Copernic. b.
6 S	Epiphany	22 Tu	Vincent	20 W	Hub. Cor.
7 M	Banquet d.	23 W	L. blanchet	21 Th	sup 1817
8 Tu	Lucas.	24 Th	Vox b. 1740	22 F	Ray nola d.
9 W	Comm. 1840	25 F	Con. S. Paul	23 S	S. s. 412m.
10 Th	Penny Post	26 S	Brani due	24 Th	Mathias d.
11 F	S. s. 412m.	27 S	Sequent d.	25 Th	T. Moore d.
12 S	Com. T. b.	28 M	Present d.	26 F	S. s. 412m.
13 S	1st of Epp.	29 Tu	S. s. 412m.	27 S	S. s. 412m.
14 Th	Oct. T. b.	30 W	S. s. 412m.	28 F	S. s. 412m.
15 Th	1809	31 Th	Hilary T. e	29 Th	S. s. 412m.
16 W	R. Corona				

March xxxi Days.			April xxx Days.		
1 F	St. David.	17 S	S. s. 412m.	16 Th	S. s. 412m.
2 S	St. Chad.	18 M	Pa. Lou b.	17 F	Hyron d.
3 Th	S. s. 412m.	19 Tu	St. Patrick	18 S	Alpige
4 F	S. s. 412m.	20 W	Spring Q. e	19 Th	H. H. d.
5 S	S. s. 412m.	21 Th	Remond	20 W	S. s. 412m.
6 S	Oct. 1st	22 F	Oct. 1st	21 Th	Old La. D.
7 M	St. Patrick	23 S	Oct. 1st	22 F	Law Sun.
8 Tu	St. Hil.	24 Th	St. Hil.	23 S	Law Sun.
9 W	St. Hil.	25 F	St. Hil.	24 Th	Law Sun.
10 Th	St. Hil.	26 S	St. Hil.	25 Th	Law Sun.
11 F	St. Hil.	27 M	St. Hil.	26 F	Law Sun.
12 S	St. Hil.	28 Tu	St. Hil.	27 S	Law Sun.
13 S	St. Hil.	29 W	St. Hil.	28 Th	Law Sun.
14 Th	St. Hil.	30 Th	St. Hil.	29 F	Law Sun.
15 Th	St. Hil.	31 Th	St. Hil.	30 S	Law Sun.

May xxxi Days.			June xxx Days.		
1 W	S. s. 412m.	17 F	T. s. 412m.	16 Th	S. s. 412m.
2 Th	S. s. 412m.	18 S	Oct. 1st	17 F	S. s. 412m.
3 F	S. s. 412m.	19 S	Oct. 1st	18 S	S. s. 412m.
4 S	S. s. 412m.	20 M	Oct. 1st	19 Th	S. s. 412m.
5 S	S. s. 412m.	21 Tu	Oct. 1st	20 W	S. s. 412m.
6 M	S. s. 412m.	22 Th	Oct. 1st	21 Th	S. s. 412m.
7 Tu	S. s. 412m.	23 F	Oct. 1st	22 F	S. s. 412m.
8 W	S. s. 412m.	24 S	Oct. 1st	23 S	S. s. 412m.
9 Th	S. s. 412m.	25 Th	Oct. 1st	24 Th	S. s. 412m.
10 F	S. s. 412m.	26 F	Oct. 1st	25 Th	S. s. 412m.
11 S	S. s. 412m.	27 S	Oct. 1st	26 F	S. s. 412m.
12 S	S. s. 412m.	28 M	Oct. 1st	27 S	S. s. 412m.
13 Th	S. s. 412m.	29 W	Oct. 1st	28 Th	S. s. 412m.
14 Th	S. s. 412m.	30 Th	Oct. 1st	29 F	S. s. 412m.
15 Th	S. s. 412m.	31 Th	Oct. 1st	30 S	S. s. 412m.

July xxxi Days.			August xxxi Days.		
1 W	S. s. 412m.	17 F	S. s. 412m.	16 Th	S. s. 412m.
2 Th	S. s. 412m.	18 S	S. s. 412m.	17 F	S. s. 412m.
3 F	S. s. 412m.	19 S	S. s. 412m.	18 S	S. s. 412m.
4 S	S. s. 412m.	20 M	S. s. 412m.	19 Th	S. s. 412m.
5 S	S. s. 412m.	21 Tu	S. s. 412m.	20 W	S. s. 412m.
6 M	S. s. 412m.	22 Th	S. s. 412m.	21 Th	S. s. 412m.
7 Tu	S. s. 412m.	23 F	S. s. 412m.	22 F	S. s. 412m.
8 W	S. s. 412m.	24 S	S. s. 412m.	23 S	S. s. 412m.
9 Th	S. s. 412m.	25 Th	S. s. 412m.	24 Th	S. s. 412m.
10 F	S. s. 412m.	26 F	S. s. 412m.	25 Th	S. s. 412m.
11 S	S. s. 412m.	27 S	S. s. 412m.	26 F	S. s. 412m.
12 S	S. s. 412m.	28 M	S. s. 412m.	27 S	S. s. 412m.
13 Th	S. s. 412m.	29 W	S. s. 412m.	28 Th	S. s. 412m.
14 Th	S. s. 412m.	30 Th	S. s. 412m.	29 F	S. s. 412m.
15 Th	S. s. 412m.	31 Th	S. s. 412m.	30 S	S. s. 412m.

September xxx Days.			October xxxi Days.		
1 S	14 S. of Tr.	16 M	S. s. 412m.	17 Th	St. Luke
2 W	15 S. of Tr.	17 Tu	S. s. 412m.	18 F	St. Luke
3 Th	16 S. of Tr.	18 W	S. s. 412m.	19 S	St. Luke
4 F	17 S. of Tr.	19 Th	S. s. 412m.	20 Th	St. Luke
5 S	18 S. of Tr.	20 F	S. s. 412m.	21 F	St. Luke
6 S	19 S. of Tr.	21 S	S. s. 412m.	22 Th	St. Luke
7 M	20 S. of Tr.	22 Tu	S. s. 412m.	23 W	St. Luke
8 Tu	21 S. of Tr.	23 Th	S. s. 412m.	24 Th	St. Luke
9 W	22 S. of Tr.	25 F	S. s. 412m.	26 F	St. Luke
10 Th	23 S. of Tr.	26 S	S. s. 412m.	27 S	St. Luke
11 F	24 S. of Tr.	27 M	S. s. 412m.	28 Th	St. Luke
12 S	25 S. of Tr.	28 W	S. s. 412m.	29 F	St. Luke
13 S	26 S. of Tr.	29 Th	S. s. 412m.	30 S	St. Luke
14 Th	27 S. of Tr.	30 Th	S. s. 412m.		
15 Th	28 S. of Tr.				
16 Th	29 S. of Tr.				

November xxx Days.			December xxxi Days.		
1 F	All Saints	16 S	St. Andrew	17 Th	St. Andrew
2 S	All Saints	17 S	St. Andrew	18 F	St. Andrew
3 Th	All Saints	18 Tu	St. Andrew	19 S	St. Andrew
4 F	All Saints	19 W	St. Andrew	20 Th	St. Andrew
5 S	All Saints	20 Th	St. Andrew	21 F	St. Andrew
6 S	All Saints	21 Tu	St. Andrew	22 S	St. Andrew
7 M	All Saints	22 Th	St. Andrew	23 W	St. Andrew
8 Tu	All Saints	23 F	St. Andrew	24 Th	St. Andrew
9 W	All Saints	24 S	St. Andrew	25 Th	St. Andrew
10 Th	All Saints	25 F	St. Andrew	26 F	St. Andrew
11 F	All Saints	26 S	St. Andrew	27 S	St. Andrew
12 S	All Saints	27 M	St. Andrew	28 Th	St. Andrew
13 S	All Saints	28 W	St. Andrew	29 F	St. Andrew
14 Th	All Saints	29 Th	St. Andrew	30 S	St. Andrew
15 Th	All Saints	30 Th	St. Andrew		

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 1897.

Mercury.

This planet was not visited by man until the year 1832, when Mr. ASTER AIRY, son of the venerable Professor, succeeded in reaching it by being shot thither in a wadded shell discharged from an Armstrong gun fitted into Lord Rosse's telescope. It was expected that Mercury would be exceedingly hot from its proximity to the sun, but Mr. AIRY found that the rays of that luminary pass over it, and the planet is a lump of green ice, intersected with rivers of quicksilver. The only inhabitants are owls, who are very civil to visitors, and who speak a language resembling Welsh. They expressed a great desire to have a bishop sent to them, and also some fat mice, and professed readiness to pay allegiance to the Star of Brunswick. The owls seemed very happy, and had never heard of Mr. TUPPER.

RURAL RHYMES.

In January, if so be 'tis cold,
I sheds my knee and pens my ship in fold.
O' coo se there bain't no doon nothin now,
Not if there's frost, to spake of wi' the plough.

But if the shifun hour I'm an improver,
And spreads the grass lands wauver wi' manœuvre.

Or round about the stock I casts my eye,
And sees the pigs be happy in their sty.

HINTS ON HOUSEKEEPING.

There's a use for everything;
Never throw a thing away.
Save your corks and bits of string,
They will all come in some day.
Keep half-a-cup of letters laid
For your an'wers; into spills
Cut the others; never tear
Up, or burn, but file your bills.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—That inveterate punster, JONES, hearing that his friend HARRY had suddenly had his gas cut off, exclaimed, "Ah yes, I suppose they did it by a coup de Main."

SPORT IN SEASON.—On Valentine's Day, birds may peck, but men go popping on the first of September.



THE GREAT WHISKER-CUTTING MOVEMENT.

Unhappy Sub. "By Jove! you know, AS IF ALDERSHOT WASN'T BAD ENOUGH OF ITSELF, WITHOUT DEPRIVING US OF THE ONLY AMUSEMENT WE HAD!"

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 1911.

Venus.

The planet Venus is composed of ivory of the most exquisite. It was first visited by Sir B. ... the celebrated astronomer, in 1900, when he succeeded in landing his aerial ship on Cape Cupid, the southernmost point. It is inhabited by a race of Lilliputians, who wor-ship a great blue monkey, and never speak at all. The climate is delightful, and amethysts, garnets, and rubies grow out of the soil in the shape of flowers. The people have no literature, but are very fond of cricket, and once a-year they stand on their heads for forty-eight hours together in honour of Queen Victoria. They take no notice of ... trodden upon by ... (omit squeals of a discontented character, and scratch, but are ... their babies, at ... to give them an ear for music.

RURAL RHYMES.

If dry, I sows my wutts; and if it rains,
Why then I takes and sows my pays and banes.

I never wun't keep nare a hog no more
To veed un up to wauver teen score:
'Cause why, you only loads his ribs wi' fat
As no one akes—and wot's the good o' that!

A CHINESE LOVE SONG.

CHINESE a ringee bringee tea and coffee,
Smuttee nuttee betel chew,
Bravee shavee wauve pigtail office,
Takee makes love-knot true.
Little feet and long nails nicey spicy,
Prettie puggy nose and slant eye,
Cooey, woosy say yea! spousee house see,
Crinkum crankum cradle soon buy!

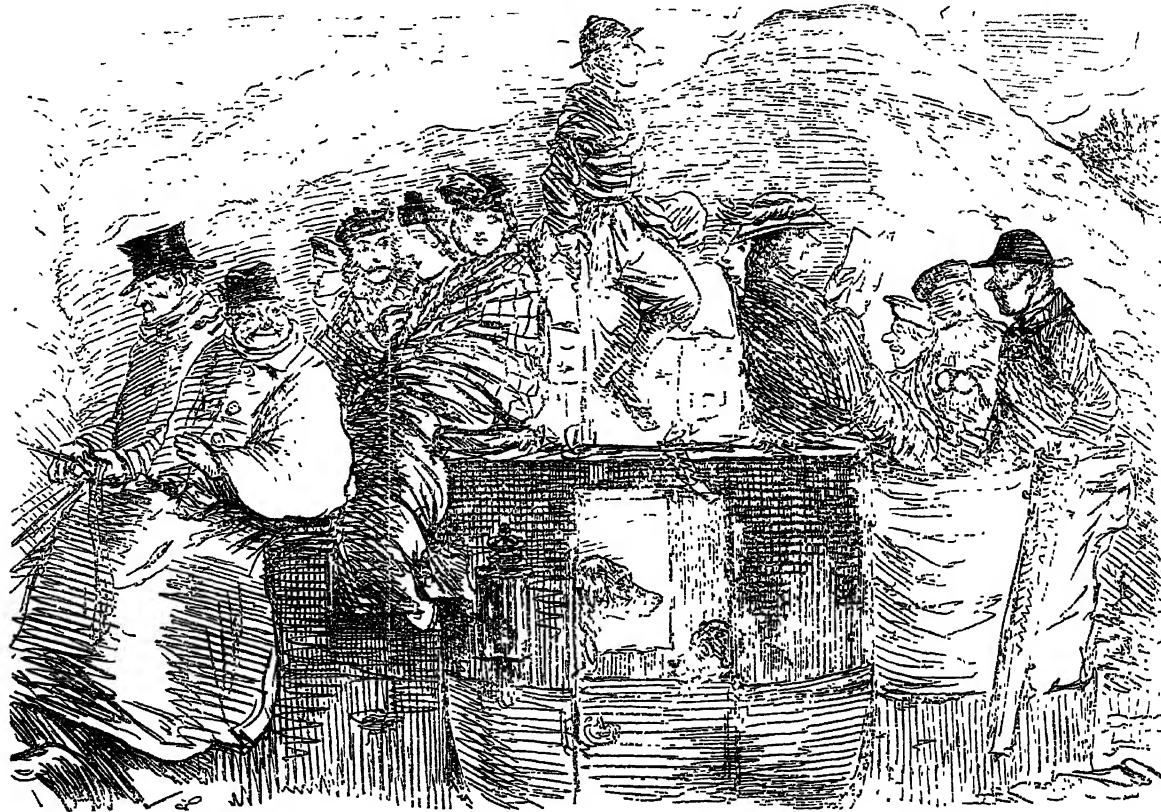
HOW TO GET A GOOD FRAME CHEAP.

Live temperately, be abstemious, cultivate early hours, rise with the lark instead of going to bed after one, take plenty of exercise, don't be afraid of lots of cold water, make a practice of always being cheerful, avoid debt, draughts, bad company, bills, and wet feet, and you will soon get a good frame cheap, and it shall be a frame, moreover, worth more than its weight in gold, such as shall enclose the very picture of health.



VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.

THAT DISTINGUISHED RIFLE-SHOT, MR. PUNCH, HAVING DONE HIS DUTY LIKE A MAN, THROWS HIMSELF UNDER THE MISLETOE AND RECEIVES HIS JUST REWARD.



MR. BRIGGS, FEELING THAT HIS HEART IS IN THE HIGHLANDS A-CHASING THE DEER, STARTS FOR THE NORTH.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.
From Punch's Almanack for 1870.

The Earth.

LESS was known of this planet than of any other until it was examined by the philosopher DARWIN, a few years ago. He reports that the inhabitants are nothing at all, and never were anything, and will be the same for about two billions of years, when they will all turn into ducks with long green tails, having eyes at the end thereof. They will then commence a struggle for life, in the course of which their tails will come off, and they will have two wooden legs between three of them, and all will talk occultic sessile pachydermatous Semitic. He does not speak with perfect certainty as to the next change, but believes that they will probably become lobsters, unless their electricity be too great, in which case the planet will be inhabited by petrodactyls and megalospondyles, until it bursts.

RURAL RHYMES.

THE wind now whistles reasonable air,
Which heur zo, I takes and zows my tines;
And whilst I strops and hstuns to the gust,
Thinks I, Wot's Life, except a cloud o' dust?

"BRICKS AND BEANS."

THREE terms are very respectable slang. They are of masonic origin. Both "Brick" and "Bean" signify a good fellow. A Brick is the individual constituent of a Lodge, which consists of Bricks cemented together by the mortar of good fellowship. PETERBOROUGH, the Royal Arch Mason, forbade his followers to eat Beans. This prohibition meant that masons were not, by usage and extortion, to devour one another. Bean, a philanthropist; a beany fellow; one who is a bene-factor to his species.

THE BULL IN THE CHINA-SHOP.

POOR SAN-KO-LIN-SIN may fight shy
When in JOHN BULL he catches a Tartar,
For China, we all know, will fly,
If it suddenly gets in hot water.

CAUTION TO ELDERLY FEMALES.—Buildings are protected from the effects of lightning by means of conductors, which are long iron rods or wires. The safest place for you in a thunderstorm is that omnibus of which the conductor is tall and wiry.



BEFORE GOING OUT, MR. BRIGGS AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE A QUIET CHAT ABOUT DEER-STALKING GENERALLY. HE LISTENS WITH MUCH INTRIGUE TO SOME PLEASING ANECDOTES ABOUT THE LITTLE INCIDENTS FREQUENTLY MET WITH—SUCH AS FALLS GOING THROUGH CAPS—TOES BEING SHOT OFF!—OCCASIONALLY BEING GORED BY THE ANTELS OF INFURIATE STAGS, &c., &c., &c.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES (FOR WIVES).

Honey Soap.—Take of smiles, soft answers, tolerance, temper, and tact, equal parts. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband's hand.—The above will be found an invaluable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation—for giving smoothness and softness—and for obviating all the unpleasant effects of domestic friction.

An Excellent Remedy for Chafes and Chills.—Patience, placidity, and pleasant looks.

To Render Tempers Incombustible.—Steep them in common-sense, self-respect, and consideration for others.

The Best Wash for the Face.—Milk of human kindness.

A SONG FOR COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

THE hart 's in the Highlands,
Of that there's no fear,
And 'tis there you may buy lands
For stalking the deer:
But the hills are no trifle,
And they're windy and cold,
So your wish you'd best stifle,
Or buy, and be—sold!

FRENCH AND ENGLISH COOKERY.

THE hippophagists of France dress horse for dinner. Here we only curry the horse, but do not eat him—not, at least, that we know; for some of us sometimes dine at an eating-house, and then partake of what the but at last calls hashed venison. We have no objection to a saddle of mutton, but as to horse, extreme hunger alone would induce an Englishman to touch the least bit.

GHOSTS WE NEVER WISH TO SEE.

THE Ghost of all our good intentions. And still less, stupid we like to see every day of our lives, the Ghost of a leg of mutton. The only Ghost we do care about seeing is the Ghost in Richardson's show.

VULGAR SUPERSTITION.—That far worse than seeing magpies or walking under ladders is it to be caught drinking a glass of beer at dinner, or to call for cabbage by any other than its genteel synonym of "greens."

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

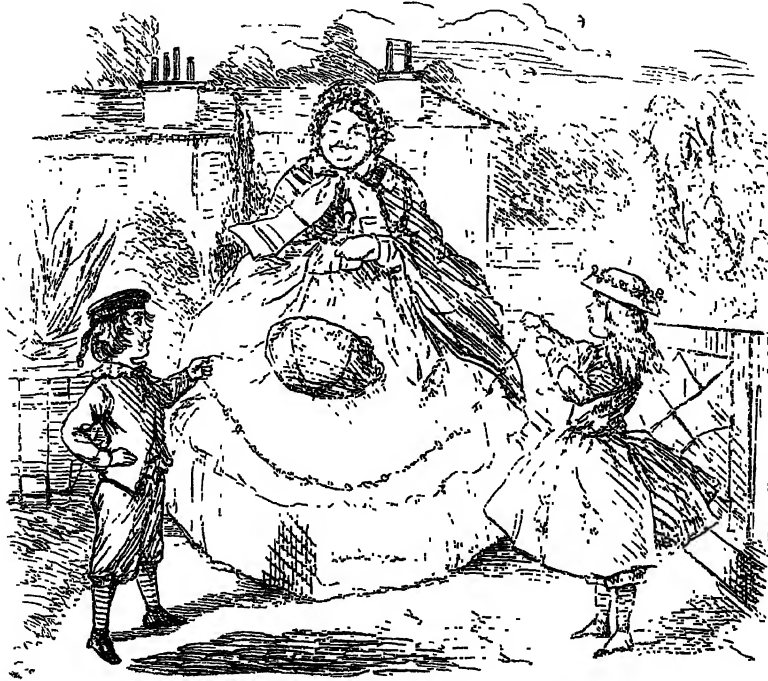
From *Punch's Almanack* for 1845.

MARS.

MARS was first reached by the EARL OF MARCH and his stellar explorative expedition in 1916, and a very noble colony was added to the British Monarchical Republic. The planet is inhabited by a fine race of Anthropophagi, most of them eleven feet high, and extremely affable. The Earl, on landing, presented them with a few Irish, which he had taken for the purpose, and which were at once eaten, and the Martians fired off sixteen hundred wind-bags, which they use as bells, in honour of their visitors. The planet is at first awkward for strangers, owing to the ground being composed of red-hot iron, but with acclimatisation and close this is got over, and the boiling-mung-furnish an agreeable drink. The people have no particular religion, except that on the First of March they beat their wives severely, and their industry is limited to snoring and scratching their heads. They have no government, and get on very well without one.

HOMOPATHY.—Like cures like. One irritation relieves another. That is the reason why, from a natural curative instinct, people scratch themselves when they itch. For this purpose, however, they do not use a millionth part of the tip of the finger-nail.

THE HOME FARM.—The sunshine of a smiling face will gild everything—even cold mutton.



IMMENSE TREAT FOR THE PARTY CONCERNED.

Master Jack. "NOW GRANNY, YOU MAY COME AND HAVE SOME JUMPS OVER OUR DAISY CHAIN."

RURAL RHYMES.

ARTE. March winds, too heavy
April showers
Brings forth in May more zugs
and zalls than vlowers.
It never rains, they say, but what
it pours.
What then? A farmer mustn't
bide in doors.
Refreshun miseture meaks the
mad-s bloom gay;
But wot I looks to is the crop o'
hay.

RECIPE FOR A PLEASANT DINNER-PARTY.

A Round table, holding eight;
A hearty welcome and little state;
One dish set on a time,
As plain as you please, but always
prime:
Poetic light—*and so on*;
Servants who don't require a tuot;
Talking guests and dumb-waters;
Warm plates and hot potatoes.

QUEER QUERIES.

Is it not affectation in husbands
of short stature to say that they
were married in the Temple of
Hygiene?

What relation to our whitebait is
the *bite noire* of the French?
Did you ever see a lame dog
helped over a stile?

What are the odds that the first
owner of a milk walk was a Kurd?
Was he a great walker that he
earned the name of the Colossus of
Roads?

What proof is there extant that
KING JAMES THE FIRST wrote
Junius, and that the phrase "as
cool as a cucumber" was applied
first to a Sould?

NOTES ON NURSING.

BY A CLOWN.

Toss the baby to Pantaloon, crying "Catchee, catchee!"
Snatch it away from him and hit him with it over the shins,
knocking him down. Squat upon the ground with the baby
in your lap, and begin feeding it out of a large pan with a
great dripping-ladle. Ram the ladle into the mouth of the

baby, and scrape the lips with the edge of it, then lick them
clean. Now wash the baby by putting it in a tub, pouring hot
water on it from the kettle, and swabbing its face with a mop.
Comb its hair with a rake; then put the baby into a mangle
and roll it out flat. Set the baby in its cradle, and tread it
well down. Make the baby cry; then take it out of bed to
quiet it, and give it Pantaloon to hold whilst you administer
poppy-syrup. Smear the syrup over its face. Take it away

again, catch hold of its ancles, and swinging it round your
head by the legs, thrash Pantaloon off the stage with the baby,
and throw it after him.

HINT ON CONVERSATION.—Avoid commercial slang. "How
will you have it?" said a Banker's cashier to a gent who pre-
sented a cheque for a £100. "Short," was the answer.
The cashier presented the gent with six penn'orth of half-pence.



GOING TO COVER.

Brown (who has given Tomkins, from Town, a Mount). "YOU NEEDN'T BE THE LEAST AFRAID. IT'S ONLY HIS PLAY. HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT AFTER HE'S BEEN OVER A FEW FENCES!"

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.
From *Punch's Almanack* for 1863.
Jupiter.

The highest expectations were formed of this planet, and when it was announced by the *Milky Way Express*, in August, 1814, that it had been reached by MR. AUSTIN LATARD, excitement knew no bounds, and a Jupiter Land Company was instantly got up. Unfortunately all these hopes were blighted. The planet turns out to be a white pulpy mass, tasting like

blancmange. The first man who jumped ashore plunged head over ears into the opaque matter, and went through, as it is conjectured, into infinite space, as he has never since been heard of. Various efforts were made to find a footing, but in vain, and after several ships had been swallowed up, Parliament interfered. ADMIRAL BROOKS was ordered to blow out the four moons, which he did in the most gallant manner, and notice was given that Jupiter was to be ignored for the future. A plan for crystallising the planet by galvanism has lately been talked of.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.

Never "for form's sake" write your name across a bill unless you are prepared to meet the certain consequences. Never expect to touch a sieve musician by your story of there being sickness in your house, except you emphasise it pointedly with a hearty kick. Never flirt with a young widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

CAUTION!
If you value your peace of mind, kind reader, pray don't read this riddle.—
Q. When does an old woman who is driving her donkey into a shed resemble another who is giving an alarm of murder?
A. When she cries "Ass-ess-in!"

RURAL RHYMES.
To turn out now attention I bestow,
And what I haven't sowed afore, I sow.
Now zings the nightingale amongst the twigs,
And sayin' "Chook, chook, chook," they eat the pigs.
A Chris lan from them watchful birds med take
A lesson to be always wide awake.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.
In the course of the last twelvemonth no less than a couple of advertising vans were discovered being driven on the right side of the road.
Of two million young ladies who last year were asked to sing, it is a fact that sixteen did so without making an apology for having a bad cold.



THE DEER ARE DRIVEN FOR MR. BRIGGS. HE HAS AN EXCELLENT PLACE, BUT WHAT WITH WAITING BY HIMSELF SO LONG, THE MURMUR OF THE STREAM, THE BEAUTY OF THE SCENE AND THE NOVELTY OF THE SITUATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP, AND WHILE HE TAKES HIS FORTY WINKS, THE DEER PASS!

A BLACK MAN'S RECIPE FOR DRESSING RICE.—Wash him well; then apply a coat of lard-black and grease to his face and hands; stick a black woollen or horsehair wig upon his head; invest his body in a ragged coat with long tails, his legs in blue or red striped trousers, and his feet in boots out let in this way, and you will have a black man, much relished both by the British and the American public.

Why do young ladies lace themselves so tight that they can neither swallow easily nor digest properly?—Because they hear so much stress laid upon "Grace before meat."
AN EASY FRAGMENT.—Toussaint's Exhibition communicates with the Fat Cattle Show. When country gentlemen have had enough of fallow they can try wax.

WHY AND BECAUSE.
Why does a joint never come up cold at a sea-side lodging-house?—Because the rule of such places is, "Cut and never come again!"
Why does a pint of milk at 3d. go twice as far in London as a quart in the country for the same money?—Because water is the cheapest mode of carriage.

THE INCONVENIENCES OF A HANSON.

1. In getting in, you knock your hat in.
2. In getting out, you knock your hat off.
3. In getting in or out, the rubs are about 100 to 1 in favour of your coat-tail taking a proof impression of the wheel.
4. If two of you get in, the vehicle is so small that you have to sit almost in each other's lap.
5. That if you wish to speak to the driver, you have to throw your head back, and nearly dislocate your neck, before you can communicate with him through that miserable little trap-door in the roof.
6. That if you direct the cabman to lower the glass-blind, it is advisable to hold yourself far back, for fear the descending portullis should fall on the bridge of your nose, and do it serious damage.

7. That it is also expedient to take the same precaution when the blind is being pulled up, or else you will infallibly receive such a slap in the face, as no vindictive woman, in her angriest mood, could possibly inflict.
8. That when the window is down, though it may be some slight protection against rain, it is none whatever against suffocation.
9. Should the Hansom be spinning along at anything like its ordinary speed, you are seized with a panic at the sight of every old woman or child who is crossing the road, that you are inevitably going to run over them.
10. That if you pay your right fare, the Hansom-driver looks upon himself as personally insulted because you have not paid him half as much again—it being a standing rule with these upper Ten Thousand of the cabstand, that if anyone is

allowed to get into a Hansom cab, he should look upon it, not as a right, but rather as a favour.

There are various other inconveniences to be found inside a Hansom cab, but they will keep till next year's Almanack; if not, we will print them gratuitously in a supplement.

FAVOURITE PROFESSIONAL DISHES.

The Minister's Dish	Cabinet Pudding.
The Postman's Dish	Trotters.
The Courtier's Dish	Marrowbones.
The Diplomatist's Dish	Trifle.

RECREATIONS IN NATURAL HISTORY.—A game hen lays eggs on the Derby.

ASTRONOMICAL
INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack*
for 1860.

Saturn.

THIS planet affords a proof of the folly of ambition. Had the Saturnians been content with their own territory, and their magnificent ring of light (which is caused by decomposing star-fish), they might still have possessed both. But in an evil hour they sent out an expedition to invade the Earth, and convert its inhabitants into Vegetarians and Pagans. They were met by the Balloon Fleet under Lord P. I. & C., and entirely routed, and all the prisoners were instantly christened, and set down to mutton-chops, which proved fatal. Reprisals were effected, Sir JUVENAL MANU landed in Saturn (himself and all his men holding their noses as they broke the ring), penetrated to the capital, Kronos, and sang the "Marseillaise" in the temple of Juno, and eat all the holy peacocks. Saturn has since become a dependency of England, and by act of Parliament the brilliant nuisance, the ring, is to be cleared away.

THE ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.—The half is sometimes more than the whole. That is the case when the half of half-and-half is Entire, and the other half only Swine.

INVALID CHITCHAT.—"Why, Sowerby, what's the matter? You don't look quite so blue as you did. What have you been taking?"—"Nothing but my meals for the last fortnight, Mr. HOBBLEDAY."—"Ah, I thought you seemed off your physio." HINT TO ELECTIONEERING AGENTS.—If you want to secure a vote by treating an elector, ask him to dinner, and give him canvass-backed duck.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S MISSION?

THIS momentous question being asked the other evening, SPOONLEY said: "As Woman was the—aw infewiaw animal, he thought her Mission was to—aw—wait on the supewi-w.—to be—aw—a sawt of uppaw servant, and see about one's dinnaws, and one's—aw—furnichaw, and things." "In fact," said Mrs. SNORTER, "Woman's Mission simply is to polish the spoons!"

GASTRONOMICAL PARADOX.—Buck venison is the best for venison-pasty, although the pasty must be made of dough.

ZOOLOGICAL EMBLEM.—The hedgehog is well known to be accustomed to roll itself up into a ball. This is remarkable; for not only does it eat black-beetles, but also, kept in a domestic state, it becomes very playful, and its favourite game is cricket.

RURAL RHYMES.

IN June the farmer didn't ought to sleep;
He's got to shave his fields and shear his sheep.
Search out the weeds a grown in among
Crops that be drilled, and huck'em up whilst you're
'Tis a work i' haymaking; but never fear:
Only thee mind to quench thy thirst wi' beer.

THE HOME-FARM.

DON'T be in a hurry to grub up your husband's weeds. It is a dangerous experiment, sometimes.
The worst sign of a neglected home-arm is bachelors' buttons on a married man's shirts.

FACT FOR THE FRENCH.—Our Fellowship Porters are not necessarily men who have distinguished themselves at Oxford and Cambridge.

NOTE ON THE GAME LAWS.—Shooting rubbish on another person's property is trespassing but not poaching. No licence is required for shooting the moon; but you take a liberty in so doing.

VANITY.—What no man, nor woman either, by any accident ever possesses, but what is always very largely developed in everybody else.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.—Oyster Patty.



AS THE WIND IS FAVOURABLE, THE DEER ARE DRIVEN AGAIN



MR. BRIGGS IS SUDDENLY FACE TO FACE WITH THE MONARCH OF THE GLEN! HE IS SO ASTONISHED THAT HE OMITS TO FIRE HIS RIFLE.



WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY?

WHAT'S TO BE DONE IN JULY? WHY RIDE DOWN TO RICHMOND WITH MAMMA AND THE GIRLS AND GIVE 'EM A LITTLE DINNER, TO BE SURE !!



FALSE ALARM, SURELY!

Miss Priscilla (with the Dog.) "YES, IT'S THE WORST OF THESE WATERING-PLACES. THERE ARE SO MANY ADVENTURERS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR WIVES, THAT ONE IS ALWAYS IN FEAR OF BEING PROPOSED TO."



TO-DAY HE GOES OUT FOR A STALK, AND DONALD SHOWS MR. BRIGGS THE WAY!

THE POWER OF SOUND.—Of all examples of de-criptive music the most perspicuous is certainly a wedding-pe l. Bell-ringing distinctly announces the essential act of the marriage ceremony, which may be said to consist in ringing a belle; unless, I deed, the bride is a griffin.

A BAD ATTEMPT BY A BEGINNER.—Q. When is a ship's sail most fit to be sold in a linendraper's shop?—A. When it is torn to ribbons.

SPIRITUALISM.—Surprise has been expressed at the fact that spiritual communications convey no sort of instructive information. The fact is accounted for by the supposition that the mediums are inspired by raw spirits.

QUESTION!—To any Debating Society that may want a subject for discussion, we would recommend the question, as to whether a dishonest tailor may be deemed a vegetarian on the ground that he lives almost entirely upon cabbage.

"HAVE A DRAIN?"—A phrase much in vogue among the lower class of Londoners in the sense of an invitation to drink beer. Derived from a knowledge of the fact that the liquor where-with London porter is brewed is Thames water.

SENSITIVE.—A young gentleman of our acquaintance whose genius is perhaps exceeded by his gallantry, declares his only reason for not living in the country is the fear lest it should make him get into rude health.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 1860.

The Moon.

THIS locality is hardly entitled to the dignity of a planet, since the Lunar Canonic Railway was laid to it from Hanwell, and the Moon was laid out as an Evening Park for the People under the Act 1 Edw. VII., 1899. The discovery that our forefathers were right in supposing the Moon to be made of green cheese has been a severe shock to the Scientists, and vast quantities of that article are now imported from the Moon to London. Some interest was excited when the railway was made, by the claim of the aged ALDERMAN MOON to be the sovereign of Lunaria; but his ridiculous pretensions were finally quashed by the appearance of the rightful Man in the Moon, who was dug out of a hole by the navvies, instructed by HENRY STANLEY, and appointed curator of the district. The established religion of the country is Leap-frog, but Spillikins are tolerated.

RURAL RHYMES.

MOON drought must be expected in July;
Happy is he as only drinks when dry!
And now the ears of corn begins to brown.
An old straa'-at sets lighter nor a crown.
I envies not the wealthy nor the great,
When I considers them there fields o' whate.

A TITTLE FOR A NEW SAVCE.—I'll waitn you."



AFTER A GOOD DEAL OF CLIMBING, OUR FRIEND GETS TO THE TOP OF BEN-SOMETHING-OR-OTHER, AND THE FORESTER LOOKS OUT TO SEE IF THERE ARE ANY DEER ON THE HILLS. YES! SEVERAL HINDS, AND PERHAPS THE FINEST HART THAT EVER WAS SEEN.

RURAL RAFTURES.

'Tis sweet at dewy eve to rove
When softly sighs the western breeze;
And wandering 'mid the starlit grove
To take a pinch of snuff and sneeze.

'Tis sweet to see in daisied field
The flocks and herds their pleasure take;
But sweeter are the joys they yield
In tender chop and juicy steak.

'Tis sweet to hear the murmurous sound
That from the vocal woods doth rise,
To mark the pigeons wheeling round,
And think how nice they'd be in pies.

When nightingales pour from their throats
Their gushing melody, 'tis sweet;
Yet sweeter 'tis to catch the notes
That issue from Threadneedle Street.

VULGAR SUPERSTITIONS.

THAT if a lady were seen sitting in the pit of a theatre, even though she had her husband with her, and it were explained that she wanted to see the play, and that the stalls were all quite full, Society should shug its shoulders in disgust, and scratch her name forthwith out of its good books.

That a lawyer loses caste by carrying a blue bag, but incurs no peril to his social reputation by carrying a black one.

That something terrible will hap pen if, no matter with what escort, a lady is seen riding in a Hansom cab, or walking without gloves.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 2001.
Herschel.

Very little is known of this planet, a fact not creditable to an age like this. BISHOP LIVINGSTONE tried in 1832 to found a colony at the Herschel River; but the Flying Women who infest the coast carried off all the sailors and missionaries into the interior, married them, and kept them in nests on the tops of trees a thousand feet high. It is difficult to know what to do. Science has no heart, and says, "shoot these preposterous birds;" but they are so beautiful, that nobody but a blind man would take aim at them, and he would not hit. It has been thought to snuff the creatures with oil, but they laugh at the trick, and knock over the glasses with their wings. Until they can be snuffed there is no other way of dealing with them to take the matter up.

RURAL RHYMES.

MAYBE the harvest bea'n't all carried yet,
Suppose we've had July and August wet.
Which stops the sportsman wi' his dog and gun,
And gies the birds a vartnight's law of un.
Sometimes when I be gwian o' my rounds
I zeet chas. a tramperavun out o' bounds.
And then I holters, 'cross the distant view,
"Hullo! Get out o' them there turnups, you!"



TO GET AT HIM, THEY ARE OBLIGED TO GO A LONG WAY ROUND BEFORE THEY GET DOWN, THE SHOWER, PECULIAR TO THE COUNTRY, OVERTAKES THEM, SO THEY "SHALTER A-WEE."

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 2261.
The Sun.

ALTHOUGH Way's Light has long since rendered this luminary obsolete, it is entitled to rank in an Astronomical Catalogue, as there can be no doubt that it was useful in its day, and from the ardent terms in which it is spoken of by the poets, it must have been much admired when science was in her infancy. The Sun is a phosphoric body, upon which sheets of oil are constantly pouring from the so-called Milky Way (the Via Oleagina of astronomers) and the "spots," as they were a surdly called, were the drains down which the surplus oil falls into the sea, and makes whirls. It is inhabited by salamanders, who have six legs and profess themselves Swedensborgians. Like the extinct Niagara of credulous historians, the sun will repay one visit, and the oil, which is extremely valuable as a depilatory, is imported now that science has taught us the absurdity of wearing any kind of hair on our frames.

RURAL RHYMES.

IN lucky years we cut and stacks our grain;
Thrash it out some, and stores the grain in barn.
Some harvest whoams bain't wot they need to be,
But I wun't never gie my carters tea.
Twoast, munn, I says, the Younder of the Veast;
But mind thee dostn't meak thyzelf a beaast.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

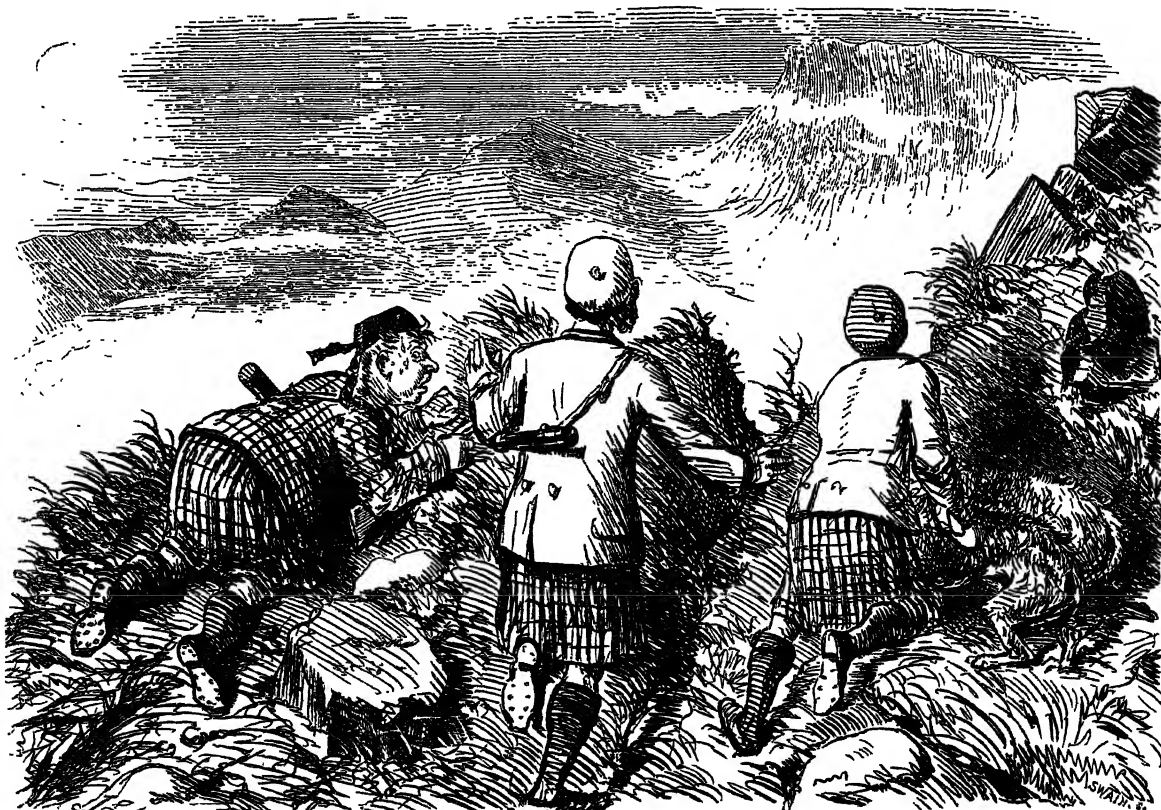
At a Spiritualist Soirée which was held in town last summer as many as six professed teetotalers avowed that they felt under the influence of spirits.
Of twelve hundred young gentlemen who last year travelled on the Continent, no fewer than a dozen did not seize the opportunity to try and get up a moustache.

One hundred and eleven members of the Peace Society have since last April discontinued dealing with their pastry cook, on the ground that they believed he dealt in warlike stores, because of the inscription in his window, "Balls Supplied."

Proofs are extant, in the shape of linendraper's bills, that since Michaelmas ten thousand so-thought strong-minded women have been weak enough to purchase things they had

no use for, simply because that they were ticketed "Giant Bargains."

Of a hundred single men who last season received cards for what the genteel call "At homes," and the vulgar "tea-fights," ninety pleaded "sudden illness" or "previous engagement," and of the ten heroes who virtuously went, only two had courage to pass beyond the staircase.



WITH EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE THEY COME WITHIN SHOT OF "THE FINEST HART." MR. B. IS OUT OF BREATH, AFRAID OF SLIPPING, AND WANTS TO BLOW HIS NOSE (QUITE OUT OF THE QUESTION) OTHERWISE HE IS TOLERABLY COMFORTABLE.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 2310.
Septune.

THIS planet is a remarkable one. It is simply a lake of water, of the most crystalline character, and any attempt to sound it is futile, as the lead drops right through and falls into the Zodiac. The lake is inhabited by mermaids of a very fascinating kind, but there has been no successful attempt made to capture them, though the handsomest officers have in the handsomest manner been placed, as bait, at the command of exploring expeditions. Music has been tried with no better effect, the creatures stopping their ears, and striking up tunes of their own in the rudest manner. This is all that is known of Neptune, except that the water mixes exceedingly well with any spirituous fluid, and one touch of toddy makes the whole world kin.

RURAL RHYMES.

Blue smoky heaps about the hills
 avouch
 To fur and near that I be burnin
 co. ch.
 The smell whereof is pleasun to
 the nose;
 And zome prefers tubaccer to a
 rose.
 Smoke arter work, young man, but
 don't let none
 Goo up atween thy nozzle and the
 sun!

SLANG. — "Down with your
 dust" Pay; put down your money.
 The phrase originated with moral
 writers, who are accustomed to
 describe money as dross and dirt,
 and, as thus implying a contempt
 of riches, it is much used by the
 serious.



POOR LITTLE FELLOW!

Emily. "WANT SOMETHING TO AMUSE YOU! WHY I HAVE GIVEN YOU BOOK AFTER BOOK, AND LENT YOU MY PAINT BOX, AND I'VE OFFERED TO TEACH YOU YOUR NOTES! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT?"
Augustus. "OH, AH! I DON'T CALL THAT AMUSEMENT. I WANT SOME FIGS! OR SOME GINGERBREAD NUTS! OR A GOOD LOT OF TOFFEE!! THAT'S WHAT I CALL AMUSEMENT!"

A SONG FOR A WET SUMMER.

BY A MIDDLE-AGED SINGER.
 MIDSUMMER again!
 Now let us be jolly,
 And 'mid hail and rain
 Banish melancholy!
 Pic-nics are so nice
 Underneath umbrellas,
 Packed as close as mice:
 Dump don't hurt young fellows!

So I used to say,—
 Am I growing older?
 Ha! was that, I pray,
 A twinge in my left shoulder?
 Sadly I've my fears,
 'I was a hint emphatic,—
 That ere many years
 I shall be rheumatic!

THE HOME-FARM.

AN abundant growth of wild cats
 is, often, only a proof of the rich-
 ness of the soil. The ground may
 always be got into order, if you will
 take care to sow it with root-crops.
 The deeper you plant 'em the bet-
 ter; but when they are once in the
 ground, let 'em take their chance,
 and don't always be pulling them
 up to see if they are sprouting.
 Avoid the dangerous practice of
 bringing your husband under the
 harrow.

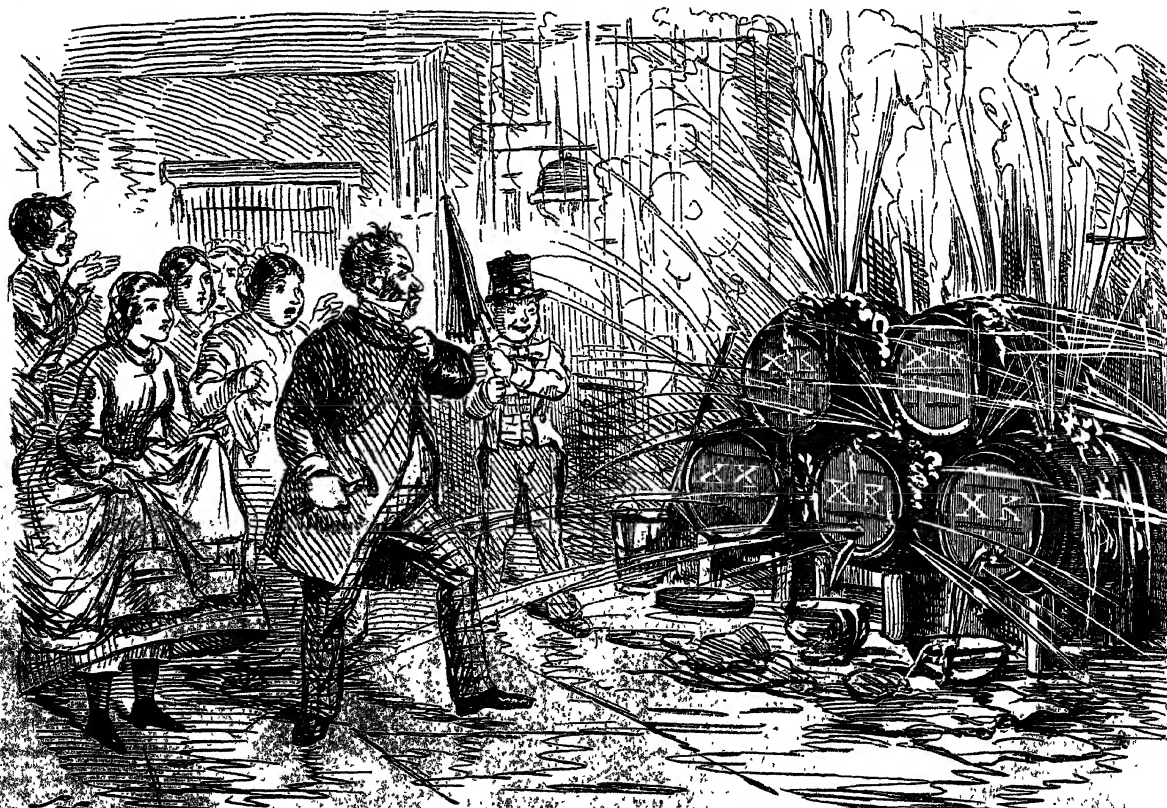
THE DANGER OF JESTING.—
 "When is a brick a tile?" asked
 Brown, senior of Smith, junior.
 "Give it up! When it's a projec-
 tile!" So saying he threw a brick-
 bat and broke a window. His pre-
 ceptor forgave him the mischief he
 had done, but flogged him for
 punning.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.—Never, un-
 less you speak French fluently,
 enter a shop in Paris where you see
 the notice, "Here they Spiko the
 English."

A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.—Where was Moses
 when he put the candle out? Not necessarily in the dark.
 Moses may have been a Puseyite Sacristan, and have put out
 the candle in broad daylight, which his master the parson was
 burning.

FAVOURITE PROFESSIONAL DISHES.
 THE Boxer's Dish Soufflet.
 THE Young Member's Dish Greens.
 THE Old Member's Dish Loaves and Fishes.
 THE Public-Dinner-Orator's Dish Flounders.

A HEBREW PUNDIT.—The Sanhedrim was the chief council
 of the Jews. It consisted of seventy elders, over whom the
 high Priest presided. Once upon a time a President of this
 assembly, not mentioned by JOSEPHUS, addressed it as "Gen-
 tlemen of the Jewry."



PROUDLY BEING THE FIRST TO ORDER A QUANTITY OF BEER OF THE OCTOBER BREWING. HE HAS JUST BEEN INFORMED THAT ALL
 THE BARRELS ARE "A WOIKIN' AND A BUSTIN'!"



AFTER AIMING FOR A QUARTER OF AN HOUR, MR. B. FIRES BOTH HIS BARRELS—AND—MISSES!!!! TABLEAU—THE FORESTER'S ANGUISH

RURAL RHYMES.

CONSIDERIN in Novemb' how the days
Gets in, and shortens as the leaves decays,
As I walks out s'ch Sunday arternoon,
Aa! I reflects, here's Winter comin' soon!
The yarbidge all dies off, until you see:
No twadstools, aven, at the roots o' trees.

VULGAR SUPERSTITIONS.

THAT it is not "the thing" to run in any public thoroughfare, even although you may be really in a hurry, and (of

course) find that the streets are far too crowded for a cab, except to crawl along as slowly as an alderman would walk after a dinner at the Mansion House.

That when you call on a swell couple you ought to leave two cards, although a man and wife, you know, are looked upon as one.

That calling servants by their surnames gives them a higher rank in the eyes of one's acquaintances, and invests a "Buttons" with the bearing of a butler.

That it betrays a vulgar mind to be seen carrying a parcel, more particu'ly supposing it to be wrapped up in a newspaper.

A SONG FOR COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

THERE's a southerly wind and a cloudy sky,
But you'd better not hunt this mornin',
Or over the ears of your horse you may fly
Where a deep, deep ditch lies yawning.
And they'll cry "O, stupid!"
If you ride over *Juno* or *Cupid*;
Which the odds are you'll do,—
So if I were you,
I should act on this friendly warning.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 2417.

Eclipses.

We are happy to inform our readers that the Astronomical Society of London has at length succeeded in rectifying the globe, and that in future there will be no more eclipses. The holes in the sun's path have been carefully filled up with concrete of diamond the Zodiac has been duly and completely oiled, and all the houses that were in opposition have been pulled down. The course of the planets will henceforth be regular. Compensation has been demanded by about eleven thousand street boys, who were in the habit of selling smoked glasses to view the old phenomena, and the claimants have all been sent to the Compulsory College, and Mr. ADAMS, the lecturer, who on Saturday attained his six hundredth year, has put fireworks instead of eclipses into his famous Orrery, with which our young folks are much better pleased.

RURAL RHYMES.

DECEMBER brings, wi' darkness
wind and rain,
Another Christmas. Here we be
again!
How are yer! all you gentlefolks
in Town!
What matter if I be a country
clown?
My service to 'ee in a quart o' beer,
Here's your good healths and bet-
ter luck next year!



THE ROYAL HUNT MR. BRIGGS DID NOT HIT.

ASTRONOMICAL INFORMATION.

From *Punch's Almanack* for 3861.

Astronomy.

THE Directors of the Great Northern Hemispherical Railway announce that railway communication between all the principal fixed stars will be open in a few nights. The facilities which will thus be afforded for personally visiting one's own natal star, and examining into one's destiny, instead of employing ignorant quacks not much better than the *Rapahels* and *Zadkails* whom *Punch* extirpated in the nineteenth century, is apparent. Charles's Wain will meet every train, and convey passengers to stars where stations are not yet opened. Astronomers are attached to each train, who will give every information; and it is particularly requested that no beer may be offered them. Spectacles, to keep star-dust out of the eyes, will be supplied, and on Saturdays the music of the spheres will be in attendance. We hail this new advance in science. What would the stick-in-the-mud blockheads of 1861 have said to breakfasting in Oxford and dining in Orion?

A WHOLESOME BEVERAGE.

The leaves of Deadly Night-shade, infused in boiling hot water, make a fine tea. It may be sweetened with sugar of lead. This has one great advantage over common tea, which, according to some medical authorities is a slow poison.



MR. BRIGGS HAS ANOTHER DAY'S STALKING, AND HIS RIFLE HAVING GONE OFF SOONER THAN HE EXPECTED, HE KILLS A STAG! AS IT IS HIS FIRST, HE IS MADE FREE OF THE FOREST BY THE PROCESS CUSTOMARY ON THE HILLS!—



AND RETURNS HOME IN TRIUMPH. HE IS A LITTLE KNOCKED-UP, BUT AFTER A NAP, WILL, NO DOUBT, GO THROUGH THE BROAD-SWORD DANCE IN THE EVENING AS USUAL.



"OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT AT THE SEAT OF WAR."

THE post of Newspaper Correspondent, besides being responsible, has become dangerous. In their published letters these gentlemen are modestly sparing of allusion to any personal mishaps, but their hair-breadth escapes and adventures all over the world would fill a volume. One ready writer was all but shot as a spy during the Carlist War. It required strong intercession to save the life of another who was taken, note-book in hand, when the Danes and Schleswig-Holsteiners were at loggerheads. In the Russian War the letters of a third, who was at Shumla with OMAR PASHA, were nearly brought to a close by half a dozen Bashi-Bazouks,—these gentry assailing him with hatchets and muskets for his unwarrantable interference when they were stealing his straw. Special Correspondents of the *Times* were cooped up in Silistria and in Kars, and endured all the privations and perils of those memorable sieges. At Kalafat a troop of Cossacks made a swoop upon the Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who escaped only by his free use of whip and spur. The Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* was nearly frozen to death in travelling from Erzeroum to Kars. MR. Woods was saved by a miracle from going to the bottom during that fearful November storm in the Black Sea, but happily survived to sketch the Atlantic cruise of the *Agamemnon*, and to describe in brilliant word-painting a great international visit. MR. W. H. RUSSELL must bear a charmed life, for after bronchial attacks and dysentery, induced by Crimean cold and exposure—after being nearly sabred by mutineer Sowars in India, lamed by the kick of a horse, and struck down by a *coup de soleil*—he still wields every week in the midst of us his graceful, genial pen. Later still, COUNT ARRIVABENE, the Italian Correspondent of the *Daily News*, who could not resist the temptation of joining in a cavalry charge, was taken prisoner by the Neapolitans, and only restored to his friends when they had given him up for dead. *Præteritorum periculorum dulcis est memoria*, as in the Latin grammar it is written.

But other writers at the seat of war have not been so fortunate. Poor MR. TUCKER, on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, carried by his ardour into the thickest of the fight, was shot through the head before Capua. The last and saddest episode in this eventful chronicle is the fate of MR. BOWLBY, the Special Correspondent of the *Times* in China. The loss of such a man at such a time, and in such a way, is irreparable. Through his eyes all England hoped to see the battles that were fought and the heroism that was displayed by her sons in the East: through him we hoped to get our first photograph of Peking, our first impressions of its palaces and people, our first glimpse of the Imperial Court, with its thronging Mandarins and Princes. How eagerly should we have read his description of the Summer Palace, with its glittering fountains, its miles of terraces, its wondrous gardens, and the more than barbaric luxury and glitter within! How vigorously he would have recounted the sack and burning of this fanciful and costly structure! What a life-picture we should have had of the Ratification scene at the Boards of Ceremonies! But this was not to be; and just as his tale was awaited here with the greatest expectation, and had aroused the greatest interest, the narrator was struck cruelly down. We hope that no considerations of red-tape will

prevent his bereaved family from sharing in the "compensation money" so properly demanded from the Chinese Government. MR. BOWLBY was in China on the people's business, and lost his life emphatically in the public service; and the nation for whose information he wrote, and the army whose gallantry he recorded, surely owe some fitting tribute to his memory. However this may be, *Mr. Punch*, whose love of fun is ever less than his sympathy with misfortune, and whose laughter is sometimes close akin to tears, on his own and the public behalf deploras this public loss, and calls on his myriad readers to hold in kindly and in sorrowing remembrance the unhappy historian of the last Chinese War.

MILITARY EDUCATION.

ACCORDING to L. D., writing in the *Times*, the following admirable plan of teaching the young military idea how to shoot, was adopted by the late GENERAL SIR GEORGE CATHCART:—

"The target was an effigy (life size) of an armed soldier, cut out in wood, and standing on a truck with gun-carriage wheels, which was dragged backwards and forwards across an opening in the woods by means of a long rope."

This is the way to train troops to shoot flying. In most cases where our gallant heroes have to charge a foe, they will no doubt have an opportunity of testing their ability to take a flying shot at the enemy.

Hatchment Wit.

MR. GLADSTONE, it seems, levies his Income-Tax not only on the living, but on those who are no longer such. The executor of a departed gentleman publishes his complaint, that nine months Income-Tax in advance is demanded from the estate of a party who died a short time ago. The subject, neither financially nor socially, is one for much levity, and *Mr. Punch* shows his due appreciation of it by printing the grimmest joke that has ever been sent to him by an undertaker. The respected Mute says, that it is clear a tomb-stone is not a GLADSTONE. Ho! liquids to the Mute!

"Hast any Philosophy in Thee, Shepherd?"

GOOD DOCTOR WIGRAM (Rochestère),
At Parsons' beards is raving:
We sadly fear that we shall hear
The Bishop's head wants shaving.

The Little Annual.

WE had intended to say something upon the subject of that elegant little *bijou* annual the *Post Office Directory*, but as we make a point of never reviewing a book which we have not thoroughly read through, and as at present we have only got through the first thousand pages, we must suspend our judgment. As far as we have gone, the work is fascinating in style and full of indispensable information.



A VALUABLE RECOMMENDATION.

SEDDY PARTY. "Says he won't let you 'ave the Dorg, eh? Well, you just tell him you are a Friend of MINE."

WHY I LOVE THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

I Love, I love the Isle of Wight,
But 'tis not because its skies are bright,
Nor yet for its Undercliff so fair,
Nor the pretty girls who in crowds repair
To its sheltered strand and its balmy air,
Though in height of the fashion they trip about,
And under each *piquant* pork-pie hat,
The bright eyes glance, and the red lips pout,
And the netted tresses the breezes flout,
And pretty Balmorals, shapely though stout,
From blazing linsey-woolseys peep out—
Oh, no, it isn't for that.

'Tis not for its fowl, and 'tis not for its fish,
For by trial I've learnt that to get a dish
Of whittings or flounders, of turbot or sole,
In Freshwater, Ventnor, Cowes, or Ryde,
Is a harder and costlier thing on the whole,
Though you're planted close by the blue sea's side,
Than in any inland town I e'er tried.
'Tis not for its inns—though the Bonchurch Hotel,
And eke the Royal at Ventnor as well,
Have good plain cooks and capital cellars,
And though from their windows the sea you may smell,
And command the Undercliff, dingle and dell,
And the landlords of both are capital fellars,
Their bills not too heavy, their ale not too flat,
But yet it isn't for that.

Nor is 't for the beauty the isle that crowns—
Its smiling fields and its snug little towns,
Its white chalk cliffs and its swelling downs:
Nor its Undercliff, that picturesquest of jumbles,
Where cottage ornée, rock and creeper and tree,
Each over the other deliciously tumbles,
In a way that gladdens the eye to see—
Nor its Chineses, be their banks all golden and green,
With a dancing streamlet at play between,
Or as bare as my hand and as black as my hat—
Oh, no, it isn't for that.

It is, because the Isle of Wight,
Still boasts one relic Preadamite:

It still presents to my wondering gaze,
The FOUR-HORSE COACH of my infant days!

Yes—the real, original, Four horse Coach—
To which what carriage could ever approach?
With its perch in front, where you jam your knees,
And its perch behind, whereon four must squeeze,
In a space where two can scarce sit at ease;
And its inside, licensed to carry four,
Where you crush your hat, as you enter the door,
And where the sole way to dispose of your legs,
Is to sandwich your opposite neighbour's pegs;
And where if your next fellow-passenger's pretty,
It's all very nice—but if not, more 's the pity;
For, do what you will, you're obliged to squeeze her,
And 'tis vain to call out either "Stop her!" or "Ease her!"

Who does not remember that Four-horse Coach,
With its driver *sans peur* if not *sans reproche*;
Who was great in mirth, and still greater in wrath,
And swore down all that crossed his path,
Who, let who would go astray, ne'er was knowd,
(He told you) to drive the wrong side of the road;
Who cut round corners, and tore down hill,
Pull'd up at the public's, to gossip and scold;
Held his fares in contempt for shaves-fourths of the way,
But the last few miles grew bland and gay,
And wondrous respectful, for one of his trade,
In hopes you'd "remember him" when you paid?

Yes—the dear old Four-horse Coach of my youth!
'Twas inconvenient, to tell the truth.
'Twas costly and crazy, and snailishly slow,
Now railways have taught us the pace to go;
'Twas cold outside, and cramping within,
And the driver was apt to be giv'n to gin;
A curser, a cringer, extortionate too,
One who measured respect by your purse, not *you*;

But spite of all this and more beside,
'Tis a pleasure of mem'ry again to ride
In that ven'erable vehicle—out- or inside;
And therefore I love the Isle of Wight,
For that it gives me this delight,
And sets old recollections abroad,
As I swing along in its Four-horse Coach,
And string my monumental lays,
To the vehicle of ancestral days—
Survivor of Jarvies and yellow po-chays,
THE FOUR-HORSE COACH OF MY EARLY DAYS!

SELF-MOVING FURNITURE.

WE really cannot understand how it is that when so many folks have turned their minds to table-turning, they have none of them attempted to turn out something useful by it. We do not speak so much now of the regular *séances*-holding professors of the art, who make money by their tricks just the same as other conjurors, and gull people who go to them at so much charge per head. These persons doubtless think it best to let well alone, and to go on pouching quietly the proceeds of their exhibitions, without running any risk by endeavouring to introduce the element of usefulness. Enough for them to do their tricks and do their patrons; to dupe the weak and foolish who outnumber the wise; to trade on the most sacred feelings of our nature, by imposing their vile shams upon bereaved and grieving parents; to pretend to have the power of summoning the spirits of the loved and lost, and thus, ghoul-like, get a living by bringing up the dead.

But besides these shameless humbugs, whom we count with the sham prophets and sham doctors of our time, there are amateur professors of the spiritualist faith, who ought certainly to try to develop their resources, and if possible, conduct it to some really useful end. If there be an unknown power which can move our chairs and tables, make our ottomans dance hornpipes and our wardrobes evince signs of the liveliest emotion when approached, after an absence, by the mistress of the house, surely this mysterious influence is worth turning to account, and the more we truly know of it the better. We cannot see why we should go on paying men to move our furniture, when for aught we know, our furniture is gifted with the capability to move itself. Who can tell but that a latent power exists in chairs and tables, in bedsteads and in book-cases, carefully to move themselves from house to house at our mere bidding; to take themselves to pieces, if need be, at their exit, and to put themselves again together on their entrance? Certainly when next we have occasion to change house (which but for the requirements of our dear (i.e. costly) wife and family, we should assuredly not do within the present century,) we

shall be tempted to go through a scientific course of table-moving, with the view of seeing how far it might help us in our work. Before we honour our upholsterer with instructions for the purpose, we shall adopt a most exhaustive system of experiment's, and do our best to ascertain if furniture is capable of flitting automatically from Brompton (say) to Bayswater, and arranging itself nicely in the rooms that are prepared for it. Just conceive what a saving of trouble, time and temper, not to make allusion to money, there would be, if instead of having to order vans and light spring carts, and, for fear of fire or plunder, to take command in person of a whole army of workmen, who in the usual course of things expect such liberal "allowance" as will allow them to get tipsy not less than twice per diem,—if instead of all the jobbery and robbery, and bobbery which invariably attends the task of entering a new residence, one need only tell one's loo-table, "Come, there you be off, and mind your claws don't come so!" or address one's old four-poster, "Now then, sharp's the word: unscrew yourself directly, and move to Spirit Terrace, and take care not to chip yourself in going up the staircase!"

Were some such really useful end as this arrived at, we should be among the last to sneer at spirit-moving, and perhaps among the very first to take advantage of it. But while the sole result obtained is needlessly to move about our sofas, chairs, and tables, and to rap out of the latter a lot of stupid, senseless, lying, useless and not seldom blasphemous replies to what are at the best entirely needless interrogatories, we must beg to be excused from giving our adhesion to the spiritualist faith. If table-movers be not capable of doing something really useful by their art, the sooner they desist from their absurdities the better. There is no earthly good as yet in anything they do, and things which have not good in them have usually evil.

SERVANTGALISM VERSUS SCHOOLING.



Y no one shall we be accused of any wish to take our reader's breath away by advancing an extravagant and startling supposition, if we venture to assume that there are some of them who are not quite contented with their housemaids, and are sometimes to be heard even complaining of their cooks. Without going so far as to assert that servants are "the greatest plagues in life" (which in the presence of street-organists and Income-Tax collectors it would scarcely be compatible with honest truth to do), we may yet presume to state that many a young housekeeper has found they are "great worries," and many an old one would declare, if she might speak her mind about them, that the minxes

would exhaust the pocket of a Cæsar and the patience of a Job. Smashed crockery, chipped furniture, spoilt cookery, and cheap finery, are enough to sour the feelings of the sweetest-tempered "Missus," and when to these failings is added a weakness for life-guardsmen and for reading penny novels, and a demand to be allowed to practise the piano, and to be excused from doing any needlework but crochet, we cannot wonder that complaints should now and then be heard that servants nowadays know neither their station nor their work.

With an ear to these complaints, and an eye to the instruction of girls in humble life, not merely in the knowledge of how to read and write but in the useful arts of sewing, cookery, and house-keeping, which are no more learnt by instinct than anatomy or algebra, geography or Greek, a lady four years since established a training-school at Norwich, where the object was, she tells us—

"To give the opportunity for gaining a good education, with the addition of plain sewing, mending, and cutting out; and also (what every mother was to understand on putting her girl to school), such practical acquaintance with cookery and housework, under my excellent housekeeper, that every girl might know how a house should be kept, and should acquire habits which would hereafter make all the difference between a tidy and happy home or the reverse."

Surely children, one would think, would like a school like this, where as a relief from their arithmetic and spelling, some mornings would be spent in learning how to make a pudding, which, at the small charge of threepence each for dinner, the pupils were at liberty to eat when it was made. Surely, too, poor parents would like to see

their daughters grow up handy, useful, clever girls, who would make good servants and good housekeepers when wives. But no, poverty and pride go often hand-in-hand, until they drag each other down into the dirt. After a trial of four years, the lady is compelled to own her scheme a failure, solely because she found the girls too proud to do the housework, and the parents so absurd as to encourage their refusal. In a letter to the *Norwich Mercury* she says:—

"I was not prepared to find the class of parents I had to do with would apparently accept the education, but make every excuse to evade the industrial work, or keep their daughters away when it was to be done, and threaten to remove them if the household duties were required of them. In corroboration of this latter fact, I may observe that twenty-three girls have been taken away from the school expressly because they would not do the housework. Whilst in the present day girls are allowed to determine for themselves what they shall or shall not do, or whether the parents are too proud to recognise such industrial work as a duty, belonging to their children, it is not for me to decide. I can only act on the result, and close my school. I repeat, I should willingly have continued the plan, had I not met with discouragement and opposition from the parents."

Proper deference to parents is not the chiefest virtue of the rising generation, but that this, perhaps, is more the fault of parents than of children, the case which we have cited seems abundantly to prove. How far it may be true that poor people spoil their children because richer people do so, we think that it may possibly be worth while to inquire. It is fashionable nowadays to let one's children, as a rule, do exactly as they please, for mothers often are too lazy to pay much heed to their family, and so long as toys or lollipops will keep things quiet in the nursery, all attempts at proper training are parentally postponed. What wonder, then, that children are so often now such self-willed, pert, and stuck-up little creatures; and who can doubt that the example is, to some extent at any rate, followed by the poor? What great folks do, the less will prattle of and imitate; and while young ladies are allowed to think it ungenteel to make a shirt or mend a stocking, and to consider they lose caste by even entering the kitchen, we may depend that their inferiors will give themselves like airs, and prefer to starve as sempstresses than to grow fat in service.

Commenting upon the letter we have quoted, which should find its way to every cottage in the kingdom, a writer in the *Athenæum* sensibly observes:—

"Is there not something out of joint in a society in which competent cooks, dairymaids, and laundrymaids are hardly to be got, while incompetent governesses and female artists are a drug? Is there not something alarming in a society where the superficial and false refinement of the girls of the lower classes unfits them for domestic life, and gives them tastes, habits, wants, which a large proportion of them can never satisfy in the safe but humble regions of virtuous labour? While this fatal misdirection is given to their training, we may confidently predict that the recruits to the ranks of vice will far more than fill the places made vacant by the efforts of reformers."

Out of joints, as well as out of joint, will be society, if cooks, as we seem threatened, are no longer to be got. "Every lady her own servant," will become the general motto, and the sooner we prepare ourselves for this new state of things the better. If girls in humble life refuse to learn to cook and to keep house, schools for cookery and housekeeping must be opened for young ladies, and parents of the highest rank will have to send their daughters to them. Instead of bringing home rewards for drawing or deportment, our girls will charm our eyes by showing us their prizes for plumpuddings. ANGELINA will be "honourably mentioned" for her pancakes, and AGNES be "commended" for the genius she displayed in boiling a potato. If this plan be carried out, and "Servants' Schools for Ladies" be generally established, we think, in order to ensure a home being made happy, every bride should be obliged, on the morning of her marriage, to produce before the clergyman her first-class cook's certificate, without which document, the ceremony should not be performed, and the engagement of the bridegroom should be legally annulled.

Affection in Man and Woman.

WOMEN are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is often attached to an old hat; but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

A Cheer for Elgin.

HE has done his work fealty, adroitly, completely,
So saith *Mr. Punch*, unaccustomed to flatter;
And except that the welkin don't rhyme to LORD ELGIN,
The former should ring with the praise of the latter.

A CASE OF WANDERING WHICH IS A MOST RATIONAL STEP.

THE Lawyers have a peculiar phrase, which they frequently indulge in, of "wandering from the record." We do not profess to say what it means, but we only know that we were shown a copy of the *Record* once, and we wandered away from it as quickly as we possibly could.



THE WEATHER AND THE STREETS.—1860.

Boy of the Period. "GO IT, TOMMY! THERE'S NO PERLICE, AND THE OLD GENT'S AFRAID TO COME OUT!"

FACTS OF THE FROST.

"MR. PUNCH,

"By the time when these lines will reach you, we shall perhaps have had a thaw; but the present severity of the season ought not to be forgotten when it is over. The cold is so intense that it has frozen some cold pork which I am eating for breakfast, and let me recommend you to try fat pork frozen, if you want to know what cold pork is.

"My tooth-brush has for a long time been frozen night and day, except just when I am using it, and then it melts in my mouth, like a pear, except in flavour, tasting strongly of camphor. My nail-brush, my shaving-brush, and my bodily ablution or scrubbing-brush are in the same state. Not only is the water in my bed-room jug congealed; but the jug itself is frozen into my washing-basin, by means of water which the domestics spill over its mouth. My breath freezes on the inside of my bed-room window in beautiful crystallisations, and I might draw caricatures with my finger-nail on the frosted panes, but anxiety to get up as fast as possible debars me from that amusement.

"Everybody's water-pipes are all frozen, of course; and I observe that the plumbers are all in high spirits, evincing a degree of exhilaration above what might be accounted for by the bracing weather.

"Not only are the ornamental lakes in the Parks frozen over, which is all very well, but so likewise is the slush about on the pavements whereupon the street-boys, in defiance, or with the connivance, of the police, strike out slides, on which I am continually slipping, and expect to fall and fracture my skull.

"Yours, till death," OBSERVER."

"P.S. Beware of sleeping without your nightcap. Lambswool is a very good material; so is hot-spiced elder or small claret."

CLERICAL NEWS.—The BISHOP OF ROCHESTER has written to the Clergy of Colchester, intimating that he shall suspend any Parson who eats an oyster with its beard on.

PUNCH'S ENGLISH EXERCISES.

A NEW idea in education has been suggested to us by the late pastorals of CARDINAL WISEMAN, DR. CULLEN, and other Popish prelates; indeed also by the allocutions, excommunications, and epistles of the POPE himself. Boys used to be taught orthography by being set to rectify some pages of bad spelling. In like manner, youth might have placed before them the verbiage of the POPE, the CARDINAL, and the illicit ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN, being charged with the task of turning it into English. It would be interesting to see how much shorter these pompous addresses would be, if they were weeded of their rank luxuriance of needless adjectives. There would be no fear that the youthful mind would be perverted by the study of writings proposed as examples to be carefully avoided; but no doubt their authors would hope that they would have the effect of imbuing lads with popery, and therefore would be quite willing to have them used as models of redundancy, turgidity, affectation, and every peculiarity of style that ought to be shunned.

Together with the compositions of his Eminence, his Holiness, and the archiepiscopal Irish firebrand, quack advertisements, such as are not noisome, and the circulars of puffing tradesmen, might be advantageously combined for the use of schools. The intellect would be equally well exercised in reducing either a pastoral or a puff to its lowest denomination. It is wonderful how like the language of infallible-specific-mongers is to that of the preachers of papal infallibility.

An Old Nursery Rhyme.

New Dressed à la Tartare.

THE Tartar heap are scattered like sheep,
E'en SAN-KO-LIN-TSIN can't find them;
May the Allies come home, and let Pekin alone,
But not leave their tails behind them.

THE SCOTCH EXILE'S SONG:—"How happy could I be with Heather!"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JANUARY 6, 1861.



THE REAL BARBARIAN FROM CHINA.

THE COMPACT LETTER-WRITER.

FIVE letter-writing could not survive the establishment of the penny post, but if elegant periods and a neat form of arriving at a conclusion could have endured into the days when we have ten deliveries between breakfast and dinner, the *coup de grace* would now have been given. The Government offices, beginning with the Horse Guards, announce that in future "the purport of every letter sent to them is to be briefly explained on the top left-hand corner." How much more of the letters will be read?

Letters are confessedly among the great nuisances of the day, except to people in love and other fools. Everybody in his senses would rather not have a letter than have one, unless it contains a cheque. But as people will scribble, *Mr. Punch* earnestly recommends that the rule of the Government be adopted in private life. It will save so much time and the expenditure of so much bad temper. For instance, at Christmas time, when impositions are tolerated, Mother-in-law sends a rigmorole of eight pages, with every other word underlined, and a whole cataract of expressions of affection. About two-thirds through the bottle of hay is the needle, which is an appeal to tolerably prosperous son-in-law to lend idle brother-in-law twenty pounds. Now, the old lady adds insult to injury by the torrent of words which involve her petition. Does she know how tolerably prosperous son-in-law (who puts away and keeps letters, in order to meet the certain accusation, one of these days, of not doing much for his family), endorses such an epistle. *Mr. Punch* will tell her:—

"Old girl, humbugging for £20
for that ass Tom; sent it, like
another ass as I am."

How much more decorous it will be, when tolerably prosperous son-in-law has been taken to Norwood, and his papers are overhauled, to find, instead of such a note as the above, a few neat words at the upper left-hand corner:—

Mamma petitions dearest Charles
for a little loan to kind, good, but
rather improvident Tommy.
Sent £20,
C. SOFT.

An author, too, *Mr. Punch* has heard, has occasionally written to an editor, requesting the latter to give a favourable review of the former's book. The way, *Mr. Punch* has heard, is to say something to the effect that, though author is the last man to think much of his own literary efforts, or to desire any notoriety, yet there have been so many admirable articles in editor's widely-circulated and influential journal, bearing upon the very subject on which author has been writing, that perhaps, in the interest of the public and of the good cause which both of them have at heart, a notice of author's work might be opportune and acceptable. This is all very nice; but the note in the upper left-hand corner, and the endorsement, should run thus:—

Give us a puff for the Jaunt to
Jericho.
Saw him blowed first.
Ed.

Managers are much beset for Boxes at Christmas-time, especially by rich people, who very properly say, that new pieces should be seen while the dresses and decorations are fresh, and also while the children (bless 'em) are home for the holidays, and therefore they beg the Manager to give them the places that he can, just now, sell to great advantage. Generally, the coolness of the note in which the demand is made by a Clapham or Bayswater demi-millionaire is suited to the coolness of the request; or if the lady of the house writes, it is evidently with the idea that she is doing the Manager a favour in bringing her children to see a gratis sight. But sometimes she condescends to be civil, and writes thus:—

"DEAR MR. SPANGLETON,

"I see by the papers, and I am delighted for your sake to see it, that your new piece, the *Mountain of Madagascar*, has been so splendidly got up that it is sure to bring you crowded audiences for many a night. You will, I am sure, remember me from having sat next to me at our good friend, MR. BADPORT's, when you were so very kind as to say that I ought to come and see your theatre. I will now take advantage of your kind offer, and as all my dear children are at home for the holidays, I should like to give them the treat of coming to your theatre on Saturday night, if you will be good enough to give me a box. As we are a good many, and some young friends are staying with us, I should like a double box, and please let it be near the centre of the house, because I do get so nervous about the little ones leaning

over. Opposite the Royal Box if you possibly can, because if HER MAJESTY should happen to come that night, we shall have the double pleasure of seeing our QUEEN and your piece. Please to write by return, as I should like to ask one or two friends, and as they may not wish to come at once, please write 'any number at any hour' on the card. As our posts are irregular, would you send the box by one of the hundreds of men you must have idling about the theatre.

"Believe me, dear Sir,

"Yours sincerely,

"Peckham Rise."

"SARAH CLUTCHER."

"P.S. Please also give four orders for the boxes, as we have two faithful and attached servants who have been with us many years, and I should like to give them a treat and let them take their sweet-hearts."

No Manager ought to resist such an appeal as this; but if MRS. CLUTCHER would break the thing at once to him by a note in the upper left-hand corner, like this:—

Mrs. Clutcher, banker's wife,
friend of the Badports, wants box
and four orders.

it might prevent the Manager from being so rude as to write something (as he otherwise may) like this:—

Fat woman, friend of house
where had that beastly wine. Im-
pudent old party—sent the orders
only. Let her pay for her brats.
S.

Mr. Punch, highly commending the compact corner-note, hereby announces that he shall notice no letter to himself unless that *précis* be annexed.

A SPECIAL VERDICT.

THE admiration of mankind is challenged for the subjoined verdict of a British jury:—

"We find for the plaintiff, but with this remark, that DR. CLARKE acted perfectly *bonâ fide*; and that upon the result of the evidence there was sufficient to justify the course he pursued. Therefore we lay the damages at £10."

This wonderful decision, if that is the correct word to apply to such a finding as the above, raises (instead of settling) a legal question, of which one view was naturally expressed by the defendant's counsel:—

"MR. ASPLAND. I submit that is a verdict for the defendant."

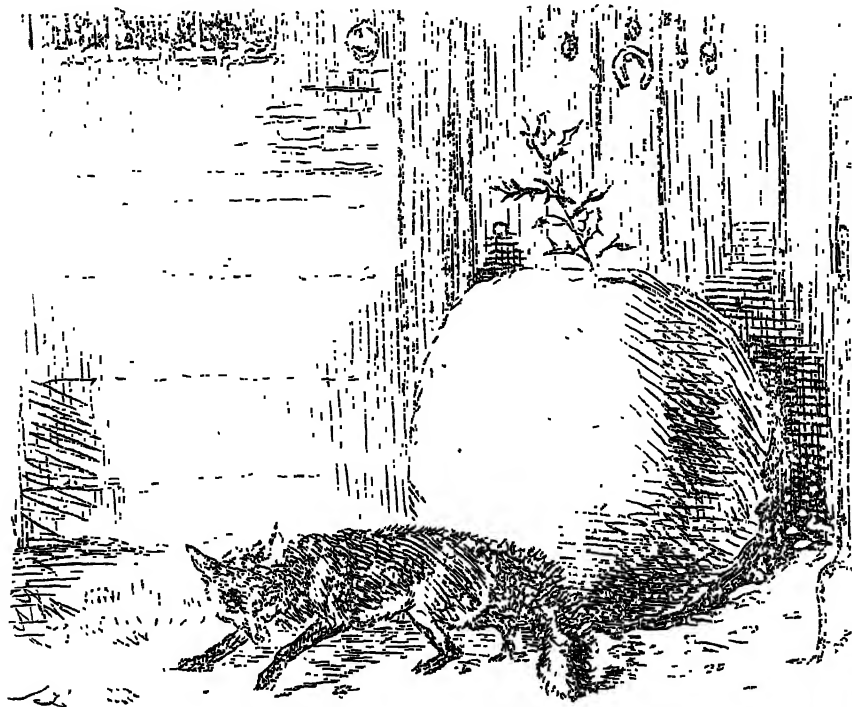
whilst another was logically delivered from a higher authority:—

"THE LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. I am of a contrary opinion."

This case was an action for assault and false imprisonment, brought by a woman who had been the defendant's cook-maid, against her former master, because he, a physician at Staines, had caused her to be sent to the union workhouse, and confined there three weeks as a lunatic. It was tried in the Court of Common Pleas at Westminster, before LORD CHIEF JUSTICE ERLE and a Special Jury. The speciality of a special jury is supposed to consist in a degree of rationality and intelligence superior to that with which common juries are endowed, and likewise in a peculiar freedom from vulgar partiality and prejudice. Here we have a special jury, finding, in the first place, that a physician acted with good faith and sufficient justification, in giving his servant into custody as a madwoman, and next that, in so doing, he had incurred £10 damages. If this is the verdict of a special jury in a case wherein a gentleman is sued by a social inferior, what is to be expected by anybody in the higher or middle orders, who may be so unfortunate as to get involved in a lawsuit with another person in the lower? Of course that the case will be decided against him—the jury adding the expression of their opinion, that the better educated and richer party was in the right so far as law and evidence were concerned, but that they, as sympathising with the masses, felt bound to give their verdict in favour of the poorer and more ignorant. Common juries must not only return verdicts at variance with reason and justice, but they must also assign their motive for so doing, if they are to exhibit, in the discharge of their duties, any intellectual as well as moral inferiority to special juries, such as special juries may be judged to be if the astounding verdict above quoted is to be taken as an example of their wisdom and righteousness.

A Likely Reform in the Law.

AMONG the contemplated Law Reforms of 1861, is an Act enabling persons to establish their own sanity during their lifetime, in order that, after death, they may not have their wills disputed on the ground that when they made them they were out of their minds.



THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Reynard the Fox. "HERE'S AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS, MY BOYS, FOR YOU, AND MANY OF 'EM!"

THE LETTER H. AND SLAVERY.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN in his Message to Congress, which not only assumes, but asserts, the right of property on the part of masters in slaves, thus deprecates secession:—

"Surely, under these circumstances, we ought to be restrained from present action by the precept of Him who spake as never man spoke, that 'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

Whom can pro-slavery BUCHANAN mean by Him who spake as never man spoke? Why the capital H? We know who it was that spoke the words quoted by MR. BUCHANAN. But that Personage ordered his followers to treat other men as they would wish to be treated themselves. Unless MR. BUCHANAN would like to be sold like a horse, have his wife and children also sold away; to be cow-hided for a small offence with all the might of a strong man; to be the property of another; to be punishable for running away from his owner—in short to be a slave: unless MR. BUCHANAN would like to be that, and to suffer all that is implied thereunder, let him spare us the humbug of quotations from the Gospel, and the farce of spelling the personal pronoun signifying its Author with a capital H.

"The Great Fire of London."

We fancy that the City Corporation would not so much object to a second Fire of London, providing always, and they are always providing, they had to provide the coals for the Fire.

AUSTRIAN PAPER MONEY.

POOR Austria, her finances are so tight, Where she should sky a copper, flies a kite.

CHRISTMAS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We were told the other day of a Frenchman who had brought his wife and family to England that they might spend their Christmas at the Crystal Palace. The notion at first struck us as being rather curious, but on afterthought we deemed it a most sensible idea. We doubt if France, with all her forests, could show a Christmas-tree full sixty feet in height; and we feel quite sure that France, with all its skill in cookery, could not boast of such roast beef and mince-pies and plum-puddings as it is the privilege of England to produce. We remember to have heard of an unlucky fellow-countryman who, being doomed to pass a Christmas-day in Paris, devoted all his energies to make sure of a plum-pudding; and who, having himself purchased all the requisite ingredients, felt tolerably easy in his mind for the result. Well, Christmas Day arrived, and after a first course of cow beef cut in strips, up came the plum-pudding, served in a tureen; for the cook, not being told to boil it in a cloth, had omitted so to do, and thereby turned it into soup.

We can fancy then, the French have but a vague idea of Christmas, and we ought clearly not to laugh at them for coming over here to get a proper knowledge of it. Nor is the Crystal Palace a bad place for the purpose; supposing that the foreigner have no fireside to go to where he can learn the meaning of the words "an English home." To see the troops of happy children who annually flock there, is not the least of all the visual attractions of the place. And besides the mile and a half of toys which are displayed upon the counters (children now-a-days are much more blest in this respect than they were when we were young and GEORGE THE THIRD was king), and besides the comic singers, and the conjurers, and Punch-and-Judys, who alternately present themselves to please the infant mind, there is actually this year a veritable pantomime, which thoroughly perfects the Christmas aspect of the Palace, and renders the enjoyment of the juveniles complete.

Remembering the pleasant words of SYDNEY SMITH, we may quote them as an extra stimulus, if any such be needed, to induce Paterfamilias to take his children to the Christmas Fête:—

"Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it."

With this ringing in his ears, what father could refuse to let JIMMY and JEMIMA, CAROLINE and CHARLEY, enjoy a Christmas hour or two at the Crystal Palace? Summoned by the wand of the fairy-like BOWLBY, toys and playthings of all sorts, and suited to all ages, crowd

the Nave as thickly as the jewel-fruit which dazzled *Aladdin* in the garden where he went in search of the wonderful lamp. For visitors who have cut and not yet lost all their sweet teeth, mines of lollipops and rock are freshly excavated daily; while, as a meet contrast to the Shadow Pantomime, there is no lack of more substantial Christmas cheer for all who seek it.

POISONED TOYS.

Of all people the doctors must the most delight in Christmas. At no season in the year is there so much good living, and as children, as a rule, will over-eat themselves whenever they have the chance, pills follow plum-puddings in the natural course of things, and the doctor reaps a harvest from the seed sown by the cook.

But it is not only the surfeiting and stuffing that makes Christmas a professionally profitable season. At no time in the year are there more new toys distributed, and how provocative of sickness may these gifts be in our nurseries is shown by a late writer in the *Chemical News*. His suspicions being excited by the brightness of the green with which some playthings in a shop that he was passing had been painted, he analysed the colour, and found it was composed of arsenite of copper, a preparation not less deadly than arsenic itself. Now playthings, we all know, are not meant to eat, but children, as a rule, are very apt at times to put them in their mouths, and the brighter the colour the more likely is the child to wish to find out how it tastes. Unless a father therefore have a mind to be a thorough Borgia to his babies, we should advise him when green toys are sent as birthday presents, to put them in the fire as quickly as may be, or the chances are that he will have to pay a doctor's bill much longer than the mince-pies and plum-puddings would have caused, however great had been the juvenile indulgence in them.

Fresh from New York.

By the Ghost of the Atlantic Telegraph.

WHAT is a Loafer?

One who eats the bread of idleness.

COMFORT OF THE NEW COINAGE.

THE issue of the new bronze coinage will involve one advantage. Professional beggars will now less than ever be justified in assailing your ears with—"Gentleman, ar yer ar a copper?"

THE SLANG OF THE STAGE.



inquire of any "call boy" if such really were the case, an answer more or less impertinent (and rather more than less) would be immediately returned, the reply perhaps consisting of the mere word "Walker!" It will be noticed that the male walker is wanted to be "good," whereas this quality is not thought an essential for the female. But without dwelling on this, we pass on to another puzzle in the same day's sheet:—

FOOLWICH.—THEATRE ROYAL.

WANTED, a good Juvenile Lady; also, Juvenile Gent, Heavy Man, and one or two good Utility People. A fair salary given for talent. Apply.

Here we find the lady is required to be "good" and likewise to be "juvenile;" to which latter qualification every lady under sixty would of course consider herself entitled to lay claim. How far the coming census will be allowed to throw the light of truth on ladies' ages, it is not our pleasure just now to inquire. But we think that to apply for a "juvenile lady," is almost as superfluous as to require a "female woman;" and just as needless was it to ask during the Cattle Show for a "heavy man," seeing there were none else to be seen then in the streets.

The next announcement introduces to our notice a Stage personage whom we have no desire to know in real life:—

THEATRE LOYAL, SCREAMINGTON.

WANTED, a first class SINGING CHAMBERMAID.

Waits are bad enough, and so are cats and sweeps. But of all the most unmusical, most melancholy nuisances wherewith the ears of sleepy sufferer could be nocturnally afflicted, commend us—or, no, *don't* commend us—to a "Singing Chambermaid." We can conceive no greater torment than to hear the "Power of Love" squalled nightly on the staircase as we turned into bed, while "Sally Come Up!" squealed through the keyhole would wake us out of our first sleep. Banjoed, bonosed, and barrel-organed as we are throughout the day, we should go stark staring mad—*fanatico per la musica* in pitiable truth—if when we retired at night we were conducted to our room by a Singing Chambermaid, whose lullaby would most effectually prevent our going to rest. As it is, we often spend a night at an hotel (say the Star and Garter, Richmond, or the Bedford by the Sea) merely for the purpose of escaping the sleep-murderers, who with trombones in their hands infest the London streets. But we could no more hope to take our ease at our inn, if the dramatic "Singing Chambermaid" had a place in real life.

All these specimens of Stage slang we take from the same sheet, and we copy them verbatim merely altering the names, as we have not been paid to print them in our paper. With one more startling sample we must conclude our list:—

HALL OF HARMONY, BAWLBOROUGH.

WANTED, to open on Monday, Dec. the 24th, Two good NIGGERS that can dance well, a Lady Character Singer, and a Lady Sentimental; also, a Pianist that can read well.—Address.

To inquire in this way for a Pianist "who can read well" seems like asking for a gardener who is a dab at painting, or begging for a butcher who can play the flute. If reading be the thing required, why not seek an elocutionist? But this is not half so strange a request as the preceding one; that for the good niggers and the brace of ladies who are "wanted to open" on the day which is there mentioned. Wanted to open! In the name of LINDLEY MURRAY, wanted to open what? Is it oysters, or box-doors, or "Wonderful Cabinets," that these fair ladies and dark gentlemen are "wanted to open?" Is it—stay—a horrid thought springs in our frightened brain. "To open" is a neuter verb as well as active. Can it be that these four persons are wanted to be passive actors in the opening, and that for the sake of producing a sensation, some tragedy is going to be played "with real stabs!" There is no saying what dodge next will be tried to fill our theatres, and for aught we know, there may be a good opening for persons who would every other night, say, undergo that operation; the salary of course varying according as the opening were made with a bare bodkin or with a *Shylock's* knife.

ITALY'S CHRISTMAS WAITS.

Yes!—Christmas comes but once a year—

The happier for their fates,
Who dread the ills of Christmas bills,
And don't approve of "Waits."
There's frost upon the window-panes,
There's snow-storm in the sky,
While underneath the blankets
In vain to sleep I try.
For worse than saws a-setting,
Or dogs that bay the moon,
Those horrid Waits with wheezy flute,
Crack'd cornet and basoon!

But let me hug this comfort still,
There are worse fates than mine:
'Tis but 'gainst single household's peace,
Our Christmas Waits combine!
But there are Waits across the sea,
That work more wide annoy,
Whole nations keep on the *qui vive*,
And kingdoms' peace destroy.
There's Bombalino—while her flag
Dark France to shield him throws—
A Christmas Wait at Gaeta,
Breaks Italy's repose.

His drum ecclesiastical
The Pope, that holy man,
A Christmas Wait, keeps beating
From out the Vatican.
While ANTONELLI fills with breath
His brazen serpents' round,
And rattles loud the begging-box
Where Peter's Pence resound.
Poor Italy may toss and turn,
And bid these Waits begone;
But still they breed their discord loud,
And won't move off or on.

And, last, as if such Waits as these,
Weren't of themselves enough
To break the rest of Italy
With rude alarms and rough—
Comes he, who darkling discord still
Can find the means to make,
Who keeps not only Italy,
But Europe wide awake.
No Christmas Wait like him who plants
At Rome his red-legged band,
Whose tricolor at Gaeta
Helps Bombalino's stand.

COMPARATIVE PHYSIOGNOMY.

SUBJOINED is part of an announcement copied from a newspaper:—

"MADAME TUSSEAU'S EXHIBITION.—New addition.—A full-length PORTRAIT MODEL of the murderer WILLIAM GODFREY YOUNGMAN is now added to the chamber of comparative physiognomy."

The Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy was formerly the Chamber of Horrors. The alteration is an improvement. People have supped full of horrors, and, it may be hoped, have got sick of them. Comparative Anatomy is the anatomy of brutes in relation to that of man. Comparative Physiognomy is the physiognomy of such brutes as the murderer YOUNGMAN in contrast with our noble selves. It is a pleasing study at least to those whose physiognomy differs from that of such gentlemen as the murderer YOUNGMAN. To profit fully by the opportunities of study afforded by the Chamber of Comparative Physiognomy, visitors should take pocket looking-glasses to that exhibition; and, instead of comparing each other with MESSRS. RUSH, MANNING & Co., attentively study their own features in order to compare them with the lineaments of those celebrities.

KINDRED TIES.—Frailty and Humanity.



A DANGEROUS SITUATION.

SWELL (with trepidation). "Here!—Porter—Here! See me into a First-Class Carriage, there's a good fellow!"

PAUPER HUNTING.

DURING hard frost and deep snow, there is nothing to be done in the way of field-sports except lark-shooting, which is a puerile amusement, and practicable only where the tops of the greens peep through the snow, there being elsewhere no larks. Wild ducks may be shot; but wild duck-shooting is rather an aquatic and marine amusement than a field sport in this weather, all very well for those who like it, but rather too cold work for most people. The only sports that can well be enjoyed at present, are of a social character, such as hunt-the-slipper; but there is a species of hunting better than that, and capable of affording capital pastime. It is the game of Hunt the Pauper.

Your best plan is to take a clergyman out with you as the keeper of the parish which you propose to beat for paupers. His Reverence will also do the work of pointer and setter. Two or three stout fellows can follow you with loads of ammunition in the shape of cold meat, bread and cheese, and other comestibles, and you may also have a vehicle at your heels conveying blankets and warm apparel. Provided with these essential requisites, you go and beat the Paupers up in their covers, if they have any, for some of them will be found lying about in the streets. Whenever the parson makes a point, you walk up, and as soon as the Paupers get up, pitch in the grub, and wrap them over with the flannel. In special cases, under the keeper's advice, let fly some of the shot in your locker, making sure of your object. You may as well carry a pocket-pistol loaded with the regular Anti-Forbes-Mackenzie charge, to administer to Paupers on the ground knocked up with the cold.

After a good long day's Pauper Hunting you will eat your dinner with a zest which could not be imparted by the King of Oude's Sauce, and you will sleep beneath your own warm blankets as sound as a top, and better than if you had taken opium enough to narcotise a Chinaman.

There is very good Pauper Hunting to be had in town as well as in the country. Out about Shoreditch, and all that way, there are lots of Paupers in the alms, besides the preserves called Workhouses, in which the poaching on the sly may be practised with great propriety.

PRESENTS TO MR. PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH presents his affectionate regards to the donors of the various presents under-mentioned, which have been sent to him this Christmas, in recognition of his unparalleled exertions for the good of mankind. He makes this public acknowledgement for the good reason that the world ought to know how grateful it is for his services, and for the better reason, that it saves him the trouble of writing private notes.

Splendid Turkey from ***** Yorkshire.
A ditto from ***** Lincolnshire. (Madam.)
A (rather small) ditto from Bermondsey.
A HAUNCH (O!) from—we have a good mind to name you—weel, dinna be skeered.
A Turkey and a Ham, (and such a pretty letter) from Ipswich.
A Ham and a great Scotch Bun from Glasgow.
Half-a-dozen of Whiskey from Arran. (One broken.)
A Hamper with Game by G. W. R., but no address.
Game, from Peterborough, Oswestry, Filby, Hampstead, Brighton (two ots), Carlisle, Southampton (Shirley), Perth, Hanley-sur-Tamisa.
Birmingham, and (near) Worcester. Pheasants unrecognisable.
Two Yorkshire Pies, neither from residents in Yorkshire.
A vast pot of anonymous Char, but we know you. Write.
A Case of Champagne, from Boulogne upon the Sea. *Salut.*
A bottle of Brandy-Cherries, and a box of kisses.
A pair of elegant skates, but we have given up that kind of starring, Ma COMRADES.
A statuette of GARIBOLDI. (Given where requested.)
A thing for holding stewed cheese—something omitted.
A magic lantern and slides. (Mr. Punch's best thanks.)
A heap of "gift-books" of all the colours in and out of the rainbow.
A Scotch terrier. (Beautiful, but bites like a beast.)

Unless Mr. Punch has been robbed anywhere, that is all, up to the end of the year. Friends at a distance will please accept this intimation, and be assured that all has or will be consumed, or divided, in the way the donors would wish.

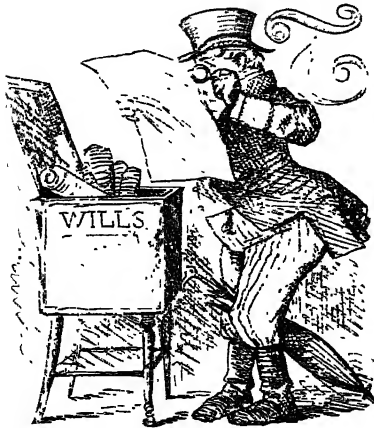
Bless you, my people!

85, Fleet Street, Dec. 31, 1860.

BY APPOINTMENT.

A CARDINAL VIRTUE THAT THE POPE WANTS.—Resignation.

TESTATORS ALL ALIVE O!



HE amiable and decorous habit in which certain journals indulge, of sending a penny-a-liner to rummage out the Wills of persons recently deceased, in order to the publication of the contents of such documents, is now gaining ground so fast, that *Mr. Punch*, ever anxious to be a-head of his age, has made his own arrangements for adding a new feature to journalism. He proposes to leave it to his inferiors to visit Doctors' Commons, and to take, furtively, forbidden notes when the jealous clerks are not looking, nor has he any idea of making surreptitious arrangements with needy officials to sell information which they have no right to part with. He, according to his custom, takes a bolder course. He intends to furnish to an eager public particulars concerning Wills while the Testators are still alive. For this purpose he has organised a staff of reporters, whom he means to call the Paul Pry Brigade, and he flatters himself that their researches into private papers will enable him to gratify the world, in the same way as, but in a much more exciting degree than his Will-publishing contemporaries do. He submits a few specimens of what the Paul Pry Brigade has already accomplished. If it be objected that this is an unwarrantable impertinence, and a vulgar meddling with the affairs with which the public has nothing to do, he begs to leave the defence of the system to his contemporaries, who originated it.

WILLS.

We are happy to announce that JEREMIAH HUMBLE JUMBLE, Esq., of the Regent's Park, has at last been induced to make his Will. It was executed on Tuesday, in the presence of his maid-servant, and J^{no} SMITH, greengrocer and occasional waiter at private parties. We think he ought to have done more for MRS. HUMBLE JUMBLE, who may have her faults, and whose teeth are certainly false (we do not believe that she paints), but who ought to have had the bulk of his property. He gives her only £800 a year, and adds the cowardly condition, that if she remarries, she is to have but £400. The rest of his estate goes to his so-called nephew, WOBBLTON WILKS, of the War Office, who may be said to be in luck, and who will now, we hope, pay his unfortunate tailors (we use the plural advisedly), and take his grandmother's watch out of pawn. There are a few legacies, but MR. HUMBLE JUMBLE does not appear to us to have one of those hands described by our immortal Bard, we refer to the sweet Swan of Avon, as open to *melting* charity, for his cousin the tallow-chandler gets nothing, and though he is in the habit of talking a good deal about the poor, we have reason to believe that there are few bequests to the excellent institutions with which our noble Metropolis is so plentifully studded. He leaves £50 to the Zoological Gardens, perhaps from his admiration of the manners of the bears, and £50 to the Society for Relief of Complaints of the Ear, which his friends playfully say is but right, considering what an awful bore he is. On the whole, we cannot think that this Will does the testator much credit, but he has yet time to amend it by a codicil. *Verbum sap.*

MRS. LUSHINGTON BLACK BOTHERBY's Will has been made more than two years, but owing to the unfortunate incorruptibility of her lady's maid, we regret to say that we have not yet been able to obtain a sight of it, though we know that it is kept in the lid of her dressing-case. But we have secondary evidence of its contents, and shall not be a hundred miles from the fact, if we say that a certain handsome Captain in a crack regiment will not be so grateful to the "old girl" as he gives his brother officers reason to think he ought to be. MRS. B. has been lending a favouring ear to the unctuous addresses of an elegant divine whose chapel is within easy reach of her house at Peckham, and though we all know that the clergy scorn personal bequests, the REV. ORIGEN BANG may not be displeased to know that if he likes to rebuild St. Vitus's, he will in due time be able to do so, and if not, he may apply £5000 according to his own discretion. The lady does not intend to "die and endow a college or a cat," but she presents a handsome sum to a retired housekeeper, who is to take charge of a favourite parrot (we hope that we do not intrude into private matters in stating that its name is "BOBBY") and is to hear it say, "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," every Sunday, and we may also add, that the respectable tradesman who supplies MRS. B. with her false hair will find something beyond the amount of his bill set down for him.

LIEUTENANT BLAZER BLAZES, R.N., Ramsgate, has long been in such a state of brandy-and-water that his friends who know his gouty tendencies have been affectionately anxious that he should make his Will. But his confirmed habit of shying the boiling tea-kettle at anybody who makes him a suggestion has somewhat interfered with their pressing this consideration upon him. However, on Wednesday last he had a bad touch, and his Doctor having put every missile out of reach of the gallant and crippled Lieutenant, told him what his friends thought. As soon as the torrent of sea-eloquence which burst out in full flow had subsided, LIEUT. BLAZES relieved his mind with a few supplementary execrations, and, addressing his medical attendant by the affectionate title of a slimy old lubber, ordered him to note down heads for a Will. It was brief, and gave everything to the Royal Naval College, except £100 to the Doctor, and £500 to a lady of Portsmouth, whose *alias* it might be imprudent to disclose. The Will was duly made, and the Lieutenant has sat upon it ever since; but as it does not exactly harmonise with the views of the testator's next of kin, we believe that efforts will be made to withdraw it from under him. Should these succeed, our readers shall be informed. There are whispers of a duplicate Will, in which case the exertions of the relatives may not meet with the reward they deserve.

MRS. SAMUEL SOTFHEAD, widow, formerly MADEMOISELLE ALICAMPANE, of the theatres, has just made her Will, which she had long, from superstitious motives, refused to do, but to which she has been driven by the unmistakable commands of some Spirit-Rapping with which she has lately been much troubled. Her numerous bequests would occupy too large a space in our columns for us to give them at length, but the public has a right to know that one who formerly earned her living on the boards has not been quite unmindful of the companions of her youth. To MR. SPLUTTER, the celebrated tragedian, she gives a ring, and the same to MR. SINNEWS, the well-known harlequin. She bequeathes £100 to the Epicurean Club, to buy a picture, in memory of the fact that standing on its steps, out of the rain, she first met the late MR. SAMUEL SOTFHEAD, who offered her his umbrella that day and his heart the next. She gives three dozen of her best brandy to an eminent dramatic author, with her French dictionary, and a complete edition of the *Théâtre Parisien*. The rest of her legacies are to persons whom she playfully calls "My Toads," and for whom she says she will find holes during the rest of their lives. We do not know, and therefore cannot say, whether the fashionable DR. BOUGH CROUCHER will like being included in this list, but a plaster of £500 may reconcile that worthy disciple of GALEN to the title—"What's in a name?" as the lady herself would say. She gives all her physic bottles, many hundreds in number, to her maid, PHOEBE JONES, and her wigs to MISS OGLETON, of the Royal Amethyst Theatre. We are happy to add, for the information of the public, that MRS. S. is very well, that her signature is distinct, and that the only orthographic error in a codicil, in her own hand, is that in naming MR. SCRAPER, her corn-cutter, she calls him that palavering old cheer-up-odist.

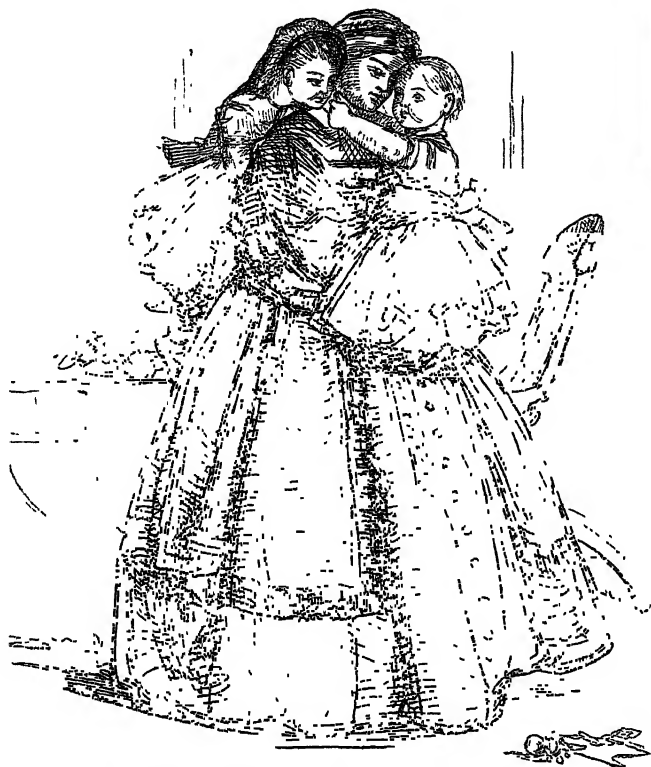
SECESSION AND SLAVERY.

SECEDE, ye Southern States, secede,
No better plan could be,
If you of Niggers would be freed,
To set your Niggers free.
Runaway slaves by federal law
At present you reclaim;
So from the Union straight withdraw,
And play the Free Soil game.

What, when you've once the knot untied,
Will bind the Northern men!
And who'll resign to your cowhide
The fugitives again?
Absquotilate, then, slick as grease,
And break up Unity,
Or take your PRESIDENT in peace,
And eat your humble pie.

But if your stomachs proud disdain,
That salutary meal,
And you, in passion worse than vain,
Must rend the Commonweal,
Then all mankind will jest and scoff
At people in the case,
Of him that hastily cut off
His nose to spite his face.

THE SMALLEST OF GERMANS.—The infamous servility of the Saxon Government, in giving up TELEKI to the Austrian tyrant, makes us half ashamed of the name of Anglo-Saxon.



LATEST IMPORTATION IN SWEETS.

RAHAT LAHKOU, OR LUMPS OF DELIGHT!

SAXON LAW IN CANADA.

WHAT a pity it is that magnetic connection between England and North America remains to be established. It is much to be wished that the wire destined to unite the Mother Country and her American Colonies were at the bottom of the sea, in its new coat of SILVER'S India-rubber, and in working order; for then the Canadian Government might be rescued from the imminent peril of undertaking a load of infamy as heavy and as noisome as that which crushes and befouls the Court of Saxony. It is a fact that two British American Judges, CHIEF JUSTICE ROBINSON and JUSTICE BURNS, Judges of the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench, have actually decided for the extradition of ANDERSON, the man of colour who stabbed a fellow named SENECA T. P. DIGGES pursuing and trying to capture him as a fugitive slave in Missouri, more than seven years ago. ANDERSON killed this villain in self-defence, and ROBINSON and BURNS would surrender him as a murderer! These men—at present two of HER MAJESTY'S Judges—virtually recognise the legality of slavery in disallowing the right of an escaped slave to defend his liberty. They have decided for delivering up this mulatto to miscreants who, if they get him, will probably burn him alive with green wood.

JUSTICE M'LEAN has kept his ermine sweet and clean. He dissented from the monstrous opinion of his colleagues, on the ground that the evidence against the accused was insufficient. An appeal was applied for by ANDERSON'S Counsel; and the case may ultimately be brought before the Privy Council in England, which, it is enough to say, among its members includes LORD BROUGHAM. The Colonial Government may thus be saved from defiling itself with the abomination of Saxony. But then, on the other hand, the application for an appeal may fail, and ANDERSON may be soon writhing and roasting in a slow fire, whilst Missourian savages are yelling and dancing around the stake.

Were the submarine wire now extending between the Home and Canadian Governments, the unhappy man might, by a flash of telegraphic lightning, be saved from the clutches of the infuriated fiends to whom he may be consigned by the sentence of CHIEF JUSTICE ROBINSON and the other Justice, ominously named BURNS. In one of its senses the word Tradition means treason. If anything in the Treaty of Extradition with the United States warrants the doom which those judges have pronounced on ANDERSON, then is extradition, in so far, a word that means extraordinary treason, and the diplomatists who conceded it were traitors of the deepest dye.

HERE WE ARE!

(CLOWN'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.)

HERE, once more, kind friends, we meet;
One and all of you I greet
With a pleasure that's beyond expression, 'ar;
What a year of dark and wet
We have had since last we met,
It has been severe, but yet!

Here we are!

Some astronomers do say,
Summer's heat from orb of day
That a mass of meteoric ice did bar;
Whether that was so or not,
If I know, may I be shot;
But I say, I tell you what:

Here we are!

Under cloudy skies and showers,
With the worst of reigning powers,
We have seen brave fellows wage victorious war:
GARIBALDI made the son
Of old BOMBA cut and run;
There's the POPE, too, nearly done:
Here we are!

Leaving Italy and Rome,
Now suppose we look at home,
Where sweet Freedom we've preserved like jam in jar.
For our liberty some fears
Being whispered in our ears,
With a host of Volunteers,
Here we are!

Some have tried to brew a storm
On the subject of Reform,
But they couldn't raise the wind, for all the Star.
Quite sufficient for the day
Was the Treaty, and for aye
Rising Income-Tax to pay,
Here we are!

We've been thrashing the Chinese, }
For the sake of cheaper teas,
Which have cost us many a soldier, many a far.
An Ambassador, Pekin
May we soon have living in,
To tell every Mandarin:
Here we are!

Then the heir of England's QUEEN
Through America has been
Cheered like victor on sublime triumphal car,
Home again, in spite of gales
Which were adverse to your sails,
Hail, my bonny PRINCE OF WALES,
Here we are!

For the present, here are we,
And I wish we here may be
In the number of our years above Old PARR;
But, away when we have gone,
May Old England still hold on,
Shouting, ever and anon,
Here we are!

THE PETTICOAT EMPIRE.

It is confidently asserted that the visit with which the EMPRESS EUGENIE honoured this country in 1860 will be repeated in 1861. In anticipation of this felicitous event, the linendrapers of England are organising a subscription with a view to the presentation of a testimonial to her Imperial Majesty, together with an appropriate address, setting forth the gratitude entertained by the trade towards the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH and the Fashions, for having ordained the wearing of dresses which require, to make them, three times as many yards as could possibly be allowed, by any regard to comfort, economy and elegance, united with any sense of the ridiculous.

A NOTE AND QUERY FOR KING THWAITES.

We want to know (and the bearer waits for an answer) if your Subterranean and Serene Majesty could inform us whether a Sewer derives any particular gratification, when it's being diverted?



CONSOLATION.

Emily (to rejected Subs). "IT'S VERY DISAGREEABLE, CERTAINLY, TO BE UNSUCCESSFUL IN YOUR EXAMINATIONS, AND SO MANY TIMES, TOO; BUT I SHOULD WORK HARD AND TRY AGAIN."

Younger and much too sharp Brother. "NEVER YOU MIND, CHARLEY! IT PROVES THAT THERE'S NO WANT OF PLUCK ABOUT YOU!"

THE WORKING-MAN'S CRIB AND HIS CLUB.

"MR. PUNCH,

"As a brittish Publican I inwoke you to punch the eds of them there sarm-smiters which is a rendern of theirselves obnockshus hereabouts by injury to Bisnis. 2 year ago a lot o blessed benevolent beggars with that are ADELINE COOPER wun of the Nitingal sort took and bort hup the Wun Tun witch it was wunce a sellybrated Ouse of Call for Theaves and turnd it into a Reged Scoole. Now theaveses munny is as good as Hany Huther and no reson wy i shud be robbed of my customers. Whereas now the same Sett not content with their Raged scool, Day, hevening, Sunday Scools, Muthers' Meetin, Ragged Church, and band of Oap, bredin up the young uns in temperance and Chastity which is kevite enuff injurous to Trade, they've Now bin and Started a consarn called 'The Working Men's Club' witch i Copy the title from a Anbill. Them tuther institooshuns affected honly the Kidds and the Wimmin but this here un's ment to ketch the Menn. 'Tis to be a Clubb and Reedin Room, comojus and wentilated and all that with the ixpres Vu of makin hof it *as comfortable as the Public Ouses*. There—that shows the sperrit that's at the botum of it. They've got a comitty of wurkin Menn a dozen of 'em wot manidges the Affairs of the Clubb. The scripshun is only one apeny a Weak to sute the puerty of the districk witch the Clubbus is in Duke Lane Vestminster, hopposite Old Pye street. Theyve got a Libery, daly and weakly Papers—*punch* among em I dessay. Lecters is to be give there—they cums the Morral and Scientiffic Dodge, to Improve the Temporal and spiritual condishum of the poor. There's no less than Six Public Ouses alreddy in the Immediate naburood which perwides it with Sperrits; and there's too more to be opend but wot for if they are to be cut Hout by this ere Wurkin Menn's Clubb and Redin Room Hopen hevery Hevenin in Duck Lane *Sundays included* witch for hany public places exsep Public Ouses to be hopen on Sunday is allowed by Parliament to be a Desecication of the Sabbath.

"Now *Mr. Punch* I ope as the publican's friend you'll set your

Face agin this here Workin Menn's Clubb. The necessary Funds for to cary Hon the same is not all subscribed Yett tho moast on it is. That are old Spuny the MARKIS o VESTMINSTER guv 80 pound—and huther Knobs ave cum forrad and down with the Dust. But unlent the Workin Menn sports it in coarse the thing wil go to Smash; so just you Pitch into it will yer like a good feller. Tell em to dispize imitatin the Swels, with their garricks and Reforms and conservativs and Ragg and Fammishes and its yure opinyun there's nuthin for the wurkin Menn like the good old public ouse where e can heat is tripe and Smoak is pipe and tiple is nogin of beer gin or wot not, and rede the Papers into the Bargin, until e reads 'em dubble, and so go ome cumfable to the buzzum of is Fammaly. But has for Workin Menns Clubbs wot's to be expected of Clubbs but the Means for Wurkin Menn to Bete their Wives. Explane that there to 'em *Mr. Punch* and oblidge yure dilidgent and obeadiant reeder,

"*The Slums Vestminster Jan. 1861.*"

"PHIL. POTTS."

"P.S. As lessee of one of the public ouses goin to be opend again the Opposishun Shopp I see they're a goin to suply corfy et settrer cost prise at that Hinstitooshun. I wunder if et settrer menes beer, good and cheap. Give 'em that at Wurkin Menns Clubs, and they'll shut us up in no time. Hif they does that we're flumoxd!"

Two Hints.

O STATES of the West, do relinquish your maggots,
Keep bound fast and tight, like the bundle of Faggots,
The more that no faggots (or smaller or bigger)

Will be wanted for burning our prisoner, your Nigger.

PUNCH.

"A GLOWING PERIOD."—One of WISCOUNT WILLIAMS's, such as would have the effect of setting the Thames on fire—only we suspect a period like that will be very far distant, indeed. We will wait.

THE PEASANT'S PETITION.

THE PETITION OF THE BRITISH PEASANT TO THE BRITISH LANDLORD,
HUMBLY COMPLAINING SHOWETH UNTO YOUR HONOUR,

THAT Your Petitioner having ventured upon the liberty (for which he hopes to be pardoned) of having peeped into the Stables of Your Honour (but he solemnly declares, with no evil intentions, and he would not take an oat without leave) has perceived that if Thought, Sense, and Kindness were ever manifested towards Animals, it is in Your Honour's Stables aforesaid.

That the Residence in which your Honour humanely places your Horses, is well built, water-tight, and well ventilated, is excellently floored, and has an excellent supply of water, that its drainage is perfect, and its light cheerful, and that the creature that cannot live contentedly therein must be a Beast.

That the Arrangements for the health and comfort of your Honour's Horses seem to your Petitioner perfect, and designed to make the Animals happy when at home, and fit when they come out to perform any amount of work which your Honour may call on them to do.

That (contrary to the arrangements in Your Petitioner's dwelling, begging pardon for mentioning such a place) Separate places are provided for your Honour's Horses, so that they sleep apart, and are in no way detrimental to one another.

That Your Petitioner, knowing the kindness of Your Honour's nature, as shown by this provision, and by hundreds of other acts of Your Honour's, not to speak of Your Honour's Lady, and the Young Ladies (all of whom he humbly wishes a Happy New Year, if he may be so bold), takes the liberty to believe that Your Honour cannot know that Your Petitioner's cottage, on Your Honour's estate, is badly built, is not drained, has no ventilation, has a rotten floor, and is so cold that in the winter the only way Your Petitioner and his family can keep bodies and souls together is by huddling together, Adults, Children, Grown-up Lads and Girls, all together in one wretched bedroom, out of which they come half-poisoned by the foul air, not to offend your Honour's delicacy by saying anything more than that they are good for far less work than could otherwise be got out of them.

Your Petitioner therefore, for himself, his wife, four grown-up children, and five little ones,

Humbly prayeth unto Your Honour,

THAT YOU WILL BE GRACIOUSLY PLEASED TO TREAT HIM
LIKE A HORSE.

And your Petitioner will ever Pray and Work, &c., &c.

A LAMENT OF THE SEASON.

By AN OLD BOY.

I'M sick of Transformation scenes,
All gold and silver foil,
Blue fire and clustered ballet-girls,
And sinks and flies and toil;
I'm sick of trees that open,
And temples that expand,
And flowers as big as warming-pans—
I'm sick of fairy-land!

I used to think when I was young,
That fairy-land was fair;
But now I know 'tis tinsel all,
With red-fire fumes for air;
A land of traps and pit-falls—
A land of sloats and stays,
And scruto-work and profling,
And shivering *coryphées*.

Where are the joys of Pantomime
I knew in days of yore?
The poker-hot—the butter-slide—
The Clown laid at the door,
That shopmen blind and affable
Might o'er him tumble down—
The murdered babe, whose body
Was sat on by the Clown?

Then Columbine was something
Surpassing mortal grace;
And Harlequin bore mystery,
Writ on his vizored face.

Clown's pockets had no bottom;
His grin passed humour's bounds;
For mirth and wit, his "Here we are!"
Was first of human sounds!

How changed is all! The mystic four,
With scared and shrunken mien,
Limp lamely in to justify
A Transformation scene.
The down-trod Clown some slaps and cuffs,
Still timidly essays,
But sins and steals and slays no more,
As in the early days.

The magic's gone from Columbine,
A dancer takes her place;
The mystery of Harlequin
Is fled—he shows his face,
And, oh could BARNES's ghost reseek
The glimpses of the moon,
What *would* it say to what we see
By way of Pantaloon?

That weary introduction,
Half ballet, half burlesque,
Those monster masks, those painful puns,
Most grave, when most grotesque;
That crowd of poor short-coated girls,
That feeble fairy queen,
And worst of all inflictions,
That Transformation scene!

Oh, scene-painters—oh, carpenters—
Oh, managers, forbear!
I've seen your flowers, your fountains,
Your castles in the air,
Your slowly opening aloes,
Your widely-spreading trees—
Your girls in all positions—
Excepting "stand at ease."

Your gold and silver tinsel,
Your foil and whirling wheels,
Your fires of hue red green or blue,
Till my poor brain-pan reels,
One transformation trick alone
Is left, and that, I ween,
Is to transform, by leaving out,
Your Transformation scene.



Latest from Lambeth.

"By the treaty of Tien-tsin the Chinese Indemnity is fixed at eight million taels."

Now, will it be believed that, on reading this, the Viscount imagined that these taels were actually pigtales, and, with true commercial mind, began to calculate the cost of shipping them to England, and the effect which they would have when thrown upon the hair market.

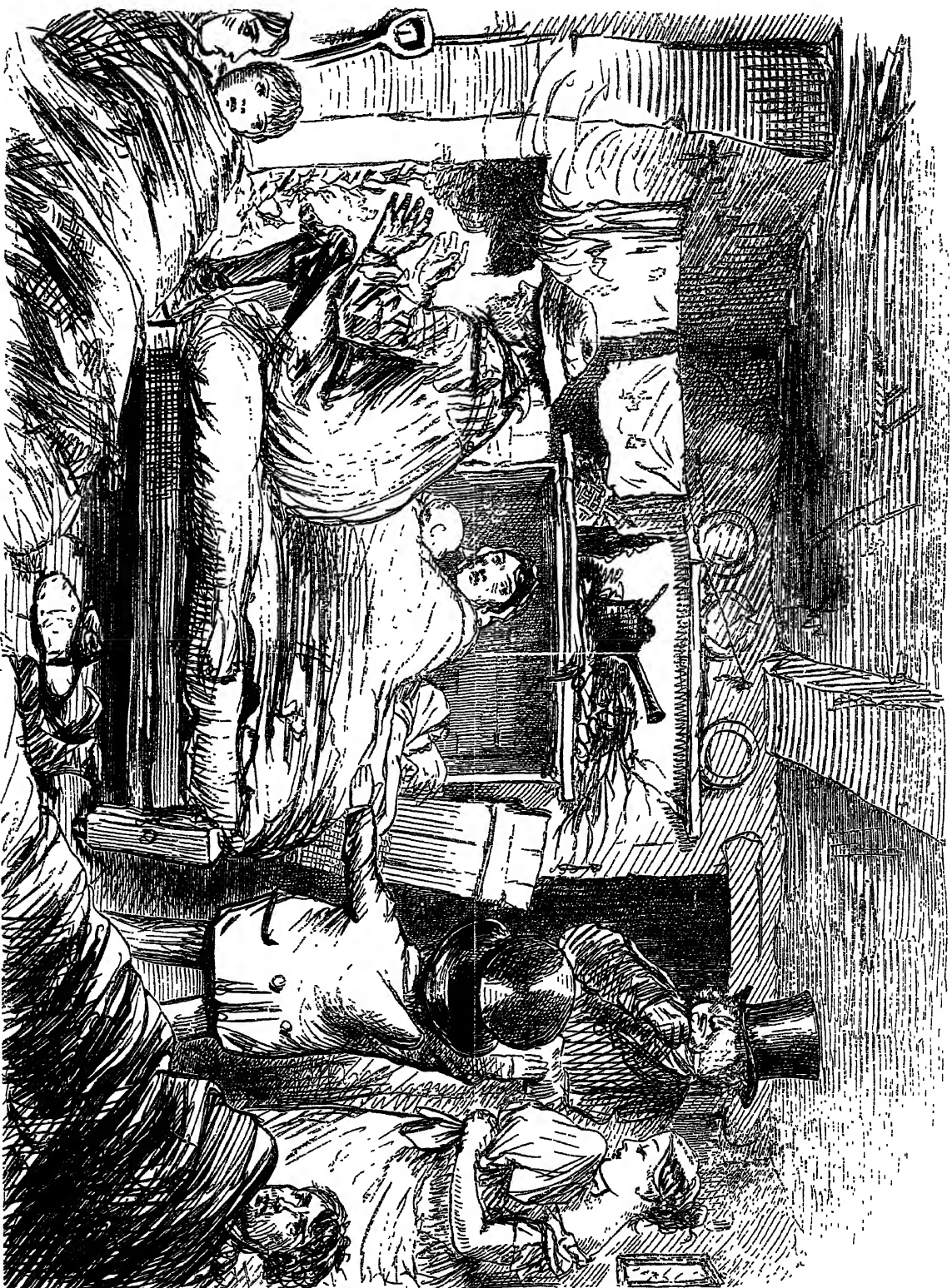
Turks and Traitors.

THE Sublime Porte, in 1849, refused to deliver up the Polish and Hungarian refugees to the vengeance of the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA. In 1860 the Government of Saxony surrendered COUNT TELEKI to curry favour with the KAISER. What a contrast between sublimity and baseness! The distance between Saxony and the Sublime Porte proves that the Sublime does not always border on the Ridiculous.



THE STABLE.

LANDLORD. "YES, MR. PUNCH. NICE, CLEAN, AIRY BOXES, PLENTY OF LIGHT, PERFECT DRAINAGE AND VENTILATION. THE BEST OF FOOD AND WATER, AND KIND TREATMENT. THAT'S MY PLAN!"



THE COTTAGE.

MR. PUNCH (TO LANDLORD). "YOUR STABLE ARRANGEMENTS ARE EXCELLENT! SUPPOSE YOU TRY SOMETHING OF THE SORT HERE! EH?"

LA GLOIRE AND LA CRINOLINE.

In the *Times*' account of the launch of *The Warrior* there occurs the subjoined passage relative to her rival, *La Gloire*.—

"The speed of *La Gloire* has been stated to be twelve knots. Now, if the statement of one of her officers is to be believed (an officer, too, thoroughly acquainted with her engines), the utmost speed that has been obtained from her has been short of eleven knots, and at this speed the vibration of the stern was so considerable, that it was evident the armour plates would all work loose if it was long maintained. Nine and a half to ten knots an hour is stated to be her utmost average speed, and thus must be considered as a high rate for a ship of such size and weight. None attempt to deny the fact that in a sea-way *La Gloire* rolls almost dangerously. In fact, all iron-clad frigates must roll slowly and deeply, if in their construction especial pains are not taken to guard against such a defect."

La Gloire ought to be a caution, as our American friends say, to all iron-clad frigates; and especially to *La Crinoline*. The speed of *La Crinoline* is seriously diminished by the extensive ribs of metal which constitute the framework of her iron-bound sides. Especial pains must be taken with the construction of her iron clothing, to prevent her from rolling in a dangerous manner, or at least to counteract her disposition to roll as she floats along. Otherwise we shall certainly have her, one of these fine days, wriggling all her iron-works loose, to the derision of the beholders, in consequence of the vibration for which she is as remarkable as *La Gloire*.

ANOTHER SHADOW PANTOMIME.

In reward for having been an exceedingly good boy, and especially for having shown such virtuous self-denial as to decline on Christmas Day a fourth helping of plum-pudding, MASTER SM-TH (the name may be familiar to our readers, but still we do not feel ourselves at liberty to publish it) was last week taken as a treat by his benevolent Papa to see the Shadow Pantomime at the Crystal Palace. Being strongly impressed with the wonders he beheld there, and having like most boys an imitative disposition, MASTER SM-TH, on coming home, determined to get up a shadow pantomime himself, and to exhibit it upon the boards, or walls, of his own nursery. Appointing MASTER J-N-S his machinist and stage carpenter, and MASTER BR-WN his gasfitter, property-man and prompter (which three offices, there being neither gas nor prompting, and but very little property, that young gentleman was deemed fully competent to fill), MASTER SM-TH reserved the heavier labours to himself, and undertook, with the assistance of his sister and the baby, to do the scene-painting and managing, and to write the piece. The pen-work being considered quite a secondary matter, it will of course be left to be knocked off at the last moment, in the manner now adopted on the modern stage; the usual plan requiring, for the guidance of the dresser, the author to sketch roughly two or three of the chief characters, having a due eye to the state of the wardrobe, so as not to put the management to unnecessary expense.

The piece not being yet enough advanced for a rehearsal, we are unable of course to give an accurate account of it. So far as we can learn, the Introduction, in accordance with the fashion of late years,

will partake less of pure pantomime than of broad burlesque. One of the scenes, we hear, will be laid on Ramsgate pier, where Miss SM-TH was last season nearly carried out to sea, owing to a stiff Son' Wester which was blowing, and which inflated her stiff petticoat like the top of a balloon. A small skye terrier that was with her had his hair blown over his eyes so that he could not see, and had not his mistress taken him in her arms, there is reason to believe he would have walked over the side, and come to what a farce-writer has termed a watery bier.

The unities of time and place will apparently be set quite at defiance by the author, for in the following scene a shadow-slide is shown upon the pavement, and from Ramsgate in the

Sister Anne and poor Dog Tray;
Aren't they nearly blown away?

dog-days we find ourselves transported to London in mid-winter. A great effect is here expected to be caused by the sudden apparition of an awful Beadle (father of Columbine, and changed to Pantaloon), who, emerging round a corner, puts to flight the sliders, but being far too fat to run, can only strike a tragic attitude, and bid the boys "behooff!"

The harlequinade of course will be full of life and bustle, and will contain the usual hits at passing fashions and events. One of the scenes, we understand, will represent a juvenile party, where the guests, although they'll come like shadows, and even so depart, will apparently be feasted with a most



'Run, boy; run, boy; sharp as needle,
Or you'll catch it from the Beadle!

substantial supper, and be stuffed with sickening sweet things as they are in real life.



Little Girl in Crinoline,
Like a Teetotum is seen.

he scarcely could restrain himself from giving them a twizzle.

Another scene is laid in a photographic studio, where Clown gets his so-called likeness taken, and as it is not a bit like him he declares, by pantomime, that he will not pay for it. The "artist," as he calls himself, threatens by dumb show that he will send for a policeman, whereat Clown appears alarmed, intimates that artist may make another trial, and be paid for both. Artist hides his head in his camera obscura, and no sooner has he done so than Clown gives him a "bonnet" and bolts out of the studio, while Pantaloon who has been pouncing all the "portraits" in the place, hoists them on a gibbet, and proclaims they are "HIGH ART."

The silhouettes which MASTER SM-TH has permitted us to publish, will afford the world some notion of his shadow pantomime, which with the modesty of authors, he quite expects will throw all rivals in the shade.



Here you see Policeman Glutton
Walking off with Pe's Cold
Marton.

These silhouettes, he tells us, are all done by his own hand, but we believe that it was guided by that of his big sister. We reserve the boldest of them for the last, and as the sketch speaks for itself, we need only say this more for it, that it represents a street scene towards the finish of the pantomime, and pictures the occurrence of a small domestic incident which will at once be recognised as being true to life, detection and the usual street scrimmage will ensue: and as a bonneted policeman is generally sure to make a pantomime succeed, we doubt not MASTER SM-TH's will be abundantly successful, and when all the shadow characters have danced their final shadow-dance, the curtain will descend upon a blaze of triumph, and the pantomime will be pronounced (by him) the "best of the season," as every pantomime in London every season is.



Here's an Artist who is
willing
To take Clown's Portrait
for a Shilling.

AS DIFFERENT AS BLACK AND WHITE.

THE following correspondence has resulted from the President's message:—

I.
"Mas'r Leegree's, Old Swamp Plantation, Mobile.

"MAS'R BUCHANAN,
"Dey tell me you tink 'the Matrons of de South' am berry nervous 'bout de abolition of niggahs. Now, bein' de moder ob twelve fine darkies, I tink I is 'cidedly a Matron ob de South—an' I 'sure you nedder I nor Aunt JUNO, who am de moder ob fifteen, nor no matron on dis ere plantation, don't feel nohow nervous 'bout de Abolition of Niggahs. Your 'feckshnate,
"Two Mas'r President, Washington."

"AUNT SALLY."

II.
"MADAM,
"On consideration, it might, I think, have been as well to say the white Matrons.
"Mrs Sally, Old Swamp."

"White House, Washington,

"Yours,

"JAMES BUCHANAN."

III.

"Old Swamp.

"Golly, Mas'r BUCHANAN, I tink so too.
"Mas'r President, Washington."

"AUNT SALLY."

A Surplus for Poor Parsons.

THE Puseyite Clergy have, we understand, adopted a resolution on the subject of Vestments, which will remove a cause of much heart-burning. They have agreed to sacrifice the surplices which they have been wont to wear in the pulpit, by sending them to the Poor Clergy Relief Society, to be cut up into shirts for necessitous clergymen.



JOCOSE FIEND. "Ah, Sir, you was very nearly down that time!"

FRANCE AND THE FASHIONS.

WE wonder whether, now that one can go to France without a passport, EDWIN will more often be asked by ANGELINA to take her over to Paris to see what the new fashions are, whether bonnets are worn spoon-shaped or *à l'écaillé d'huître*, whether Crinoline shows any symptom of decay, and whether flounces may be added to hide creases in the skirts. The Queen of Fashion clearly holds her Court in Paris, and thither must her votaries month by month repair to learn what it may please her to order them to wear. How omnipotent her sway is everybody knows, but we own we had not learnt until a recent writer taught us that sentiment and fashion go sometimes hand in hand, and friendship is displayed with the show of a new toilet. This at least we take for granted from this interesting passage in the *Illustrated News*, and we so much value the knowledge it imparts that we will not censure the mild pun with which it opens:—

"Of all the Paris fashions the most Parisian is the custom of wishing a 'Happy New Year,' a ceremony which trenches far upon the month of January, and renders that month remarkable for demonstrations of toilet and friendly sentiment."

The compliments of the season are doubtless different in France to what they are with us. In England one is satisfied with wishing you a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year;" whereas in Paris doubtless the proper thing to do when one makes a morning call upon the First of January is to forge some well-turned compliment upon the sit of one's friend's dress, or to say that her new bonnet most charmingly becomes her. As ladies go to church to show off their new fineries, so in France they call on friends for a purpose not dissimilar. Such visits are no doubt productive of some pleasure, or they would not be persisted in. Indeed the female mind delights in giving cause for envy, and if MADAME GROS DE NAPLES can but feel that her new plumage has left a pang of jealousy in some few of her bosom friends, she would doubtless view her morning as by no means an ill-spent one.

It is, however, somewhat curious to note with what precision the writers on the fashions know what is right to wear, and how imperious on the point are the mandates of the milliners. We suppose that no one even in the first society would ever dare to dress herself except by their advice, or in any way to act against the regulations following:—

"The New Year's visits of 1861 are to be paid in neat and quiet costume, both as regards dresses and bonnets. The former must be new and the latter fresh. The stuffs now generally adopted for winter wear are robes *de fantasia*, plain or brocaded: the superior qualities of poplin are also in favour. Merinos are almost entirely discarded for the present season, on account of their flaccidity."

Ladies with scant pin-money or parsimonious husbands, and who may not have a "new" dress and "fresh" bonnet in their wardrobes, must not dream this season of paying New Year's calls, but must sit and sigh at home in unfashionable wretchedness. With regard, however to bonnets we are not sorry to learn that:—

"The fashions for bonnets are just now sufficiently irregular to allow room for the display of individual taste. The most important requirements for a *chapeau* are that it should sit well, suit the expression of the face, not add to the years of the fair wearer, and be without pretension."

This certainly is news to us, and vastly pleasant news too. Hitherto

we have conceived that ladies dressed entirely by the dictates of their milliners, and were not allowed to exercise their private taste and judgment. The proper thing to do was to walk into a shop, and having there learnt what was worn, unquestioning to order it. No matter if the fashion were suitable or not to her peculiar person, every lady, we supposed, was held bound to conform to it. Upon no other ground at least could we comprehend the fact of the wondrously ill-chosen and ill-suited dresses seen here. But now we joy to learn, as far as bonnets are concerned, ladies will be suffered to display their own good taste, and we may depend that they will soon look all the prettier for it. We have long considered it an insult to their intellect that they should submit to the caprices of their dressmakers. And as for their requiring to be told what are the "most important requirements for a *chapeau*," (why can't the man say "bonnet?") trust a woman for insisting that her bonnet should sit well, and not make her look older one whit than she can help it.

One other brief extract, and we have done for the present with this interesting subject:—

"We must briefly allude to the new petticoat, the *jupon multiple* as it is very properly called, for it may be made to take the dimensions of two, three, four, or five petticoats, as occasion may require, although but one article of dress. For this it is only necessary to add or take away so many layers of muslin, which can be attached or abstracted with the greatest facility."

A petticoat which is capable of expansion to the size of four or even five, must be viewed as an alarming article of dress. Who knows but that ladies before going to a party might conspire with one another to enter somewhat limp, and gradually to swell out as the evening advanced? Conceive the consternation of the male people assembled on finding themselves more and more squeezed up and blockaded, without any perceptible addition to the company. If the *jupon multiple* be patronised in England (and, if popular in Paris, it is pretty sure to be so) we shall expect to hear that ladies when they issue invitations will specify precisely the exact amount of Crinoline they wish their guests to wear, so as to fill their rooms and not to overcram them. If this result be gained we shall certainly be tempted to give praise to this new petticoat, and every *soirée* that we go to, we shall bless its kind inventress. People who declare the days of Crinoline are numbered may not be encouraged much by what we have just told them. If *jupons* can be made to multiply five-fold, the shadow of wide skirts does not seem likely to grow less. But at any rate there will be some slight consolation in the thought that their wearers will be able to contract themselves at pleasure, or as "occasion" (justly personated by their husbands or their parents) may sensibly "require."

SERENADE.

To be Sung in a Slouched Hat and Spanish Cloak, with a Guitar, and a Flute obbligato.

THE words printed in italics in the following Song are intended to represent the accompaniment of wind and stringed instruments:—

LIST, ANGELINA, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
And they say to you,
Oh—*tootle-tootle-too*,
ANGELINA dear, Good-night!

The heron has gone to rest
On the banks of the Tweed—*le deede-dee*,
And the thrush and the linnet
Have flown this minute
To the tree, to the *tum-tum* tree!

This, *diddle-dum, diddle-dum*,
This, *diddle-dum, diddle-dido*,
This is the melody
Of your fond Fido!

Refrain appassionato.

LIST, ANGELINA, list!
For the stars are shining bright,
They say to you
Oh—*tootle-tootle-too*;
They cry to thee
Oh—*tootle-tootle-tee*;
Diddle-diddle-diddle-dear, Good-night!

Fasting the Whole Hog.

MR. BUCHANAN recommends a Solemn Fast as an expedient for averting the calamity of disruption with which the American Union is threatened. To eat no victuals and go to meeting, may be a salutary penance for repentant sinners; but does MR. BUCHANAN expect to derive much advantage from abstinence from meat, unaccompanied by abstinence from cruelty to negroes?



IGNORANCE NOT BLISS.

Look! at these two Foreigners in at McBannock's in Regent Street, with Scotch Bread, and Bait Buns, and Cheesecakes, and Raspberry Three Corners; Oh, and lots of other jolly things on the counter, to think of their choosing *Crumpets*! Ha! Ha!

MR. PUNCH'S NEW YEAR'S GIFTS.

FOLLOWING, with due loyalty, the excellent example of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN (where can there be found a better one to imitate?), *Mr. Punch*, on New Year's Day, sat in state at his own Home Office to superintend the distribution of his New Year's Gifts. Among the fortunate recipients of his Royal bounty, *Mr. Punch* has only space to specify the following:—

To LORD ELGIN was presented (*Toby* acting as his proxy) a copy of *Mr. Punch's* Thousand and Fifteenth Number, containing the Cartoon of ST. GEORGE DEFEATING THE CHINESE DRAGON, together with a copy of *Mr. Punch's* last week's Number, which contains a well-turned epigram upon the service that his Lordship has done the British State.

To LORD COWLEY was despatched a new carving-knife and fork, it being considered that his old ones must by this time be worn out by his Lordship's hospitalities.

To LORD JOHN RUSSELL was presented a draft of a Reform Bill, providing that no Member should speak twice in a Session, excepting by the sanction of the Censor, *Mr. Punch*.

To the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH was sent a picture of *The Warrior*, that he might have it framed as a companion to *La Gloire*.

To his Holiness the POPE *Mr. Punch* sent his last Volume, which, being the mouthpiece of the English nation, would show the sympathy existing in the English mind.

To VISCOUNT WILLIAMS was presented an article on Cheeseparings, composed for the *Economist*, but rejected by that print.

To GENERAL GARIBALDI *Mr. Punch* despatched a sword for the forthcoming campaign, with "*Freedom of Italy*" engraved upon the blade.

To MR. BRIGHT was given a pair of rose-coloured spectacles, to enable him to take less jaundiced views of things than he hitherto has done.

To MR. HULLAH was presented a promise of support, and a hint that the rebuilding of his fortunes had commenced. MR. HULLAH, every singer ought to know, has lost his hall, and the least that one can do is to do the most one can for him.

DR. M'HALE.

AIR—"Allen-a-Dale."

DR. M'HALE has no faggot for burning,
DR. M'HALE has no vassals for spurning,
DR. M'HALE has no credit for losing,
DR. M'HALE has no power for abusing;
But DR. M'HALE has the hoighth of foine writing,
And a pen that beats any shillelagh for fighting,
And the rabidest newspaper-hack might grow pale,
With envy in reading great DR. M'HALE.

Lay scribblers some semblance of grievance require,
But DR. M'HALE without fuel makes fire;
Equal rights, equal laws, other grumblers appease,
But M'HALE's only rendered more rabid by these;
"Forget and forgive," is the Christian creed,
But M'HALE rubs old sores till they fester and bleed;
CARLISLE may grow crusty and PALMERSTON quail,
Encount'ring St. Jarlath's grim lion, M'HALE.

Old England has bigots—her STOWELLS & Co.,
Irrational SPOONERS, and NEWDEGATES slow;
Old England has pens dipped in sectary's gall,
With the *Record*, sweet print, to find room for them all;
But what bigot from pulpit or platform e'er stormed,
Theologicum odium what pen ever warmed,
Like him and like his, that still pours the hot hail
On the base bloody Saxon—great DR. M'HALE?

Ollendorff's London.

WHAT was the origin of "Queer Street?" We cannot tell, but in our ignorance presume it must have originated in the mistake of a Frenchman, who, living in Leather Lane, and not being able to pronounce it, used to say *Quir* Street!



A very neat Present for the Young Mother of a Large Family of Small Children, and likely to be extremely useful at this Festive Season.

NEW AIRS FOR VOLUNTEER BUGLES.

MR. PUNCH, as the sworn enemy of the trite and common-place, suffers sadly—in common with all England—under the wearisome repetition and palling sameness of the speeches with which his darlings, the Ladies of England, grace the bugles they present to the Rifle Volunteers of their respective neighbourhoods. He is never tired of the fair presenters of these martial instruments. There is no sameness about *them*! From MRS. CAPTAIN SLASHER's sloe-black eyes and raven locks, to MRS. COL. GUSHINGTON's violet orbs and golden tresses, he revels in all the delicate shades of the Beautiful that lie between the bewildering *brunette* and the bewitching *blonde*. Happy fellow! Has he not Roman noses and *retroussés*,—chiselled Grecian profiles and provocative gipsy loveliness,—slim, slender, fawn-like graces, and ripe, round, melting *embonpoint*,—to disport among, as the butterfly sips at will through all the delicious varieties of conservatory and flower-garden?

No! Mr. Punch wishes for no change in the ladies; but he sadly desiderates a little change in their speeches. Who does not know the stereotyped form:—The hope that this bugle, which, &c., may never sound except in, &c., &c., but that if ever, &c., &c., then we feel sure that, &c., &c., &c. . .

Mr. Punch, always thinking of the dear ladies, begs to suggest a few variations on this eternal Volunteer Bugle air, as, for example:—

"Volunteers of the Fourth Beeshire,—The ladies of the neighbourhood having got up a subscription to present you with a set of silver bugles (because it is the fashion to present silver bugles, and the ladies of Beeshire are determined not to be behind the fashion), have requested me to make a speech on the occasion. It is a horrid bore; but as I'm your Commanding Officer's wife, I can't refuse,—and, after all, it's pleasant to have a good reason for insisting on a pretty new bonnet. I am sure you are very smart fellows, and look uncommonly well in your uniforms. You shoot very fairly, I'm told, and go through your company and battalion movements quite as steadily as can be expected. I've no doubt you will behave like Englishmen if ever you are required to fight, though I don't think there's the least chance of it—or I shouldn't have been quite so ready to allow my husband to take the command of the corps. I'm afraid not many of you know the bugle-calls, even when they are sounded on your light infantry drill parades. If it ever came to actual fighting, I don't think, from all I can find out, that there's the least probability of bugle-calls being either understood or attended to; and I should recommend you, in such an event, by all means to leave these silver bugles at home, and

trust to hearing the word of command. But it's very pleasant to have such an excellent excuse for an outing, and I have no doubt we shall all enjoy the ball this evening immensely."

Or this:—

"Sixteenth East Clodshire,—I'm sorry to hear you are not nearly so attentive to your company drill as you ought to be. My husband begs me to tell you that, till you're up to that, it's no use attempting to practise light infantry movements. I should strongly recommend your Commanding Officer to look up these bugles till you're a great deal smarter in your extending and closing than you have shown yourselves to-day; for I've not a doubt that, as you are, you'd make a horrid mess of it if you were ordered out to 'cover the front,' or to occupy the ground as skirmishers. And as to bugle-calls, one might just as well 'whistle jigs to a milestone,' as try to move you by music. Now go home, like good fellows, and *do* try if you can't muster a few more than fifteen to a company in your battalion drills for the next quarter."

Or this:—

"Volunteers of Clodhoppington,—We none of us know what we are likely to do till we've been tried. I didn't think I should ever have accepted GEORGE—but I *did*. So I don't think the French are likely to invade this country, but they *may*; and if they do, I don't think you are likely to run away, but you *might*. I only hope that if you do, your Bugler will magnanimously refuse to sound 'the retreat' on this bugle; though I'm afraid, if he should, he'll be liable to be shot by the Articles of War."

Or this:—

"Blowing one's own trumpet is a highly offensive practice. Perhaps, in this matter of Volunteering, we have indulged a little too much in that style of *perfidiousness*. So, without saying what I hope or what I feel sure of, I beg to hand you the bugle we've subscribed for, and I trust you'll make a good use of it."

SOMETHING LIKE A PEER.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT is created a Peer. Nobody deserves the honour better than the able, indefatigable, eloquent, and courteous WAR-SECRETARY, to whom Mr. Punch hereby liquors, and will be happy to see his Lordship to wet his coronet, whenever he likes to call at No. 85. Mr. Punch has heard, that, in playful allusion to the title civilly given to Mr. HERBERT by an ill-conditioned M.P., his Lordship thought of being called Lord Monster, but that the vicious pronunciation of a territorial aristocracy might have confounded him with LORD MUNSTER, which would have been awkward. Unluckily, there is a LORD WILTON, unhappily known by his muffish patronage of street-organs, or that would have been the befitting name for Mr. HERBERT. However, he must mind and take a title which Mr. Punch can rhyme to, as the latter and elder nobleman hopes to have several civil things to say of the later and younger one.

A Daring 'Coup de Main.

CAN you tell us why a French glove-shop generally has the sign—*Au Tour de Nesle*?

No, unless it is a misprint, for as it is the duty of the glove to go round the fingers, the handier title would have been—*Autour des Nails*. [We boldly challenge BARON BRAMWELL to beat the above.

STROUD CAN'T THROW HIM.

PUNCH likes what is plucky, and begs to repeat, Here's a health to the HORSMAN who *will* keep his seat.

Questions for Juvenile Debating Societies.

WHEN MR. RUSKIN lectures on drawing, should we be justified in calling him a *Stump-Orator*?

If a pretty Young Lady talked too much, would it be ungallant to admire her, but to qualify it by saying that her beauty was *un peu trop prononcée*.

DESTROYING THE ENEMY'S WORKS.

At the sack of the Emperor's Palace at Pekin, a number of valuable watches and clocks were destroyed. We suppose the soldiers did it as an amusement merely by way of killing time.

THE UNITED EFFORT OF SIX ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

WHAT colour is it that contains several? An Umber (*a number*.)

RIDDLE FOR THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.—When is a Young Lady like a Poacher? When she has her hair in a net.



Skate Proprietor to Spectator with Wooden Leg. "AVE A PAIR ON, SIR?—AX YER PARDIN, SIR—DIDN'T TWIG YER MISFORTIN. I'VE A HODD 'UN YOU CAN HAVE, SIR!"

THESE THINGS ARE AN ALLEGORY.

WE have waited patiently for some of our contemporaries to point the moral of the launch of *The Warrior*, but without effect. *Mr. Punch* therefore takes up his own pen to point out the delicate compliment, and ingenious historical suggestion, which the Admiralty authorities contrived to combine in the ceremonial which accompanied the introduction of the first of England's fleet of Ironsides to Father Thames. It is not often that His Grace the DUKE OF SOMERSET condescends to be complimentary, and *Mr. Punch* values the tribute to himself which he is about to record all the more because there are so few of the same kind where that came from.

When the dog-shores were knocked away from *The Warrior*, she obstinately refused to move for a considerable time. Hydraulic presses and jack-screws were applied without effect. She treated with contempt the coercion both of water and iron. Who was she, that she should yield to the very elements which she had been built to defy? But at last, hawsers were laid out to a couple of tugs, and when we mention that the one tug was "*The Napoleon*," and the other tug "*The Punch*," need we say that *The Warrior* complied with the solicitations of the latter, and showed her sense of the influences of the former, by gracefully and grandly gliding into the bosom of the Thames.

Yes, it was a pretty thought of their Lordships and shows a nice perception of the national sentiment. It is NAPOLEON and *Punch* together that have launched *The Warrior*. If the former had not led the way with *La Gloire*, we should have had no *Warrior*. If the latter had not blown up the zeal of their Lordships, and kept alive the determination of the public, *The Warrior* might never have got beyond the stage of designs and specifications. As it is, "*NAPOLEON impellente, et jubente Punch*," *The Warrior* is afloat at last. The facts must have remained, whether their Lordships had recognised them or not; but, we repeat, it was a graceful act of their Lordships to christen the two tugs which brought *The Warrior* into the water, "*The Napoleon*" and "*The Punch*." It is not often that these two Potentates can meet pleasantly, but in this operation of floating *The Warrior*, *Punch* was for once delighted to find himself alongside NAPOLEON.

MECHANICAL BABIES.

THE French, we know, are eminently a new-year's-gift-presenting people, and we therefore cannot wonder that advertisements of articles deemed suitable for presents should at this season be found in great numbers in their newspapers. Some of the things, however, are such preposterous absurdities that we cannot well conceive that any one would purchase them, especially if purposed for gifts *du Jour de l'An*. For instance, we see notice of "*un baby mécanique*," which some inventive genius has ingeniously constructed, and which is warranted to crawl and walk and fight, and to be as great a nuisance as a real living baby very often is. We are informed by the advertisement that if we heard it cry on being put to bed we certainly should call it "*un petit diabolotin*," and doubtless, in addition to its other charming qualities this "*baby mécanique*" can scream and squeal and squall as loudly as an infant of actual flesh and blood. Very clever certainly, but *cui bono*? we must ask. Are real babies getting so extremely scarce in Paris that mechanical contrivances are required to act as proxies? or are babies there esteemed such angels in a house, that husbands wish to have them perpetually in it, and therefore fill their place by deputy when the real things are absent? But, wonder upon wonders, why are *babies mécaniques* expressly advertised as being suitable for presents? Is a baby such a luxury that nobody of prudence would go to the expense of it, any more than one would purchase the costly inutilities wherewith, as wedding presents, one's drawing-room is decorated? Or can it be that these toy-babies are intended to be given out of spite by married people to their bachelor acquaintances, of whose freedom from annoyance they may possibly be envious?

However this may be, we think that the invention is quite worthy of our notice, and if it succeeds in a pecuniary point, we doubt not that competitors will speedily spring up. If the notion be worked out upon a rather larger scale, mechanical boys and girls perhaps may be constructed, mature enough to play all sorts of pleasant pranks, from burning all the knots in all the floors, with the bright poker, to scratching names upon the windows, and waylaying the sweets between the store-room and the supper one, in the manner of the living *enfants gâtés et terribles* who infest society at the present day. Meanwhile, we shall expect to hear that a mechanical prize baby show is started,

where these advertising Franksteins will exhibit all their monsters: and we would hint in all humility that the first prize should be given to the "*baby mécanique*" which shows itself the most unlike the average of life models. A baby that should never squeal on being looked at, nor squall on being washed, that should eat without a slobber and sleep without the constant surveillance of its nurse, that should take its aniseed as calmly as its pap, and never make its father get out of bed to rock it, or to dandle it about, that should out its teeth without becoming fractious, and show no signs of tetchiness when handed round to kiss, that should not attempt to throw its mother into fits by choking itself daily with rapidity of suction, or by endeavouring to swallow its coral or its rattle or the watch that its big brother has been holding to its ear, or whatever other article, not meant for digestion, it can contrive to grasp,—such a baby clearly is not to be expected in the natural course of things, and if made by mechanism would only serve to show how wide a gulf there is between man's nature and his art.

"COUGH NO MORE!"

A GREAT mistake is very often made in the treatment of coughs, which at seasons such as the present are very troublesome in families. The medicines prescribed for the relief of these distracting affections are generally sweetened, with a view to render them palatable. This is a great mistake. Instead of that, a cough mixture, especially if intended for children, ought to be rendered as nauseous as possible. Take of Compound Decoction of Aloes, Infusion of Gentian, Infusion of Senna, Vinegar of Squills, and Tincture of Assafœtida equal parts. Mix. A teaspoonful or less, according to age, to be taken whenever the cough is troublesome. Such is the influence of the mind over the body, that if this compound is promptly and rigorously administered, the most troublesome cough will, in many instances, very soon cease from troubling.

A JOKE THAT ANSWERS FOR ITSELF.

WHY is Orchard Street pronounced soft?
Because the hard pronunciation would be *Awk'ard*.

FRESHWATER FRY.

To the Editor of Punch.



like sprats; and then there is the loach, not quite so big, which lies among the stones in brooks—a lanky mottled-looking thing, with wattles on its mouth. Some say it's good, some poison; but it looks too much like a water-elf for me to fancy it. Also the Miller's Thumb, sometimes called Bullhead, still nastier to look at, but some say is eatable as well, about two or two inches and a half long, in colour like a toad on the back, with a big head, a wide mouth, and eyes in the back of his head, which also the Loach has. I never eat one of them neither, but have often caught 'em for fun, with a worm or a caddis; and if you like to try any, I'll send you some next holidays,—but these being Christmas, I devote my attention to sliding and skating on the ice instead of fishing in the water, because that is frozen. But I have knocked over some larks and blackbirds, and caught several sparrows in a brick-trap, not to mention cock-robins; but freshwater fish are now out of season, and though I consider all's fish that comes to net, I leave netting to my sisters, who are always at it, for I've other fish to fry, though no minnows at present. But now I must conclude, hoping you and *Mrs. Punch* and all the Family are quite well. Believe me, one of Mr. DUCANE's young friends, whom he expects to meet on the 21st instant, worse luck; and

"Mizzlebrook, Chalklands, Jan. 1861."

"I remain, your juvenile reader,

"TOM BROWN, JUNIOR."

CRUELTY OF MAMMON.

THE Bank of England has again suddenly raised its rate of discount, and we deeply regret to state that this palpitation of the heart of Commerce, as we may call it, has caused the greatest and most widely spread inconvenience throughout the social system of the country. Of our own knowledge we can speak of several distressing cases that have occurred in the Metropolis in consequence of this ill-considered operation in the Bank Parlour. MR. GUSHER, of Gray's Inn, had made an appointment with his landress to go through her book, make a rest, and take steps towards liquidation of the debt, but on hearing the news from the Bank, he was compelled to cut off in a Hansom, an hour before the time, and depart for his holiday without the intended interview. MR. WOBBLES, of Alfred Place, Tottenham Court Road, met the financial crisis in a bolder manner, for he at once wrote to his tailor, and informed him that he had a choice between himself taking up an acceptance of Mr. WOBBLE's, due that day, or permitting it to receive the notarial label indicative of absence of provision for the transaction. MR. SHAMMER, of the Adelphi Terrace, who had promised his nephews a box at the theatre opposite him, was compelled to send them, instead, some orders for an Oratory lecture at Stepney, and he himself has gone to Paris. Nor did the hardship confine itself to the sterner sex, but as usual, helpless woman was the sufferer. MRS. TIDDYCOMBE, wife of a promising solicitor at Islington, was informed that she could not have the Droguet on which her eyes and heart had been so long set, and Mr. PLASTERBY, of Brixton, apprised his amiable wife that if she insisted (which she did) on having a christening breakfast after the baptism of PETER JAMES, the last baby, no dearer wine than Marsala would appear on the semi-sacred board, and we need hardly add that Mrs. PLASTERBY had spirit enough to

defer the entire ceremonial until better times should arrive. Such are the consequences of ill-judged financial measures on the part of an irresponsible executive in the city.

THE GREAT THAW COMING.

THERE's a great thaw coming, boys,

A great thaw coming—

With trains of tribulation

To frighten Dr. CUMMING.

Hark! groans and growls beneath the ice,

Each moment growing stronger,

Proclaim a break-up imminent—

Wait a little longer!

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

There's a great thaw coming, boys,

On many a frost-bound system,

Locked, all in stagnant sleep, so long,

Old Time seemed to have miss'd 'em.

The Papal ice-berg, all whose roots

So deep-set seemed to be,

Floats all adrift, and melting slow,

About the Roman see.

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

And aye the higher show it makes

Above the wave it darkens,

The louder those sun-hammers sound,

At work for him that hearkens;

God speed the light! the thick-ribbed bonds

Drip, drip, in silvery tinkles;

The huge and hoary fronts of frost

Gape into yawning wrinkles—

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

Up to the Arctic Circle,

This thaw will have its way;

E'en Russia's huge ice-palace

Shows symptoms of decay.

That throne uplift—you'll find a rift:

Rip up those barrack-floors,

To right and left run crack and cleft,

Defying props and shores.

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

The palace fronts show white and fair,

The palace-walls seem strong,

But in the sun they'll melt and run

Their gorgeous guests among.

The Neva sleeps, a frost-bound slave,

Held down with pile and pin:

But there's a beam can loose the stream,

And send it roaring in—

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

See, 'tis the Kaiser, driving

His iron-runners sleigh—

The horses spring, the sleigh-bells ring,

His escort clears the way;

The Kaiser's ear is dull to hear,

His eye is dull to see—

As on his road, that seems so broad

And smooth, he gallops free.

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

Yet sure he sees the yawning cracks,

That shoot their net-work fine,

And all about him and athwart

The treacherous surface mine.

And sure he hears the growl and groan,

Sharp crash and grinding sounds,

That tell the ice has broken up,—

The streams have burst their bounds!

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

Nor e'en the Atlantic Ocean,

This wide débâcle bars,

It rends the Stripes, like bursting pipes,

And scattereth the Stars.

The Union heaves and shuts and cleaves,

And none is bold to say

If it will hold together still,

Or melt in shards away.

There's a great thaw coming, boys, &c.

But far above the awful stir
Of re-awakened life,
Stands England, watchful, land on hill,
Seeking nor shunning strife.
She fears no thaw, as linked by law,
Her oak's deep roots unto—
Let drift who will, she standeth still,
Her destined work to do.
There's a great thaw coming, boys,
Its signs are ever stronger,
There's a great thaw coming, boys,
Wait a little longer!



A PAYING LINE.

PERSONS desirous of making a handsome addition to their incomes by a light and gentlemanly, if not elegant employment, at least one involving very little physical or mental exertion, and only requiring a considerable amount of moral courage, will perhaps discern, from the subjoined paragraph picked out of the *North British Mail*, that there is an opening through which they may easily realise some money:—

"EXECUTIONERS' FEES.—CALCRAFT, the well-known hangman, has informed the Magistrates of Dumbarton that his fee for coming to Dumbarton on the 18th current, to execute LUNNAY, would be £21, and travelling and personal expenses paid."

Twenty-one pounds is a large sum for hanging a man, and if the man is a bad one, it is more than he is worth, unless able to earn as much over and above his keep, in which case it would be cheaper to work him than to hang him. A surgeon, for performing an operation and thereby saving a life, would under ordinary circumstances be very well paid by the fee of £21, which Jack Ketch obtains for destroying his patient. For cutting off a bad member of Society by a process asking no knowledge of anatomy, and only the simplest manual skill, J. K. receives no less than M.R.C.S. does for amputating a limb; and more indeed: travelling and personal expenses paid into the bargain. To be sure, the doctor sometimes charges for expenses of travelling, booked under the head of "Itter," which the other practitioner would perhaps enter as "Gurny." But he makes no claim for those of a personal nature, such as MR. CALCRAFT'S; namely, perhaps, the cost of first-rate accommodation at the best hotel, inclusive of dinner consisting of three courses and dessert, with plenty of excellent claret and champagne. One would like to ascertain the number of cigars comprised in CALCRAFT'S personal expenses, and their quality; indeed to know whose and what cigars CALCRAFT smokes. Of course MR. CALCRAFT is quite right in demanding these terms if he can get them; but they are certainly high, and can only be maintained in the absence of competition. Jack Ketch is naturally opposed to the doctrine of Live and Let Live; but hanging is no monopoly.

The field of the platform is open to average ability, and all may compete for the office of executioner. The contest for that distinguished employment does not as yet, however, impose on candidates the necessity of a competitive examination. In good time it will come to that, no doubt. The competitors for the hangman's place will have to answer questions in mathematics, as touching right lines for instance; in geography, astronomy, and history; particularly the history of England, so implicated with the block. The manufacture of hemp, the process of rope-making, the growth and preparation of timber, will also be subjects wherein their proficiency will be tested. Then the position of Finisher of the Law will be the reward of talent and industry; at present it is simply open to the lowest bidder who is prepared to give satisfactory proof of his competency to execute its functions and those whom they concern.

The remuneration of hangmen may perhaps rise again when the standard of their education shall have been raised by the application of

the competitive principle. Therefore gentlemen of moderate abilities and acquirements should take the opportunity, whilst it remains, of applying by tender to the right quarter, for employment in the capacity of Jack Ketch. Let them write, irrespectively of grammar, to the High Sheriff of the County, who has that piece of preferment at his disposal. He is bound to hang condemned criminals with his own hands, or find a substitute for the performance of the exalted duty which the law assigns to English country gentlemen in appointing High Sheriffs to finish itself.

UNCERTAIN CURE OF SOULS.

THE advertisement which, reference excepted, we annex from the *Times* will be perused by a portion of our national clergy with a painful interest:—

NEXT PRESENTATION for SALE to a RECTORY in the County of Norfolk. Average income, £640. Population, 500. Age of incumbent, 90.

For further particulars the anxious reader is referred to certain solicitors. The particulars, however, which it most imports him to know are such as the legal gentleman may not be enabled to communicate. A confidential medical man is the only person who could afford the querist satisfactory assurance on the point which it would be his serious object to ascertain. Age of incumbent Ninety! Ninety years old! it is certainly a great age, but when a man has lived so long as that, there is a considerable chance that he may go on living a good deal longer. "Oh, the uncertainty of human life! He who has reached ninety may attain to a hundred. Ten years;—how short in retrospect, in prospect how long and weary! The nonagenarian may become a centenarian. Is it well or ill with this aged pastor? Is his heart right with regard to the valves and the vessels?—or hardened by ossification? Who knoweth? No man but his medical. But will the doctor reveal the desired knowledge? Dare I ask him for such information? Will he not deem me a huckster in the cure of souls? Yea, peradventure he may rebuke me as a hireling, and revile me to my face, calling me a simoniacal humbug and seeker after the unrighteous mammon. Average income £640, and population only 500. The vineyard is one that would be just the thing for such a labourer as me. The very sphere of usefulness that I should like! But then the day of entrance, of induction, of incumbency—it might be distant, it might be at hand. Which?—Ah, which? Seventy would be better than ninety. Three score and ten is man's appointed time; but if anybody is so strong as to reach threescore and twenty—if he once gets over fourscore, confound it, there is no saying how long such an old fellow as that may last. At ninety he has a chance of existing to the age of Old PARR, and it would be a deuced bore to fork out a lot of tin for a living, and have to stand kicking one's heels a quarter of a century waiting for a dead man's shoes. One would hardly like to purchase the crabshells without having some idea of when one might expect to rejoice in them."

Such are the reflections which, some or all of them, the above advertisement is calculated to excite in a certain class of clerical minds—including those of fast young divines, who purchase not only their preferment but also their sermons; the latter said to be chiefly composed by an inspired carpenter in Holborn.

A NEW GENTLEMAN.

SOMEWHERE in South Wales (wherever that is) there is a place called Merthyr, and in that place lives an individual who has discovered a new form of gentleman. The individual is the proprietor of a hotel, and on his card is the following remark:—

"Incidental as well as Commercial Gentlemen are assured it is the desire as it is the duty of the Proprietor to promote the comfort of his Patrons on Temperance Principles."

"Incidental Gentlemen." Those are the new articles which have been discovered in South Wales. Ever anxious to obtain information, *Mr. Punch* begs to demand what is an incidental gentleman. Of course he knows something about the word incidental, and that it is derived from a Latin word meaning "falling in," but this only increases the confusion. Gentlemen who have been at a tavern have had the misfortune of falling in, when trying to pass ditches or canals, but at a Temperance tavern the requisite preparation can hardly have been gone through. And then the apposition of "incidental" with "commercial" is another mystification. We have heard of incidents of commerce, but the connection is repudiated by our Welsh friend, who thinks a bagman cannot be incidental. Is the word a Welsh ornamentation of Dental, and is the card an invitation to the Jew dentists who travel about with dog-carts full of teeth, and whose advertisements scandalise educated and legitimate odontologists? We have exhausted our guesses, and once more demand an explanation, which must be in some civilised language, and therefore not in Welsh. What's an incidental gentleman?



SERIOUS ACCIDENT DURING THE FROST.

AS MAJOR — AND CAPTAIN — OF THE 13TH LIGHT POLKERS WERE SKATING WITH THE LOVELY AND ACCOMPLISHED EMILY D — AND HARRIET V —, THEIR FEELINGS SUDDENLY GAVE WAY. THEY BROKE THE ICE, AND WE HEAR THEY HAVE NOT YET BEEN EXTRICATED FROM THEIR PERILOUS SITUATION! .

A CASE OF REAL SELFISHNESS.

To Mr. Punch.

"SIR, "I HAVE made the discovery that women are not the kindly and charitable beings which it is the fashion of poets, novelists, and penny-a-liners to call them.

"There are a great number of claims made on behalf of benevolent societies at this period of the year. I have frequently read such appeals, at breakfast, to my wife and the girls.

"I had promised to set apart last Saturday evening for dining at home with them, and then taking them to a private box at Covent Garden Theatre.

"While taking a warm jelly, and some other trifles, for my lunch, at FARRANCE'S, my eye fell upon a very strong letter in the *Times*, asking contributions to one of these excellent funds.

"My heart was touched, my dear Mr. Punch, and I telegraphed to Camberwell that we would give up the proposed pleasuring, and on the following Tuesday I had the happiness of reading to my family, from the newspaper, this acknowledgment, which will show you, also, how I employed the money I had designed to throw away:—

"A Camberwell Father, being the price of a box he had intended to take at a playhouse, (less the necessary expense, £1 5s. 6d. of his dinner that day at the Club) £0 17s.

"Sir, will you believe it, neither my wife nor the girls, whom I had really supposed full of kindheartedness, are pleased with this arrangement, and, to speak plainly, they are actually sulky.

"Pray print this, to shame such selfishness, and believe me,

"Your constant admirer,

"Thursday."

"PECKHAM RYSE."

THE PRINCIPAL ORNAMENT THAT LADIES SHOULD WEAR AT A RIFLE BATTLE—Bugles.

"DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT?"

IN the second column of the *Times* for some days lately there appeared the following more than usually mysterious and affecting appeal:—

DIZ. implores you to WRITE. Think of your Mother.

That Diz. means the leader of the Conservative Opposition in the House of Commons must be assumed of course; but who can be the party to whom MR. DISRAELI can address such an exhortation as "Think of your mother?" We discard the idea that the question can have any social bearing, whether for good or evil. It is a purely political one, in our opinion. After the declaration in favour of Church Rates which the EX-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER made the other day, it may most reasonably be surmised that the mother above referred to is Mother Church, and that the anonymous individual addressed is a person who has run away, and, it is feared, means to go over to Rome. This clerical fugitive we suppose it is that Diz. implores to write, and begs him to think of his mother.

Ingenious Idea.

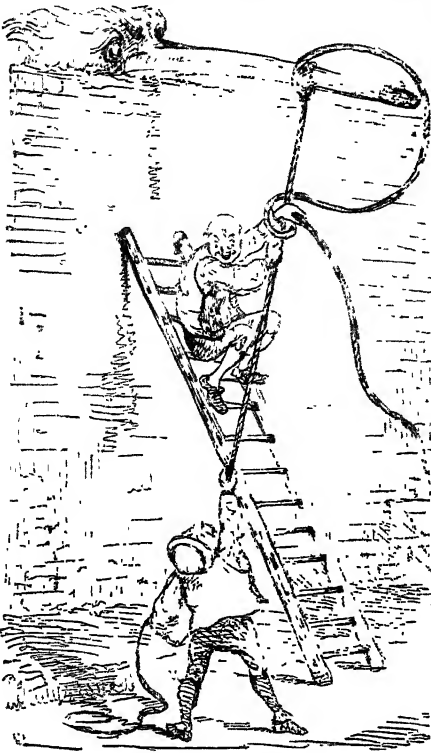
WE know a Paterfamilias, who being disappointed of his Christmas Tree, went furtively into his wife's bed-room, and brought down her Sunday Crinoline, which he cleverly hung up in the middle of the room, and made it do duty for a tree. Ornamented with drums, crackers, wooden apples and pears, and the usual Noah's Ark variety of zoological bonbon-cases, and illumined with hundreds of little wax-tapers, the effect was quite a bit of fairy-land, and certainly no Crinoline ever looked lighter. Unlike other Crinolines, it was not in any one's way either, though it shared ultimately the fate of all Crinolines, inasmuch as every one's hand was raised against it until it was regularly picked to pieces.



DIVORCE À VINCULO.

Mrs. Carolina Asserts her Right to "Larrup" her Nigger.

THE FACE OF NATURE.



RECENTLY, we have 'not been out of town, and therefore cannot form a very accurate opinion, but we think the "face of Nature" must be getting rather dirty, seeing it is four weeks since the frost set in, and during all that time she can't have had it washed. It is true there was a thaw for some few hours a fortnight since, but judging from the filthy dirty mess this made in London, we cannot think the face of Nature can have been much cleaned by it. Snow has fallen in some places, and there the face of Nature must undoubtedly look white; but this is no more a sure proof that her face is really clean, than the chalk upon Clown's cheeks is an indication that they are so. Perhaps the washing that she had during the past year may

make Nature well dispense with any more at present, and while the thermometer falls nightly down to zero, we cannot of course expect that she will take her usual shower-bath.

LETTER OF INSTRUCTION FROM AN AFFECTIONATE MOTHER TO THE BOY'S AUNT IN LONDON.

"DEAREST SUSBY,

"PLANTAGENET will come by the train, which arrives at eleven o'clock. Have luncheon ready for him at twelve o'clock. Mutton broth, the inside of a chop, and the thigh of a pheasant: he dines at two o'clock—Soup, a little fish, and a snipe will do for him. When he goes to sleep after dinner, put some worsted gloves on his hands: we are breaking him of sucking his thumb. Warm the drawing-room sofa for him, and put three blankets over him. If he cries when he wakes (which he probably will do) buy him several toys and give him a wax-doll or two: he pulls them to pieces, and they amuse him. If you have company at dinner, let him have a large dish of gravy near him; he always puts both hands in: when he is a man he will leave this off. Let a servant sit up with him all night: if he wakes, let her have something hot for him. Be sure that you grease his nose well before he sleeps—he is given to snoring—a tallow-candle is the best, next the lighted end!

"Ever affectionately yours,

"MATILDA BROWN."

"P.S. No mince-pies yet: he ate six on Christmas-day, and has been fractious ever since. Read *Punch* to him four hours every day, and cut out the pictures for him; he is an intellectual child. Write every day an account of him: he is fond of the street-organ, and if you can get a monkey or two that does not bite, let him have it. I forgot to ask you to buy him a respirator."

Astronomical Intelligence.

A GREAT many new stars have been lately discovered, but we understand that the largest star of all that have been detected for many years made its appearance on Friday last, about half-past five o'clock, P.M., when our own particular friend PLUMP BULGEX, Esq., fell down in a sitting posture on the ice in the Serpentine. The star was one of the first magnitude, and so was the howl which our esteemed friend thought it proper to set up, upon suddenly finding himself bump. He was enabled, shortly afterwards, to make a more satisfactory Observation, with the aid of a powerful glass—of brandy-and-water.

DELEND A EST.

"Some of the respectable inhabitants of Holywell Street propose to call it Booksellers' Row."—*Athenaeum*

OLD Holywell Street be called Booksellers' Row?
A very good dodge, but you'll find it no go,
A nickname won't save the detestable den,
For years so obnoxious to gods and to men.

Respectable parties, who're justly ashamed
To hear yourselves Holywell denizens named,
The straightforward way to get rid of disgrace
Is to pack up your stock and come out of the place.

For the doom has gone out, and the dens will go down,
Too long a vile scandal on London's renown;
An Architect's waving a potent right hand
Devoted to sweep off the pest of the Strand.

Ho! dealers in fusty and musty O Clo!
Be off with your bundles to Petticoat Row;
And you others, a vile and unnameable crew,
The Devil must find other lodgment for you.

Proud Authors arrayed in your ranks on the stall,
The tidings are dearer to you than to all,
To free you Posterity registers vow,
From the loathsome companionship forced on you now.

Through a street where through noses men talk of old coats,
And on garbage the elderly profligate gloats,
The broad healthy stream of our traffic be rolled,
As Hercules cleansed the foul stable of old.

So, out of the dens which to parsons belong,
Yet which free-spoken *Punch* dare not name in a song,
Out, all, good and bad, from the poisoned domain!
And our old Holy Well shall be holy again.

CHARITY FOR COVENTRY.

A CHIEF cause of the distress which is suffered now at Coventry is said to be that ladies have taken to wear hats of late in the lieu of bonnets; and as ribands are but seldom used as trimmings for these hats, the trade in them of course has seriously decreased. Now, no one but a brute would dream of asking Lovely Woman to dress out of the fashion, and while hats remain in vogue we cannot of course hope to see young ladies buying bonnets. It is however possible to wear ribands with a hat as well as with a bonnet; and it would really be a feather in any lady's cap, if instead of wearing feathers, she would wear a bunch of ribands in it. The fashion if once set would speedily be followed; for ladies are like sheep in the matter of their fashions, and when once a step is taken, nearly every one will tread in it. We are sure that pretty hats would none the less become their wearers were they trimmed with pretty ribands, bought to help a poor distressed half-starving fellow-creature; and we have quite sufficient faith in the good sense as well as the good nature of our ladies to believe that when their friend *Punch* gives them a kind hint to do a kindly deed they will lose no time in setting to and doing it. Let them flock in crowds then to their dressmakers and drapers, and lay out their spare pin-money in purchasing new hat-ribands. Nay, if need be, let them ask their husbands, or their fathers, or whoever else supplies them with that necessary article, for an extra five pound note or two to spend upon such finery, for finery and charity in this case are synonymous.

Although we hate extravagance, especially in dress, we should not in this instance be the least disposed to grumble at it; and we really think that anybody who deservedly be called a stingy old curmudgeon who would deny his wife or offspring the chance of being charitable, by buying all the ribands she might like to set her heart upon. If she chose indeed to wear a fresh one every day, surely no one with the least bump of benevolence in his head would feel at all inclined to quarrel with her; and it would sufficiently justify her conduct were she to explain the cause of it in some such strain as this:—

"All round my hat I wear a new riband,

All round my hat a new riband every day:

And if any one should ask of me the reason why I wear it,

'Tis to help the poor of Coventry, who are wanting work, I'll say."

An Isle of Wight Dough-Nut.

A GREAT Controversy has been going on about Freshwater Fish. It is easily settled. The best Freshwater Fish are caught in Freshwater Bay.



A CHRISTMAS VISITOR.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"You know everything, and you know everybody: everybody knows that. But, Sir, among all your various acquaintances do you know such a person as an independent critic? Doubtless, at the first thought, you will say of course you do; and you will instance your friend SLEDGEHAMMER and VITRIOL TOMAHAWK. Well, these are educated gentlemen, and no doubt are independent,—as far, that is, as men who are attached to any newspaper possibly can be. But are they not exceptions to the literary rule, and do you not allow that really conscientious critics *apparent rari nantes* in the whirlpool of the press? Mind, I do not mean to hint that men like SLEDGEHAMMER and TOMAHAWK are ever likely to be swamped in the *gurgite vasto*. They have talents that well may always keep their heads above water, and they will never have to struggle as their weaker brethren must. It is this struggle for existence that leads into temptation and to sacrifice of conscience, and oh! how hard it is bravely to withstand it.

"But the critics you have named, *Punch*, are literary critics, and it is not of books but theatres that I now wish to speak. And here I apprehend the independent critic is an even rarer bird than in the other walk. The race may have existed, like the Dodo, I dare say; but such strange birds are such strangers that one naturally fears they are becoming quite extinct. I will not bore you with recounting the many causes which have helped to extirpate the breed. Enough that it has ceased, with few exceptions, to exist; and that you and I are living to lament it. From what one hears too, as one may if one only keeps one's ears open, this lamentation is by no means peculiar to us two, but is shared by an increasingly large number of the public. As far as I can judge from what is talked at clubs and dinner-tables, and in coffee-rooms and railways, the public is beginning to have less faith in the newspapers, so far as their opinion on the drama is concerned. Whether the public really doubts the independence of the press in a theatrical respect, or whether it be sickened by the rose-water and honey with which, in lieu of criticism, it has far too long been surfeited, I will not waste your space at present in inquiring. Enough to chronicle the fact of the public want of confidence in those whose aim should be to keep it *au courant* with the stage, and who should, properly advise it where to go and what to see, having by matured and conscientious criticism made the theatres they recommend fit places to amuse it.

"Now, this is, I conceive, a really public want: and therefore *Mr. Punch*, with your polite permission, I think myself of coming forward as an independent critic. By your leave, I will now and then, but at no stated intervals, let your readers know what pieces I have been to see, and whether I was pleased with them, or glad to get away from them. I may not have the practised critical sharp-sightedness which enables its possessor by seeing half a scene to go home and write a column on the merits of five acts; but I have a pair of tolerably clear eyes, and with an opera-glass to help them, I believe can see as well as most members of the public. And after all, Sir, what the public, as it seems to me, requires is a someone who can see for it with somewhat its own vision, and whose eyes are not so vastly superior to its own that they scorn to look at half the little points that please it.

TO OBLIGE BENSON.

SIR JOHN BENSON, of Cork, enjoys the deserved reputation of being not only an excellent Architect but a Brick in other lines. Evidently, too, he has no tee-total humbug about him, as may be seen from the following observation which he made at a recent meeting of the Cork Town Council. There is a fountain on the Parade in that city, and a gentleman named KELLER demanded what would be the expense of gilding the letters cut round the said fountain:—

"SIR J. BENSON did not know what the expense would be, but there had been considerable expense incurred with regard to the fountain already. He did not think there was a necessity for a railing, as the young people would avoid the fountain when they became used to it."

Well spoken, SIR JOHN, in the name of a hospitable city, where the absurd habit of sticking up a bottle of whiskey to throw stones at it is happily unknown. The young people may occasionally take the last taste in loife of the water, just to see what the tap is, but they know better things, and will soon learn to avoid such mean tittle. Cork thinks, with *Mr. Punch*, that water was made to wash in, and to float ships about, not to be drunk, unadulterated, and *Mr. Punch* is happy "to oblige BENSON" by promulgating to the world the excellent Knight's testimony in favour of the good sense of his fellow-citizens.

A FRIENDLY CRITIC (*an extremely rare specimen*). One who helps you over the Style.

"The Arctic weather we have had has not been very tempting to theatrical excursions. However 'thoroughly well warmed' a house is advertised to be, it can hardly be so cosy as one's own old house at home; and however anxious the children are to go to it, Paterfamilias wisely thinks the pantomime will keep until the temperature changes, and one may make the trip without the risk of being frost-bitten. Being of this opinion I have not yet seen a hot poker, except in my own grate: nor, save my hopeful son and heir, has any person in my presence tried to stuff himself with sausages, or to make an acrobatic plaything of the baby. Of the pantomimes I therefore cannot speak at present, because I have not seen them: it is not every critic who would feel this a deterrent. Before Christmas I enjoyed an hour or two with *Ruy Blas* such as I had not passed in a playhouse for many a long day. The expressive eye and gesture, the well-selected attitudes, natural though full of art (instance, where he stands with his sword like to a headman, at the words, 'I was your lacquey: behold in me your executioner!') the clear articulation, never mumbling nor mouching as too many actors do; the graceful ease of carriage, and above all things the freshness and unstagy quiet fervour which he threw into the part, will remain with me, I hope, for long agreeable memories. Nor have I less pleasure in remembering *Handy Andy*, and his well-intentioned clumsinesses. Like that of *Ruy Blas*, this also was a piece of genuine good acting. There was nothing forced or strained in it, to make a mock effect and win a claptrap clap. The humour was throughout quiet and subdued, as true humour ought to be; and was never violently thrust into one's face, as though demanding of one 'your laughter or your life.' A stage Irishman in general is *Hibernior Hibernis*, and much too far from nature to make one naturally laugh. But such is not the *Handy Andy* as played by MR. DREW: and if people like good acting, MR. DREW should draw.

"I remain, *Mr. Punch*, under fear or favour of no newspaper or manager, one who likes to see plays comfortably, and therefore

"PAYS HIS MONEY."

The Sympathy of Holiness.

ON New Year's Day the POPE received the French officers, and made some remarks to them which are of no consequence. But a letter from Rome informs us that—

"His Holiness also said that in defending Gaeta, the French fleet serves a just and holy cause."

The Pope's Holiness has heretofore always been regarded as something peculiar; but now by his own showing it is of pretty much the same nature as the Holiness of the Bourbon dynasty of Naples. All right! The Holiness of the Inquisition does well to own its identity with the Holiness of the torture-chamber.

LIFE IN THE BUSH.

THE Mistletoe for me! Grateful Exclamation of *Mr. Punch*, with the Christmas fever upon him, after having been exposed for several hours to the fire of the "Volunteer Movement." (*Vide Almanack, 1861, page 2.*)

SAVAGES ON SKATES.



O cut a figure on the ice is frequently the aim of skaters, but there are some of them who are not quite sufficiently regardful what sort of a figure it is that they cut. When a man sprawls on his back while doing the spread eagle, the figure that he cuts is much more ludicrous than graceful; nor does it much improve the elegance of his position if a lot of floundering sliders fall between his legs.

But a far more ugly figure was cut the other day by some skaters on the Serpentine and other waters in our Parks, of whose performances the *Times* gives the following account:—

"A great number of persons, including several ladies, were tripped up by the skaters, and severely injured. * * * Many persons were thrown down and

very seriously hurt by skaters who were making what is called an 'Express train,' following each other as fast as they could go, and apparently without caring whom they might upset. * * * Two brothers, named NEVILLE, of Knightsbridge Green, were tripped up by the skaters. One had his thigh broken; the other was so seriously cut and otherwise injured that, after having his wounds dressed at the Receiving House, he became delirious. The other boy was removed to St. George's Hospital. * * * A lad named C. MARTIN, of 6, Park Street, Dorset Square, was cruelly treated by a fellow, who, while skating, gave him a blow on the mouth and knocked several of his teeth out. Search was made for the man who inflicted the injuries upon the sufferer, but he could not be found."

Skating must soon cease to be called a manly sport, if such outrages as these are to be looked for from its votaries. To knock down little boys and ladies is a cruel recreation, and as cowardly as cruel. If such injuries were perpetrated elsewhere than on the ice they would be treated as police cases, and be reported in the newspapers as "brutal assaults." If it become the fashion to cut heads upon the ice instead of cutting figures, we think that the police should be empowered to interfere and to take up the offenders who knock the helpless down. There is a Cruelty Prevention Society, we know, for protecting our dumb animals from savage and inhuman usage; and a similar Society must in winter time be officered to protect our wives and children, and other not dumb creatures, from the savages on skates who take pleasure in assaulting them.

ENGLISH MURDERED BY THE FRENCH.

THE French clubs have imported into their festive *Cercles* our odious word "blackball." They have made, so says the *Globe*, a verb of it, "*Blackballer*." We would give something if we could hear a *pur sang* Parisian pronounce it. We are curious to know what broken, and clipped, and disfigured form it would assume when recoinced by his lips. Should we be able to recognise it as the same word? Fancy a thoroughbred dandy leaning over the balcony of the *café Anglais*, and saying to a French copy of an English swell, "*Oui, j'irai au club dans mon tilbury, et sacré SNOB, je le blackballerai—oui, aussi sûr que JACK ROBINSON, il sera blackballé.*" We do not think it would have a pretty effect—would it MONS. JULES JANIN, or MONS. THÉOPHILE GAUTIER, or any other scholastic Frenchman, who prides himself upon speaking pure French?—it would not sound very euphoniously, we say, to hear one of the young heroes of the Boulevards exclaiming, "*Non, il est tellement SNOB, il faut impérativement que je le blackballasse!*" What with Frenchified-English and Englishified-French, the two countries in a short time won't be able to understand each other a bit. Why not make an exchange of languages, before they both become so corrupt that there will be no recognising either the one or the other?

Fast and Loose.

IN spite of PRESIDENT BUCHANAN's fast, the State of Carolina persists in breaking loose, and of severing the tie that binds her to the Union. Will her example be generally followed, do you think? If so, when we speak of the United States in future, we shall have to change two letters in the epithet, and use the word "untied" instead of the word "united."

GLADSTONE'S PET.

WE do not wish to alarm the ladies, but we have been told, by one who has admission into all the secrets of the Cabinet, that it is the intention of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, next Session, to propose a new tax, which is expected to give universal satisfaction—to the gentlemen, at least. There are, also, great expectations that the tax in question will be (barring the Income-Tax) one of the most productive out of the thousand-and-one taxes that help to swell the British Revenue up to its present colossal amount. Calculations have been made, and the returns, it is said, will be so enormous that hopes are entertained the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER will be able to dispense not only with the Paper-Duty, but several other duties besides.

A new tax is always looked upon as a fresh imposition, and yet we have but little doubt that the present one will be hailed as a great boon by every one excepting the ladies, though it has been specially instituted for their physical benefit and personal improvement. Not to keep our female subscribers any longer in suspense, we may as well tell them at once that this additional feather on MR. BULL's back, or rather MRS. BULL's back (though ladies do not generally carry feathers on their backs), is to be in the shape of a CRINOLINE-TAX! There, the awful secret is out; and we fancy we see thousands upon thousands of silk, *moiré antique*, and cotton skirts at the present moment quaking violently from fear over this announcement. The sum put down (on paper, we mean) as the probable return of this new contribution to the Exchequer is not less than £3,000,000. Every lady is to pay a Pound licence annually for the privilege of wearing Crinoline; and if found walking in one, without her certificate about her, she will be liable, to an information precisely the same as a sportsman who cannot produce his shooting licence.

The penalties are to be very severe. Servants and housemaids are to be let off for five shillings. Frenchwomen and foreigners are to be charged double, inasmuch as they are generally greater sinners in this respect than even English ladies; and, besides, they were the first to introduce the contagion into this country.

MR. GLADSTONE is in high glee over his pet notion, which he is sure—unless female influence is brought to bear very strongly against it—of passing through the House without a single dissentient voice. If passed, it may possibly have the good effect of inducing the ladies to contract a little their present extravagant habits.

FEVERS UPON WHEELS.

READER, are you afraid of fever, and do you ride in cabs?

If you answer both these points in the affirmative, it is as well that you should know that fever patients have at times been put into these vehicles, and the chances of infection have thereby been produced. It is as well that you should know too, not to frighten you too much, that steps are being taken at several of the hospitals to put a stop to this alarming and disagreeable practice; and it may greatly tend to lessen the qualms and apprehensions we may perhaps have raised, if we tell you that the surgeons to the London Fever Hospital have given their advice to have a carriage fund got up, by which it will be feasible to have fevers moved about in specially kept vehicles, instead of being placed in any cab that comes to hand. Of course this cannot be done without considerable expense; for with all our social science we have not yet acquired the art of keeping carriages for nothing. So, reader, should it ease your mind to learn that fever-carriages are being started for your safety, in common with that of other healthy members of the public, we think that the intelligence should ease your pocket too, for if you share the benefit you ought to share the cost of it. A hint from *Punch* of course will be sufficient on this head, and will set the hand of every apprehensive reader tugging at his purse-strings, every tug whereat will lessen his chances of infection when he takes a cab. Give your orders, gentlemen (Post Office orders we now mean) to the treasurer of the Carriage Fund, London Fever Hospital, Liverpool Road, N.; by whom bequests and cheques and any odd sums won at cards, or any other conscience moneys, will be thankfully received.

Innocence.

WE copy the following from a recent number of *The Grandmother's Gazette*. "A pretty little child, being asked by her godpapa where cotton grew, replied, with the greatest simplicity, in gentlemen's ears."

A TREMENDOUS BURST OF WIT.

A WRETCHED Plumber, writing to another Plumber, says in a footnote, "Piping times, these!"



Boy. "I SAY, JOHN, AIN'T YOUR MASTER A LOOKIN' FOR YOU, NEETHER!"

HOW EXTREMELY LUCKY.

SPEAKING of the bombardment of Gaëta, one of "the Correspondents" says:—

"The Spanish minister had also a narrow escape, for as he was lying in bed he received the rather unpleasant visit of a round shot, which smashed the washing-stand opposite."

DON PUNCH has no knowledge of the lavatory habits of this particular Spaniard; but from a general acquaintance with the customs of the nation to which the Minister belongs, DON PUNCH may venture to congratulate him on the damage in question having occurred to the very article whose loss would occasion him the least inconvenience. If it had been the mirror, or the pot of black stuff for anointing the hair and moustaches, DON PUNCH's sympathy should have been as freely proffered as his congratulations are now tendered.

A Slavish Difference.

IN England, we are in the habit of saying, "Base is the slave that pays."

In America, however, it would be very different. There in the Southern States, with the Slave trade in full operation, it would be thought, "Base is the Slave that does NOT pay."

MOTTO FOR A HOMOEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Nec scio, nec enim curo.

I neither understand, nor cure—oh! (*Freely translated.*)

SNARING PEASANTS.

THE Game Laws give occasion to some pretty little games. Here is one for instance that was played the other day before the Magistrates at Cirencester:—

"At the Cirencester Petty Sessions, on Monday—the Magistrates present being the REV. HENRY CRIPPS (Chairman), and MESSRS. CRIPPS, MORRIS, and HARTLAND—THOMAS HALL, a simple-looking countryman, who appeared bordering on starvation, and whose clothes hung about him in rags, was brought up in custody, charged with being out in pursuit of game in the preserves of EARL BATHURST.

"The information was laid by KING, head gamekeeper to LORD BATHURST, and he called a witness who deposed that he met the prisoner at twelve o'clock at night, and went with him through the woods in search of pheasants, saw him shoot at a bird which was roosting in a tree; he struck it, but did not kill it; he had several shots at it, but with the same result.

"Prisoner, on being called on for his defence, said he was in bed in his own cottage on the night in question; that the last witness came and knocked him up, and asked him to go with him and shoot a pheasant, adding that he was very 'hard up,' and that he had shot a hare the evening before, and sold it for 2s. 6d. in Cirencester, and if prisoner would come and shoot him a pheasant he should be very glad. Witness was a stranger to him, and he had never seen him before. He (prisoner) had no gun; but the witness produced a gun, and loaded it, and as they were going along the witness pointed to a pheasant in one of the trees, and asked him to shoot it. He shot, but did not hit it, and the witness loaded the gun three or four times for him (prisoner) to fire, but he killed nothing. He should not have thought of going out, if the witness had not called him up, and brought the gun and loaded it for him.

"The Chairman said the Bench considered the case proved. The prisoner admitted that he shot at the pheasants. He had been convicted for poaching in 1858; and the sentence now was that he be committed to prison for three months, and, at the expiration of that time, find sureties for his good behaviour for a further period of six months."

A very proper sentence, some readers may remark. But wait a bit: another charge was brought against the prisoner, and proved by the same witness, who alone had given evidence, and supported the first charge. Being questioned, this deponent confessed that he was paid by the head keeper of LORD BATHURST to tempt and trap the prisoner to commit the crime. Whereupon an honest lawyer (such creatures are still extant) named—

"MR. WILLIAM BOODLE, who happened to be in court on another case, asked to be allowed to say a few words. He did not speak as an attorney, but as an Englishman, and he thought any man with English feeling must feel indignant at the manner in which this poor starving wretch had been trapped into crime. He had hoped that the system pursued by JONATHAN WILD, of first making men thieves, and then taking blood-money for their apprehension, had been extinct in this country since that worthy was executed.

"MR. BOODLE then asked the witness if he had a licence, and he said 'No.' He then asked him for his address; but MR. BEVIE, the Magistrate's clerk, told him not to answer the question.

"MR. BOODLE said what he had got out was quite enough. The witness admitted having shot a hare, and being present when the prisoner shot the pheasant and the rabbit, and for each of these acts, not having a licence, he was liable to a penalty of £20. He (MR. BOODLE) would himself turn common informer to enforce these penalties if nobody else would."

"MR. BOODLE then formally applied for an information against the witness.

"After what had passed, the magistrates refused to convict in the second case, and so great was the excitement against the witness by the parties in court, that he had to be taken under the protection of the police, and let out through a side door.

MR. BOODLE said he had never witnessed such disgraceful proceedings in his whole life, and he pledged himself to bring the case under the notice of the Secretary of State, with a view to obtain the prisoner's liberation.

"The proceedings caused intense excitement, and MR. BOODLE's remarks were received with bursts of cheering, which it was impossible to repress."

"Bravo, BOODLE!" doubtless was among the cries in Court, and one which MR. PUNCH feels strongly urged to echo. And MR. PUNCH, although a sportsman, and therefore no friend to poachers, would wish his strongest influence to back up MR. BOODLE in his attempt to get the sentence on the prisoner reversed. Albeit perhaps no crime in the eyesight of the law, snaring peasants is a greater in the eyes of MR. PUNCH than even snaring pheasants; and could LORD BATHURST's precious keeper and his still more precious witness be sentenced each to twice the punishment inflicted on their victim, no one would be better pleased than MR. PUNCH, or feel more inclined to testify that it served them jolly right.

HAVING HIS SWING FOR HIS MONEY.

WE all of us know (at least we do—and that is quite sufficient for our purpose) the engraving of a boy swinging on a gate, and which is called *As Happy as a King*. We wonder if young FRANCIS of Naples can be said to be in a similar joyful predicament, and yet he has been holding on to Gaëta now for some time past, affording great amusement, if not to himself, at all events to others who expect to see him every minute knocked off the last perch he has to cling to. The amusement, however, must be an expensive one, and we never open a morning newspaper without expecting to find in it that FRANCIS has at last lost his balance. As it seems to be a doubtful point whether BOMBALINO is altogether as Happy as a King, might we be allowed to wish him a Happy New Year, which we do most sincerely, as it strikes us very forcibly that his Neapolitan Majesty, as events promise to turn out, will sadly be in want of one.

The Parting between Wisdom and Folly.

It is a very singular thing, but no less true than singular—true, we may say, to a hair—that if a man parts his hair down the middle, we are uncharitably apt to look upon him as a fool; but if a woman parts her hair down the side, we are generally inclined (and with equal want of charity, perhaps) to put her down as a clever woman.



THE MORNING AFTER THE JUVENILE PARTY.

Papa. "WHY, TOM, I'M AFRAID YOU MUST HAVE EATEN TOO MUCH CAKE LAST NIGHT. YOU LOOK QUITE SEEDY THIS MORNING!"

Little Sister. "OH, NO, PAPA, DEAR, IT CAN'T BE THAT. HE EAT THE THINGS OUT OF THE CRACKERS, BUT HE DIDN'T TOUCH THE SEED CAKE!"

SENTIMENT IN THE SHERIFF'S COURT.

At the Sheriff's Court, Red Lion Square, MR. MOUNTAIN, who appears to have succeeded our old friend HEMP, having made a number of proclamations of outlawry at the suit of gentlemen whose names were, as usual, chiefly Semitic; according to the Law Report:—

"The Court was closed with the usual formalities until St. Valentine's Day."

The fact that the Sheriff's Court opens on Valentine's Day is one of those things which have hitherto been not generally known. Now that it is made known universally by its publication in these pages, the Sheriff's Court will acquire a sentimental interest in the eyes of many who were always accustomed to regard it with unmitigated disgust. A suit in the Sheriff's Court has usually suggested the idea of a beggarly action on a dishonest accommodation bill, brought by a usurer against a scamp. On the first day of Term in that tribunal, however, being Valentine's Day, the suitors may be expected to consist of gay young bachelors, and the parties sued of spinsters to match; the suits not being suits at law but suits at love. Paring the skin, then, off the bones of a debtor, will not in the Sheriff's Court, be the order of the day which birds devote to pairing; but happy pairs will pair off thence like the sparrows in the neighbouring grove of Red Lion Square.

Billing will take the place of those transactions which arise out of bill-discounting; billets will come before the Court instead of bills; and the dove or pigeon, instead of screaming in the talons of the pecuniary kite, will coo for a mate. Hearts will be transfixed by the arrows of little Cupid instead of being sliced by little *Shylocks*; and we have authority for stating that the authorities of the Sheriff's Court, namely, of course, the Sheriffs, intend to put MR. MOUNTAIN and all the bumbailiffs on Valentine's Day into pink fleshings, and lend their shoulders wings for the day; the gauze wings which are proper to the little Loves, and properties which will readily be lent by MR. NATHAN, of Titchbourne Street.

The Sheriff's Court does not try breach of promise cases, which are the only actions whereof cognisance ought to be taken by a Court which opens on Valentine's day. Otherwise:—

"And I a maid at your window
To be your Valentine,"

might be the song of MR. SOLOMONS, representing his client the plaintiff in *Ophelia* versus *Hamlet*.

CABINET CONVERSATION.

Lord John Russell. My dear PALMERSTON, the Session approaches. Do you mean to let me bring in a Reform Bill?

Lord Palmerston. Well, really, my dear JOHN, if you ask me that question—by the way, are you going to St. Paul's to hear the oratorio?

Lord John. I think not. I am not sure that DR. CUMMING would quite like it. But, ha! ha! never mind St. Paul's, let's talk of St. Stephen's.

Lord Pal. At Vienna. Wonderful old Church—deuced picturesque. DAVID ROBERTS has painted it capitally, from both ends.

Lord John. St. Stephen's at Westminster.

Lord Pal. Exists no longer, my dear JOHN. You of all folks ought to be better up in the history of Parliament.

Lord John. You know what I mean. Have you made up your mind? Are we to have a Reform Bill?

Lord Pal. Upon my word, it's an important question, and that reminds me to tell you to go and hear FARADAY. You've no idea how interesting he is.

Lord John. I don't understand his theory on the Conservation of Forces, but I know that you will not conserve yours, if you don't do something for the Liberal party.

Lord Pal. That's very true, and very well put, and we ought to do something to show that we are entitled to the confidence of our friends. Do you like caviar?

Lord John. No, I think it's beastly. Are we to have a Reform Bill? Because I must be preparing my speech.

Lord Pal. That is true, exceedingly true. It is the duty of a statesman to be thoroughly well up in his subjects, and I say, what a Guy they have made you in that last photograph.

Lord John. Opinions differ, but I shall sit for another on the morning after I introduce the Final Reform Bill. What date had I better fix for it?

Lord Pal. Date? Ah, when you come to dates you talk business, and that is what I like. And talking of dates, how deuced old our friend LADY PIGWHISTLETON is looking.

Lord John. Well, she's no chicken. She was a very handsome creature at the time I brought in the first Reform Bill. When shall I bring in the last?

Lord Pal. Bring in the last? Ha! ha! One would think you were a cobbler. By the way, I'm sorry there's a thaw, for one's boots get wet with the slightest walk in the slush.

Lord John. I have had no time for walking, having been so busy in getting up the returns for my Reform Bill. I think I will fix the first of March for bringing it in.

Lord Pal. First of March—well, as a mere day that is as good as any other. Stop, by Jove, no it isn't. It's a Friday this year. You'd never bring in a Reform Bill on a Friday?

Lord John. I am not superstitious.

Lord Pal. No, no, Friday, that won't do. No; my dear JOHN, not on a Friday. I must be going, though.

Lord John. Well, but when shall I say—

Lord Pal. (going). No, no, Friday won't do—all the fools in England will be in a clamour, and they are the majority—Friday won't do. [Exit.]

Lord John (running to the window). But when? Hi! When?

Lord Pal. (getting on his horse). Some Sunday in the middle of the week. Ha! ha! [Centers off.]

Lord John. I don't believe that man is a Reformer at heart. I'm blessed if I don't think he's a Tory. I'm blown if I don't. [Exit.]

A MATTER OF TRANSPORT.

We only wish that Frost (we mean, of course, King Frost) could be transported again—to Siberia, the Arctic Regions, Iceland, the North Pole—anywhere, so long as he could be got out of the kingdom.



THE GUARDS' MONUMENT—GOVERNMENT NOTION OF A BECOMING WINTER COSTUME FOR LADIES.

PAUL PRY IN THE PULPIT.

ON the whole *Mr. Punch* can hardly be considered as the most devoted son of the Roman Catholic Church, but he begs to say that with all the errors of the Scarlet Lady, she has one point of honour. Many of her priests doubtless make a very bad use of Confessional Secrets; but they do not get up into pulpits and proclaim the private characters and past sins of those who trust them. That delicate method of doing good is reserved for the Baptists. Here is a scrap from the *Marylebone Mercury*, Jan. 19:—

“THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON AT SHOULDHAM STREET CHAPEL, BRYANSTON SQUARE.

“The Rev. C. H. SPURGEON preached at this Chapel on Wednesday morning to an audience occupying every portion of the edifice. His object was to collect money for the building fund of the Metropolitan Tabernacle.”

We need not trouble our readers with the details of his sermon, but will merely say that he preached the red-hottest of doctrines.

“Mr. SPURGEON then spoke of the great effects of the revival, and said that at least 500 out of his 1,300 members were a few years ago travesties (he used an uglier word), drunkards, &c. Mr. SPURGEON then alluded to his tabernacle, and said the cost of it was £30,000, towards which he had received £26,000, leaving £4,000 to be raised by 31st March next: how he did not know, but, &c. &c.”

Suppose he tries Hush-Money. A good many people might like to stand a trifle towards his hideous new tabernacle, rather than be labelled in this manner. Decidedly the priests of Rome behave more like gentlemen and Christians than the anything but particular Baptists.

Birds of a Feather.

THE *Manchester Guardian*, as a proof of the severity of the late weather, relates the capture of a fine jack-snipe “in the very heart of Manchester;” within the warehouse of MESSRS. BANNERMAN & SONS, York Street. Most people would take care to eat every snipe they could get; but our *Manchester* contemporary says that the captor of this one, instead of appropriating it to stuff himself withal, intends to have it stuffed, “in order to commemorate the fact of the intense frost.” He will then perhaps make a present of it to some society; and as the snipe that settled in a *Manchester* warehouse, must be an oddity in its way, he may probably be disposed to tender this strange bird to the Odd Fellows of the *Manchester* Unity.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

AT first thought, the connection between sewerage and beer will doubtless be regarded as anything but obvious; and the reader may be puzzled by learning from the *Times* that the Commissioners of Sewers held a meeting the other day, whereat, after other business had been brought before them, DR. LETHBRIDGE introduced his quarterly report, containing information of much interest to the public, and among it the following, relating to the “publics;”—

“In some cases of adulteration the practice of it has a far more extensive relation to the affairs of the community than at first sight appears. To take the sophistication of beer and porter as an instance, it is well known that the publicans, almost without exception, reduce their liquors with water after they are received from the brewer. The proportion in which this is added to the beer at the better class of houses is nine gallons per puncheon, and in second-rate establishments the quantity of water is doubled. This must be compensated for by the addition of ingredients which give the appearance of strength, and a mixture is openly sold for the purpose. The composition of it varies in different cases; for each expert has his own particular nostrum. The chief ingredients, however, are a saccharine body, as roots and liquorice to sweeten it; a bitter principle, as gentian, quassia, samach, and terra japonica, to give astringency; a thickening material, as linseed, to give body; a colouring matter, as burnt sugar, to darken it; cocculus indicus, to give a false strength; and common salt, capsicum, copperas, and Dantia spruce, to produce a head, as well as to impart certain refinements of flavour. In the case of ale, its apparent strength is restored with bitters and sugar-candy.”

This somewhat explains the puzzle we began with. When we find that beer is doctored with such beastliness, we can scarcely feel surprised at its being viewed as something to be brought before the nose of the Commissioners of Sewers. A mixture of quassia, samach, linseed, capsicum, copperas, and cocculus indicus, is much more fit to flow down drains than down the human throat, and far more deserves the name of sewerage than stimulant.

With such evidence as DR. LETHBRIDGE brings before us, we seem to understand a bit of slang one hears where cabmen mostly congregate, and apostrophise their chums with, “Now then, BILL, let’s ‘ave a Drain!” It is certainly enough to make one turn teetotaler when one hears what noxious stuff is sold to one as beer, and how the publicans conspire to make a cesspool of one’s stomach. Surely converts to the water might easily be gained by any lecturer who chose to travel through the country, and to illustrate his lecture with some water-

colour drawings showing the horrors that are drinkable in a drop of beer.

But besides injuring one’s person, as capsicum and copperas certainly must do, it is easily made clear that they must hurt one’s pocket, unless indeed one lives without having to pay taxes, which few readers of *Punch*, we fear, are so favoured as to do. Says DR. LETHBRIDGE on this point:—

“Apart from the question of how much injury is done to the health of the consumer by this practice, or how large is the fraud on the pocket of the purchaser, it is a matter of interest to know what is the effect of it on the revenue. There are, I believe, about 6,200 publicans and beer retailers in this metropolis. Supposing that each, on an average, has a sale for only six barrels of beer and porter per week, and that the degree of dilution is but to the extent of five gallons of water per barrel, in the aggregate there would have been used 186,000 gallons of water per week. This, if properly and honestly brewed into beer, would have required about 1,722 quarters of malt; and as each quarter of malt pays a duty of 22s. 6d. to the revenue, there is a fraud of rather more than £1,987 sterling per week, or nearly £100,800 per annum.”

So, besides swindling their customers and half-poisoning them to boot, by giving them bad doctor’s stuff when they ask for beer, the adulterating publicans cheat the public into paying above £100,000 per annum more taxes than they ought to pay. Well, now we know that selling beer is such a fraudulent transaction, we shall abstain as much as possible from giving it encouragement. We have no wish to assist the trade of inland smuggling in which so many of our innkeepers, it seems, are now engaged; and as we don’t want to commit suicide, we shall rigidly observe a total abstinence from beer, excepting when we get it from the brewery direct.

All Souls in a Nut Shell.

Punch item dat. Give o’er your strains,
Nor swear like angry cats;
The Dons are right to banish brains,
For All Souls must be Flats.

FOR COLNEY HATCH.

Who is the most melancholy of young ladies? MISS-ANN-THEORE.

A QUERY FOR THE ARMY.



supposed to be such wonderful shots, and who have been practising all the days of their military life) until I come to Number 29 on the list. Then one Rifle regiment gets a good mark; and ever so far down again I see another.

"Please, Sir, how is this? Were the old Rifles a sham, or have the officers neglected their duties, or is the new system of teaching so good that in a short time twenty-eight

ILL you, dear *Mr. Punch*, allow me a few lines in your world-celebrated and highly respectable Journal—you perceive I comprehend the politeness due to a newspaper?

"There is really, of course, no Figure of Merit but your own, but the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in his zeal for the Army, may be pardoned for having adopted the phrase, in order to imply a standard of good shooting with the rifle.

"H. R. H. has just published, very properly, an account of the shooting which our soldiers have performed during the past year, and has shown the respective merit of each regiment. I am not going to say who are at the top of the class, and who are at the bottom, but I do want to ask a question.

"I perceive no mention of any of our regular Riflemen (I mean the old dark green boys who were

regiments can learn to shoot better than a twenty-ninth, which has been shooting at marks all its life?

"I thought of writing this letter to the *Times*, but I am a timid inquirer, and I was terrified at the thought of the tremendous answers that would have been showered upon me by military men, to the disturbance of my digestion at breakfast. I should infallibly have read, 'If an ass of a civilian like CREEPMOUSE insists on minding other people's business instead of his own, he should at least take the trouble to inform himself on the subject, and not make a display of disgusting ignorance, when any drummer boy could tell the fool that, &c., &c., &c., but happily the Rifle Regiments, which conquered at Poitiers, Blenheim, Waterloo, &c., &c., &c., stand too high to heed the impertinent imputations of some unknown tallow-chandler,' &c. &c. You, *Mr. Punch*, will protect me from this sort of thing, and if you can, please to obtain me an answer to the question,

"Why the Riflemen can't shoot?"

"I am, Sir, yours most deferentially,
"Stilton Villa: Cheshire." CREEPMOUSE."

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

BY A FROZEN-OUT GARDENER.

Now weed your wardrobes and rake up your old clothes. Gather all your left-off coats and other garments in a heap, and then sow them broadcast among your poorer neighbours. Plant out your old boots, and prune down your spare linen. Well winnow your lumber closets, and collect all the old hats and caps, and railway rugs and comforters which you may find garnered there. Sow broadcast as before, choosing out the soil that you think hungriest and poorest.

By acting in this way, Charity may cover a multitude of skins, without being herself a penny out of pocket by it.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE NEW PERIODICAL.

ANOTHER VOLUME OF THE CABINET LIBRARY.

MESSRS. PALMERSTON, RUSSELL, & Co., have the honour to announce that early in March, will (unless accident intervene) be Published, No. V. of the unpopular Periodical,

THE REFORM BILL:

OR THE POLITICAL OLLA PODRIDA FOR 1861.

With the following Contributions by eminent Persons:

- I. EXTENSION OF THE SUFFRAGE. By the LORD JOHN RUSSELL.
- II. RESTRICTION OF THE SUFFRAGE. By the LORD HERBERT OF LEA.
- III. RIGHT OF THE UNTAXED TO CONTROL TAXATION. By W. E. GLADSTONE, Esq.
- IV. FANCY VOTES FOR POETS AND MUSICIANS. By the LORD CARLISLE.
- V. UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. By the RIGHT HON. MILNER GIBSON.
- VI. "WHO IS ON EXETER HALL'S SIDE, WHO?" By the LORD SHAFTESBURY, D.D.
- VII. LET PHILOSOPHERS GOVERN. By SIR G. C. LEWIS.
- VIII. JUSTICE TO IRELAND. By THE O'HAGAN.
- IX. VOX LEGIS VOX SAPIENTIE. By the LORD CAMPBELL.
- X. THE FOK'SLE AND THE HUSTINGS. By LORD CLARENCE PAGET.
- XI. RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE CALLED RANTERS. By SIR W. AHERTON.
- XII. CIVIL SERVANTS AND POLITE MASTERS. By the DUKE OF SOMERSET.
- XIII. THE SOFA, OR SHOULD WOMAN VOTE? By WILLIAM COWPER, Esq.
- XIV. ALL THINGS MADE PLEASANT. By the LORD PALMERSTON.

New Palace, Westminster, S.W.

DONE IN A MEREING MOMENT.

WHY is Ice in a thaw like Philanthropy? Because it gives in all directions.

SNOBS AND SQUIBS.

BULL-BAITING and Cock-fighting have ceased to hold a place among our national amusements, but something like a taste for cruelty still lingers in our mobs, as the following description of a night-scene on the Serpentine last week will amply testify:—

"The scene was altogether of a most exciting character. An immense number of serpents were ignited and thrown upon the banks among the public, and as they exploded and the sparks flew about, especially among the women, the scene became fearful, and upwards of twenty women were more or less burnt. The sham fight was carried on, one party firing from the north shore, another from the south; but, eventually, both parties commenced the medley attack, and fireworks were thrown indiscriminately about, and many persons were injured. A woman named PRUESS Hope had her clothes set on fire, and she was so badly injured that she was taken to her residence in Carlton Street, Vauxhall."

Of course people may say, what business have women to go out after dark, and mix in a night-mob of chimney-sweeps and costermongers! But were chimney-sweeps and costermongers the only roughs there present? Did not gents and counter-jumpers play a part too in the farce, which we fancy must have nearly been turned into a tragedy? Were there none of the so-reckoned "educated classes" who let off squibs and roman candles without looking who were near them, or if they looked, perhaps picked out a place for the discharge where Crinoline did mostly congregate? Of course their plea would be, that they did it "for a lark," and had no intention to injure anybody. But is this plea, do you think, a reasonable excuse for frightening women into fits, and burning upwards of a score of them? And if persons don't know better how they should conduct themselves when there are women present, don't you think it reasonable that they ought to be taught, albeit they belong to the "educated classes"?

The Ribbon Conspiracy.

We never like to be rude to good folk, but just now we should feel inclined to send all charitable souls to Coventry; and although a firm friend of "peace, law, and order," we should not object to see Ribbonism in the ascendancy in England. Hats off, Ladies, and bonnets to the rescue!



THE CLERICAL BEARD MOVEMENT.

WE DO NOT FOR ONE MOMENT PRESUME TO SAY WHETHER IT IS RIGHT OR WRONG,—ONLY, IF THIS SORT OF THING IS TO PREVAIL, WHAT'S TO BECOME OF CAPTAIN HEAVYSWELL?

FROST AND THAW.

It was hard KING FROST and soft QUEEN THAW,
Came lately to a tussle,
Where the King he prevailed, with his hands ice-mailed,
And his iron strength of muscle.
And with scornful mien, he bespake the Queen,
Who strove to invade his dominions,
With her languid sighs, and her weeping eyes,
And her soft and drooping pinions—

Quoth he, "Begone to the snivelling South,
Where the mist hangs hot and heavy:
There bid parched air from steaming earth
Its toll of moisture levy.
Go, slacken the hold of the slight Spring-cold,
And melt the April rime,
But leave to me black Januarie,
And the bitter New Year time.

"I crack the tire, I rive the rail,
I mock the might of iron,
Make brittle the bone, and shatter the stone,
And the mountains with ice environ.
A touch—the mattock and spade are still,
The trowel and hod go down—
The board is bare and the hearth is chill,
And hunger holds the town.

"And is it thou, poor puling Queen,
Wouldst't tame a might like mine?
Wouldst't lift the brand of my scathing hand,
And loose where I confine?
Go, do thy worst—bid the rivers burst
My fetters, an if they may,
Bid earth rejoice, give the birds a voice,
And make men's spirits gay."

Then soft QUEEN THAW to her side 'gan draw,
Her gracious ministrie;
She summoned the warm airs from the South,
The soft rains from the sea,
And sore she strove by the might of love,
KING FROST's hard rule to quell,
But the airs in her train came shivering again,
And her rains they froze as they fell!

Then sudden this thought to her heart was brought,
"Fool, to waste sun and shower—
'Tis not KING FROST, whose path I've crost,
But Nature's guiding power!
Beneath His law stand Frost and Thaw;
We work but as He wills;
KING FROST's keen knife clears way for life,
When he makes boast it kills.

"In earth and air I'll strife forbear:
Leave them to Nature's law,
But Frost shall see, though strong he be,
There's a triumph still for Thaw.
On human hearts I'll turn my arts,
Love's fount therein unseal,
Till the hard shall give, and the dead shall live,
And the slow to pity feel."

God speed such Thaw! still may it draw
A force from all around,
Till Love's green tree shoot fair and free,
From out the frozen ground.
High may it spring and broadly fling
Its palm-like arms, that need
May find wherewith to clothe itself,
To shelter, warm and feed!

* The Palm supplies both food, shelter, clothing, and fuel.



FROST

AND

THAW.

REVOLUTION IN EVENING PARTIES.

BY A RED-NOSED OLD WALL-FLOWER.



They go at ten or later; leave
At two or three; perhaps at four.
Why, girls themselves, one would believe,
Must find such sitting up a bore!

Or if to dance in gay attire
Afford a pleasure so intense,

HERE is a madness staring,
stark,
At which I'm in amazement
lost,
Thermometers some twenty
mark,
Or twenty odd, degrees of
frost,
Not only common rivers cease
Towards the sea their waves
to pour,
Whilst up them come wild
ducks and geese,
But Thames himself is frozen
o'er!

The frantic folly, that astounds
My reason with its awful
height,
Is that of people going rounds
Of evening parties night by
night.

And such an ecstasy inspire,
As to exclude all other sense,
There is prospect which might well
Appal the girl of empties' land
That e'er was worn by ball-room belle,
'Tis that of going home to bed.

The fire extinct—the middle-class
At least must let their servants sleep—
Oh dear, how cold! and what an ass
Are you, such hours as these to keep!
What comfort do you now derive
From having on the finest clothes,
To-morrow, sure as you're alive,
You'll have a cold; talk through your nose.

But homeward if you have to ride
Miles from a stupid County ball,
That scene of vanity and pride,
That punishment is worst of all.
What have your hapless flunkies done,
That they should have the task severe
Imposed on them to drive—no fun—
You home at such a time of year?

Oh, brothers! I appeal to you,
For men have reason, men have ruth,
All evening parties to eschew,
Combine and vow let all our youth,
Until they shall no more extend
From midnight to the rising sun;
Enough, in dancing time to spend,
To go at seven and leave at one.

REAL CONSCIENCE MONEY.

MR. PUNCH begs to express the extreme pleasure with which he reads every day the lists of charitable donations which the hard season has set flowing into the poor-boxes and other treasuries of benevolence. He begs to assure the kind-hearted world, that he carefully peruses every item in every one of the lists, and not a name escapes him, from that of the Countess who sends her £25 to that of the Little School Girl, who sends her Shilling for the poor. And he also notes all the Fancy Signatures, blows a kiss to "Pet," "Rosebud," "Little Maria," and all the rest of the charitable fairies, and shakes hands with "Crib," "Blobs," "Two Uglies," and all the other good fellows who give their money and not their names.

But it appears to him that there is an absence of what is rather foolishly called "Conscience Money." He does not mean that the hypocrites or idiots who stealthily inclose bank-notes to MR. GLADSTONE could be expected to remit money for any sensible or laudable object. They merely try to patch up holes in their old tin-kettle consciences, and, having cheated other people, are now endeavouring to cheat themselves; but there must be a great many small offences committed about this time, and if people would only fine themselves (or, which is pleasanter, fine others) for these things, and send the fines to the Magistrates, a very large addition would be made to the collection for the wretched.

For instance, we should much like to read this in the *Times*, under the head of "Police":—

MR. KNOX then proceeded to acknowledge the following contributions to the Poor-box:—A Repentant Attorney, 6s. 8d. Atonement for having Snubbed a Wife, £1. For impertinence to my Husband, £5. One who stayed too late at his Club, 1s. Tip withheld from a Stupid Nephew, 10s. Christmas Box denied to a lazy Landress, 5s. Fine for abusing a Cabman to whom I had given the wrong direction, 2s. 6d. Fine for having given my Husband a bad dinner, £1. For having taken a cab when I ought to have walked, 7s. 6d. For having said that there were some wise things in TUPPER'S *Philosophy*, £10. For having said we were glad to see UNCLE and AUNT SLIMY, A Husband and Wife, £1 10s. For having stayed away from Church, £20. For having gone to hear some Blacked Vocalists, £5. For having kicked Dash because I tumbled over him, £1. For having pleaded a cold as an excuse for not singing when I only wanted not to sing until HORACE came, but he ought to pay half for being so late, 5s. For Not Backing my Bill when the chop was black, A Club-man, £10. For using a bad word when I fell down on the ice, 6d. For sulking with ARTHUR because he broke a cracker with ELIZA and not me, 3s. 6d. For blowing up the taxgatherer, 1d. For forgetting to take home Punch, £100. For bothering a Contributor for MS. when he wanted to go out shooting, A Remorseful Editor, £10. For being a little late with MS., A Forgiving Contributor, 6d. For not bruising my oats yet, 5s. For letting the children go out in the east wind, £15. For inviting JENKINS, whom

my wife hates, 9d. For swearing at an organ-man, and afterwards kicking him out of the street, 1½d. For sending Punch an Old Joe, and saying "it occurred not a hundred miles from my town," £20. For Hiding CHARLES'S Cigar-Case because he would not take me to the Theatre, An Evil Wife, £5. For refusing to take HESTER to the theatre, 5s. For getting so Brotherly at Lodge that I had to be seen home, £1 1s. For Sneezing in a Stentorian manner at the Theatre, 10s. For Pretending I was engaged when MR. STUMPY SNOBB asked me to dance, 2s. 6d. For Blackballing a Candidate whom I had promised to second, 4d. For Laughing at a Lanky Volunteer, £2.

NOTICES FOR THE COMING SESSION.

THE following Notices have been given for the approaching Session of Parliament:—

MR. ROEBUCK.—To ask MR. GILPIN whether he is a descendant of John Gilpin, and otherwise to insinuate to the remarkable Minister, that when humble people are suddenly elevated to the backs of horses, they are very likely to ride in an objectionable direction.

MR. EDWIN JAMES.—To move an Address to the Crown for leave to him to wear his Blouse and Pistols (as delineated in the *Illustrated London News*) the first time he moves the Address in the House of Commons.

MR. W. WILLIAMS.—To move an Address to the Crown for leave to him, when he receives his coronet of Viscount, to have the same electroplated, as more in accordance with the economical principles of the day than gold or silver-gilt. Also to ask the Crown when it is likely the Hon. Member will have the said distinction.

COLONEL NORTH.—To move that MR. SPEAKER be instructed to issue his warrant to the Serjeant-at-Arms to arrest any Member who, not holding a commission in the Army, shall presume to speak or ask a question upon any military subject whatsoever.

SIR FRANCIS BARING.—To ask VISCOUNT PALMERSTON the reason why he, SIR FRANCIS, is not a member of the present Ministry, and to assure the noble Viscount that the nation can have no confidence in a Cabinet which has not the official co-operation of the honourable baronet.

MR. BRIGHT.—To move that the *Warrior* be immediately completed, and presented by the House of Commons to the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH as an assurance of the belief of England that his Majesty will never do any harm with that vessel or any other.

Civil.

SIR FRANCIS BARING thinks that a very small measure of Reform will do, and that he ought to come into the Cabinet. *Mr. Punch* is a moderate reformer, but does not think that the country will be satisfied with so very small an improvement as that.



THAT INJURED INNOCENT THE EX-KING OF NAPLES, IS ABOUT TO RETIRE INTO PRIVATE LIFE. DELIGHTFUL PARTY TO MEET SOME EVENING!

SENSE FROM SUFFOLK.

"MUSTER PUNCH, HONERD SUR,

"APNIN to dropp Inn for a ½ pint at the Blue Lying i've sin yar 2 Big picters of the STABLE and the KOTTIGE which i thinks they shoold be ung in ivery stabul in the kingdom and in this here thort I thinks yar'll probabbly agree with Me. Our housen aint so Bad in Suffuk as i hears they most air in the Midlands, nor Suffuk aint so much of a huntin country nayther, cos Shutin's the chief game among the Rich fokes hereabouts, and when there's such Presarves o' phezzants why there aint so many Phoxes as there is down hinder, cos you see them buds and animals they don't no ways associate but is kinder like to Quorrel leastways eat each other up whenever they've the Chance of it.

"But tho we duznt pigg together 6 or Siven in a Bed, we isnt no ways too well off in the way of phood and cloathun, which my old cordereyes is werry nigh amost wore up and my old missus says as ow she says she's Sartin she can't no hows make em stand a Second seatin. Nor we aint too flush o food mayther I carnt say As we are, for things is nition deer, and 9 shillun a weak ye see it aint much of a Fortun to keep oneseif and Wife and a matter of 8 children, leastways we've ony siven at present but there's a Little un a combin arly in the Spring, and coales is riz agin, and byes they've got sich aptites its really wholly staunin what wittals they cornsumes, espeshly this here whether when they're slidun ½ the day and Snowballin the tuther.

"But what I wanted for to Say sir was that Masters ses sometimes as we dont Work as we mite, and when we Tarns a muck eap why we're apt to take our Time and don't seem in a hurry nor don't care to wet our Jackets at it. Well, I don't say it aint true as we're kinder apt at times to try and Shirk a bit, and tarnin over muck why it ain't exsistin wurk sich as drivin a stage cutch, which they're all druv off the road in this here naybourhood at least, cos we's got the Rail at last though 'twas a nition while a combin and a many fokes declared we shudent live to see it, but you know the Eastern Countess aint Remarkabl for speed, and so wun can't well be surprised it wor so long a combin. But, Sir, if so be as how we scamps our work at Times taint not Us as is to Blame, its the wittals as is in us. Ye see whats trew of hosses is just as trew of Men. If yar wants em to work well why yar must feed em well, give em bellies full o carn and not leave em to makeshift with a bite or two o' grass, or a stalk o' strar instead on't. So y' see if faermers wants more work out of us Labrers, why it stands to sense and raison as they must keep us better. Taint

likely as a chap what lives on bread and cheese' with mayhap if he be lucky a scrap o' meat on Sundies can work as well as him who's fed well every day on more Substarnsial dite. Hosses cant do more nor six or siven hours plowun unless yar gives em suthun extry in the way o' food at mealtimes. And how's a man to buy a bit o' Beefsteak for isselt to say northun o' pudden on 9 shillun a week, when out o' that he have to pay his cloathes and doctors bill and keep his Wife and famly from a goin to the Workus? A drop o' beer too is a deal more Nutrititious like than Tea, but in corse a man can't brew on 9 shillins a weak, and the beer one gits at Beerousen is generally Doctored. So what I ses to Faermers as grumbles at our laziness is Pay us better wagis and we'll do better work. Gon us better Ousen and gon us better grub, in fack treat us more like Hosses and we'll work as sich. But it taint in human natur fur a Man to goo on workun like a hoss when he aint no better fed nor stabled than a Jackass.

"I remane Sir yours Obejnt to comand

"CRISTOFER CLODD."

"Down Tudnum way nigh Ipsidge, Thuzday Jinniwerry 17."

THE SLAVE-OWNERS' DECLARATION.

AS PREPARED BY SOUTH CAROLINA, AND PROPOSED BY HER AS FITTING TO BE ADOPTED BY THE SLAVE-STATES.

(By Repaired Atlantic Telegraph.)

WE, the States whose Representatives have subscribed to the following Declaration, do hereby assert and affirm,

That all mankind have a perfect and equal right to freedom, if they can keep it.

That their being unable to keep it is a proof that they have no right to it.

That the presence of any colouring matter in skin, as in water, is a proof, offered by Nature, of the inferiority of the article.

That we have heard with unutterable disgust and contempt that PROFESSOR OWEN considers ADAM and EVE to have had coloured skins, and that we should like to leave the said Professor without any skin at all.

That the Lawfulness of Slavery is clearly and indisputably proved from the Bible, inasmuch as St. Paul, writing to ONESIMUS, a slave, never told him to run away.

That if there were no other reasons for upholding Slavery, the dastardly and sycophantic meanness which would be shown in imitating the corrupt and exploded old Mother Country in abolishing the Institution is enough to make every real American spit upon the proposal, and lynch the proposer.

That Slavery is the most humane Institution in the world; for, inasmuch as half the sorrows of white persons arise from the sorrows of their husbands, wives, or children in forbidding a race to have any husbands, wives, or children to call their own, we deprive that race of one-half the suffering we undergo.

That England has no right to say a word in the matter, while in Ireland there is a Protestant Church, and all persons are hanged who do not attend it; while Welsh is strictly forbidden to be used in the Debates of the English Parliament; while Scotchmen are forbidden to keep Unicorns; and while, close to London itself, she keeps the natives of a wretched island in such a state of demoralisation and misery that it is called the Isle of Dogs.

That having thus proved from Scripture, from philosophy, from philanthropy, and from ethnology, that Slavery is the noblest Institution in existence, and that patriotism and self-respect alike forbid us to bring it into jeopardy,

We hereby declare—

That we shall have great pleasure in handing 50,000 dollars to any one who will bring us the head of one ABRAHAM LINCOLN, and with still greater pleasure will we hand 100,000 dollars to any one who will deliver us the said ABRAHAM LINCOLN alive.

(Signed, &c.)

They'll Warm Him.

NOTWITHSTANDING the severity of the weather, the Piedmontese managed to keep up a good fire for KING FRANCIS at Gaëta. In fact, so intense was the fire, that on more occasions than one the place was almost too hot to hold him. After the 19th, it is expected VICTOR EMMANUEL's troops will subscribe together to give the "Last of the BOURBONS" a little bit more fire. Such liberality, when the cold has been severe enough almost to freeze the milk of human kindness in every one's breast, cannot be too highly applauded.

THE TEMPERATURE OF PAUPERS.



SEVERAL Astronomers and meteorologists afford most useful and entertaining information in the letters which they write to the *Times* on the state of the weather. They are careful to particularise the temperature of the atmosphere in sundry situations where it may be interesting to know how hot or how cold it is. The degree at which the thermometer stands at the lodge in Kensington Gardens is a matter with which it is satisfactory to be acquainted; but there are other situations wherein the readings of that instrument are of even more importance; and therefore

might as well also be recorded and published. The temperature, during frost, of the various Union Workhouses, metropolitan and provincial, is a subject on which information is deficient and desirable. How stands Fahrenheit at Shoreditch, for example, in the asylum for the poor which is warmed by the charity for which the guardians of that district are so widely celebrated?

A RIDDANCE OF STATE RATS.

At the last Meeting of the Statistical Society, in the course of a discussion which followed the reading of a paper by Mr. LEONI LEVI, "On the Progress of the Public Expenditure of the United Kingdom:"—

"Mr. HEYWOOD, referring to that part of Mr. LEVI's paper respecting the payment of pensioners, said that pensions had been granted to the Hanoverian regiment that fought at Waterloo, but those men possessed such extraordinary longevity that until within the last six years pensions had been claimed for every one of them. (*Loud laughter.*)"

This story reminds us of the Hanoverian Rats, as the retainers of the illustrious House of Hanover were termed by the Jacobite Squires. Some of those vermin appear to have been eating up JOHN BULL in the name of the Hanoverian soldiers who fought at Waterloo. None of them apparently were caught; they were only banished. German jesters will perhaps tell us that we ought to be well satisfied with having at last got rid of our Hanoverian pensioners; since, when those heroes fought at Waterloo, they made themselves immortal.

English Prize Bull.

"THE Irish Directory," said BROWN. "Can Ireland produce such a thing? Surely, to keep up national character, it ought to be full of blunders?" "Yes, to be accurate, it ought," said JONES.

A NEW RHYME TO AN OLD LINE.

"WHO shall decide when doctors disagree?"
Punch, who decides that neither shall have fee.

LEGAL SWEATERS.

To find low charges in the law is so uncommon an occurrence that "when found" we really think we ought to "make a note" of them. The note we make, however, is not one of admiration: and if it partake rather of the nature of a query, it is because we hold the matter to be questionable, although about its evil tendency we have very little doubt.

A custom has obtained of late among law stationers and printers of sending circulars to the profession by whom they are employed, stating at what prices work will be received by them and punctually executed. The custom has obtained doubtless with the object of obtaining custom, and every stationer pretends to cut out his competitors in the celerity and care with which the work he gets is done, and in the exceeding cheapness of his charges for it. Now, competition is a benefit, economists agree; but when carried to extremes there is far more harm than good in it. The sweating system, as pursued by advertising tailors, produces many far from satisfactory results: and the same system, transplanted from the shopboard to the desk, can hardly be inseparable from the like effects. When we read of MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN charging only eighteenpence for every score of folios they copy of a brief, and making "attested copies" for only twopence a score more, the usual charges being two shillings for the one, and for the other half a crown, we cannot help considering what manner of clerk it is that MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN employs, and what resemblance he must bear to the starving needle-drivers whom the sweating tailors gradually wear out. But MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN, we find from the Circular before us (and, *nomine mutato*, we doubt not there are many GRINDENDOWNS in town) offer still more tempting terms to lawyers who have work to give, and who wish to get their writing done as cheaply as they can, although they may not charge their clients one halfpenny less dearly for it. For engrossing deeds and wills and other instruments on paper, MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN will charge but two shillings for every twenty folios entrusted to them, three and fourpence being the ordinary price; moreover in this case, and in the others we have cited, MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN inform us that they make no charge for paper, of which they kindly make a present to the person who employs them, however unprofessional it may be so to do.

Add to this that MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN guarantee attendance gratis at the stamp office, and therefore like some envelope makers, make no charge for stamping; that for the money they disburse there they allow you a month's credit, except for stamps of large amount; and that as a climax to their wondrous generosity, on all their charges aforesaid, low as you may think them, they offer you a discount of *Fifty per Cent.* for cash within one month! add all these advantages to those already mentioned, and what lawyer in his

senses would hesitate to give his work to MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN, whose unexampled liberality it charms us to disclose?

But stop a bit. Before you try to unveil them from our *alias* and hand them in your briefs, consider for a moment the question we have put, and think what manner of man it is that MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN employ, to do the cheap and n-not nice work of which they are in quest. Out of the prices they have named their profits have to come, and how much of the residue is left for the machines—*can* you think they look like men?—who drive the weary pen for them? Even in an arm-chair, and by the side of a good fire, it is not pleasant, we know, to have to write much this cold weather; but how much do you think the slaves of MESSRS. GRINDENDOWN, the law-sweaters, must write, in order to earn enough to keep themselves from starving?

A BIT OF WEST-INDIA PICKLE.

TRINIDAD is a very meritorious island, and its productions, such as sugar, ladies, cocoa, and other delicacies, are in deserved repute. But Mr. *Punch* is sorry to see by the last mail, that however refined may be the saccharine products of Trinidad, its language is by no means of the same graceful character. The last message from the island appeared in Saturday's *Times*, and ran thus:—

"The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's bill for consolidating our *rum ordinances* was read a first time."

"Our rum ordinances" is not a phrase by which a journalist should indicate the laws of his island, however much he may deprecate the edicts in question. "Our singular legislation," or "our incongruous statutes," or "our eccentric decrees" would have been worthier of a delicate writer. We are very happy to admit the word Rum from Trinidad as a Noun, and also to admit into our cellar as much of the celebrated article itself as we can; but we decline to admit Rum as an Adjective, and West Indian friends at a distance will please accept all these notifications.

Un Ouf is as Good as a Feast.

WHY should a classical scholar never attempt to count eggs more than one at a time?

Because he would be sure to count them *ova* and *ova*.—(*Attributed to BERNAL OSBORNE, late of Dover and the Admiralty.*)

A SCOTCHMAN'S * TRIUMPH.

WHEN are the shares of a company like the EMPEROR OF CHINA'S Summer Palace near Peking?—When they are *a'looted*.

* SIR ARCHEBALD ALMON.



THE NEW LADY GODIVA.

FOREIGN TRAPS FOR ENGLISH FLATS.

Fools and flats read the newspapers as well as other people. Else we should not see so often such advertisements as this:—

A LARGE FORTUNE may be realised for **ONE POUND** only.—For particulars apply to **Mr. —**, Banker, of Frankfort-on-the-Maine, or letters addressed to him, London.

Now, every one except the fools and flats aforesaid knows well enough what sort of trap this lure is meant to bait. But because only the fools and flats are likely to be caught by it, we do not think we ought to tolerate its presence in our press. Lotteries are forbidden by the English law, and the law, to be consistent, should put a stop to the announcement of them. Until this be done, however, we hold the editors of newspapers responsible for all the gambling that ensues, in consequence of the advertisements to fools which they admit. We have as a rule, we own, small sympathy with our flats; but we must say that we hate to see them duped by foreign knaves, and losing their good English money in bad continental company. It is in the penny newspapers that the traps are mostly set; and as perhaps with the proprietors of the penny press the *argumentum ad pocketum* is the most powerful to use, we would hint that every sovereign which in quest of a "large fortune" finds its way to Frankfort might have bought two hundred and forty copies of the newspaper in which the bait that lured it thither was imprudently displayed. If therefore editors have any wish to swell their circulation they will not cede insertion to the snares of foreign "bankers," in whose "promises to pay" no Englishman should trust.

A CHANCE FOR A NEW GODIVA.

Who has not read the idyll sweet
Of our own ALFRED TENNYSON,
How fair GODIVA, ages since,
Earned Coventry's best benison:
When to repeal stern GODWIN's tax
Imposed upon the borough,
Unclothed, save with her chastity,
She rode the city thorough?

The Poet tells us how the cry
Of starving babes and mothers
Struck deep in that sweet lady's heart,
Wherein all men were brothers.
How the grim Earl, among his dogs,
Received her soft petition,
And little deemed GODIVA's ruth
Would brook his hard condition.

Who calls not up, the while he reads,
That picture, bright and tender—
Those rippled ringlets to the knee
Showered in their golden splendour—
The naked loveliness that steals
From pillar unto pillar—
The silence of those empty streets
That her steed's tread makes stiller?

Again the plaint of hungry babe,
The wail of desp'rate mother,
The awful cry of agony
Not e'en strong men can smother,
More loudly sound in Coventry
Than in that olden day,
When grim EARL GODWIN laid the tax
His good dame took away!

A grimmer Lord than GODWIN lays
His hard hand on the town:
A heavier weight than GODWIN's tax,
Presses the people down.
Gaunt Hunger lords it o'er the place
With Plague, his henchman true;
The looms are still—shut up the mill—
There is no work to do!

Oh, where is the GODIVA now
This grim Lord to assuage?
Needs not that she ride naked
As in the ruder age.
Needs not with rippled ringlets' veil,
Her snowy limbs she hide;
With ribbons decked from head to heel,
Behoves her but to ride.

So saying to our English dames
"Go all and do like me,
To set the idle loom to work,
The silent shuttle free.
E'en as of old GODIVA rode,
Clad in her golden hair,
Ride, English ladies, gaily decked
In ribbons' rainbow-wear.

"And as GODIVA's name throughout
Our England is renowned,
So shall your names with blessing
In Coventry be crowned.
Naked she went, and not ashamed,
For ruth her heart did move;
So in your ribbons men shall read
Not vanity, but love."

Something Picked up at a Publisher's Sale Dinner.

First Bookseller. Do you know that young GRUB STREET, who has tried his hand at everything, and imitated everybody in turns, has changed his hand-writing? He now writes backwards.

Second Bookseller. Ah! I suppose he's trying to write like CRABBE?

THE CLERICAL MOUSTACHE MOVEMENT.



O Shave or not to Shave? that is the question which is just now agitating the Parsonic world. Whether 'tis better in the throat to suffer the stings and torments of an inflamed swallow, or to take armour 'gainst a host of troubles, and by not shaving end them?

Certainly, at first thought, one hardly seems to fancy a Parson in moustaches, and would almost as soon look to see a Quaker in them. Yet, after all, we cannot see why the former should not wear them, at least provided always that they suit his style of face. We associate moustaches with military men; but then do not Clergymen belong to the Church Militant? All we fear is, if the movement be

generally followed, that pet Parsons, if they join in it, will give themselves more (h)airs than they do at present, and we think there are enough apparent as it is.

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"THE severity of the late weather, which had nearly frozen up my energies as well as the contents of my inkstand, is past, and I take advantage of the thaw, when one's ideas seem to flow more easily, to drop you a few lines, which I will preface with a hope that you have enjoyed your Christmas.

"For my part I always await that festive season with feelings of pleasure not altogether unalloyed. I am not thinking now of those provoking results of simple addition with which my bootmaker and tailor make a point of favouring me. I am not alluding to the playful eccentricities of my nephew Tom (æt. 74) in whose company I was condemned to dine on the 25th of last month, who, in the exuberance of boyish spirits, is wont to treat my hair as a practicable bell-pull, and acting on this ingenious hypothesis proceeds to unbutton my waistcoat by way of a street-door. I forgive the 'Waits,' although they played '*Oh, Willie, we have missed you*' under my bed-room window to such an awful extent during the Christmas week that I was half inclined to wish that that erratic gentleman had deferred his return until the morning. But apart from these private and individual grievances, I have another in common with most brothers and he-cousins, *viz.*, the duty of escorting some of my female relatives on their shopping excursions. They belong, Sir, to what I call the *dorematic*, or present-giving species—never forget birth-days, wedding-days, red-letter days, or any other occasion for indulging in their harmless propensity. Thus it comes to pass that I have, at this moment, eleven pairs of Berlin wool slippers which I could have 'made up' at any time (as I am assured by a respectable bootmaker in Oxford Street) for about five guineas, seven smoking caps innocent of the noxious weed, and lying wrapped in silver paper in my bureau. Thirteen knives and pencil-cases at an average value of 3s. 9d. each. Eight porte-monnaies apparently constructed for the deposit of fourpenny bits. Two potichomanie jars, decorated with an elaborate pattern, the simplest element of which is the alternate representation of a blue rose and a mandarin in convulsions, an embroidered waistcoat (in which I would as soon appear as in a philbeg) and twenty-three tea-kettle holders lined with *noire antique*, white satin, and other appropriate material.

"All this, however, by the way, the main drift and object of this letter being to call your attention to the disagreeables which invariably attend that pursuit known in the domestic world as shopping. And observe in the first place that I exclude from my remarks at the outset all those supereminently swell establishments whose hereditary prestige places them beyond the necessity of practising the great Touting Art. If for instance I employ HERR VON STULTZMEISTER or MR. BUCKS to adorn my person at the rate of two guineas per limb, I am quite sure that it will be done in the best possible manner with the least possible trouble to myself. Then again PIVERGANT'S gloves at four and nine-pence per pair are first-rate of their kind, and the young lady who

disposes of them receives my cash with dignified composure, and allows me to leave her odoriferous counter unmolested. But suppose with my moderate income of say £*** per annum I am unable to deal with those eminent firms: suppose I am selecting a pair of gloves at a shop in one of our great thoroughfares, why am I to be told if they (the gloves) are too small, that they will stretch; if they are too large that they will collapse with the 'eat of the 'and, or some such nonsense; why if I prefer drab am I to be informed that 'green is mostly worn now, Sir;' or if I ask for green that 'nothing is so genteel as drab;' why if I complain that the kid is of indifferent quality, does MR. SMIRKER, from behind the counter, say, 'Sir?' in a deferentially impudent manner, and pretend that he did not hear me? Why when I do repeat the observation does he meet it with the remark, that it is very extraordinary, but that it is the first complaint he has ever heard of them, and that so far from their being dear at three-and-six, that they ought to be four shillings a pair: ought to be indeed, then why aren't they, I should like to know! Finally, why when he has wrapt up my gloves, doesn't he give them to me at once, instead of putting them aside, and saying, 'What will be the next article?' in a tone which seems to imply, that if I don't lay out a pound or two my custom is not worth having! I reply, 'nothing else, thank you,' as politely as I can, and he immediately inquires again, 'Anything in shirts, collars, pocket-andkerchiefs, braces, draw—?' (in short, etcetera). When I shake my head he lifts down a great wooden tray, and taking up an elaborate sort of running noose composed of silk and flannel informs me that it is 'termed' the Californian cravat, and that he (SMIRKER) considers it a very gentlemanly thing in ties. I sternly ask him for change, when shouting out 'Cash!' (which he pronounces Kesh) he bangs my sovereign down on the counter, partly I suppose to see if it is a good one, and partly to impress me with an idea that he is a thoroughly business-like man, who gets through his work before you can say Jack Robinson. In this last respect, however, his extraordinary energy defeats itself, for the money drops on the floor, and he loses ten minutes in looking for it. While KESH, who is a bilious looking little boy in a round jacket, and horribly precocious at accounts, is gone for the change to his den (which suggests the idea of a regiment of cricket stumps escalating a family pew), SMIRKER thinks I had better let him put me up the Californian cravat, but as I don't concur in that opinion, I am allowed to depart in a great rage, while SMIRKER keeps his temper admirably, and bows me out.

"Now, my dear Mr. Punch, I appeal to you, is not this sort of thing a dreadful nuisance, and haven't I a right to complain of it? Why can't I go into a shop and buy a pair of gloves without being subject to an inquisition respecting the rest of my wardrobe. Good Heavens, can't a man ask for what he wants! If I were to go over to my baker's, and invest in an Abernethy biscuit, do you suppose MRS. BAKKA would say 'Want anything in rusks, hot rolls, muffins, tops and bottoms?' or, 'This is a sweet thing in tea-cakes, Sir! Better let me put you up that quatern loaf. This is what we term the Bohemian bun, &c.' Of course not, and why should touting be tolerated in one case more than another. And if MESSRS. SMIRKER and FLAM keep a shop, why the deuce can't they call it a shop instead of a mart or an emporium! Am I to be dazzled by these high-sounding titles or their gaudy shop front? Do they think to impose upon me with their gilded cornices? Do they suppose I cannot see through their plate glass. Oh, MESSRS. LUCY, LAURA, LOUISA, BEATRICE, BESSIE, and BLANCH, who read these words in these truly 'hard times,' have a care how you 'shop' and beware of wondrous bargains. Every good bonnet, muff, or shawl that you buy is worth its fair price, neither more nor less, and if you find MESSRS. SMIRKER and FLAM underselling their neighbours, depend on it something is wrong somewhere, either the goods are inferior or some poor needlewoman is underpaid. Don't believe in 'Bankrupt Sales' and 'Tremendous Sacrifices.' When you see 'Must be Sold this day,' remember that the words may apply to you more than to what you see ticketed. As for the sacrifice, you yourself may be the innocent lamb ready for immolation. Sacrifice, indeed! if MR. SMIRKER were really making a sacrifice, do you suppose he would go to the expense of red and yellow printed posters to tell you so? My dear girls, bargains are bosh, and 'Alarming sacrifices' a delusion and a snare. If you want good things, go to a good shop, and pay a fair price for it.

"Such, my dear Punch, is my advice to the opposite or crinolined sex who may be just now making their numerous New Year's purchases. As for myself, I am not likely to make any, but if MESSRS. SMIRKER and FLAM should ask me 'What will be the next article?' I shall refer them to your number for this week. In which, I also wish you the compliments of the season, and remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"JACK BASEL."

Revival of the Order of Flagellants.

THE Yankees say, "the Britishers whip the rest of the world, and we whip the Britishers." Now they seem to calculate they're gwine to whip themselves."

EDWIN JAMES'S CLERK.

"MR. JAMES said that LORD JOHN RUSSELL's Reform Bill had got a clerk who could draw it in ten minutes."—*Report of Speech at Marylebone.*

O ENGLAND dear, when peril's near
Thy Constitution's sacred ark,
There's one who knows her course to steer,
And that is EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

In other days what EDWIN says
Is scarcely worth so much remark,
But now we'll raise the song of praise
To JAMES, and eke to JAMES'S Clerk.

O Little JOHN, come, down upon
Thy little knees, and RUSSELL, hark!
A better Bill than thine, LORD JOHN,
Shall come from EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

Ho! beat the drums, the patriot comes
Like JOSEPH HUME or JOAN OF ARC,
To save JOHN BULL no end of sums
Of tin, does EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

Ho! raise the song and ask how long,
Enshrined in Temple Chambers dark,
Has lurked the sage so wise and strong,
Disguised as EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk?

Why did he shirk so long his work
(Or as our Scottish friends say, wark,)
Nor shone our CHATHAM, PITT, or BURKE,
But stuck as EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk?

Whence came the buck, from Rum, or Muck,
From Guernsey, Alderney, or Sark,
Or what proud island else has luck
To claim great EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk?

And can he write what's fair to sight,
Or can he only make his mark,
And what's the height, and appetite,
Of MR. EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk?

And does he keep good hours for sleep,
And rise at morning with the lark?
Oh! could we but obtain a peep
At MR. EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

Let's know the way he likes to stray,
The Regent's or Saint James's Park,
We thirst to learn the smallest trait
In MR. EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

Hath he for pegs two handsome legs,
Or was one bit off by a shark?
We will, as sure as eggs is eggs,
Know more of EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

Say, if for pets, small dogs he gets,
Or cats, because they never bark?
Let's have some information, let's,
Concerning EDWIN JAMES'S Clerk.

One question more, and then give o'er,
Ere wonder sends us staring stark:
What must the mighty Being be,
Who's Master to that Awful Clerk?

Chaos.

A WOMAN putting your room to rights—just after you have been arranging everything to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with such methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call Chaos! Men are not more awkward in handling women's babies than women are in fingering men's papers. The mischief, and damage, and endless annoyance of spirit, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day, that are engendered by the latter practice, surpasses all belief.—*A Confirmed Old Bachelor.*

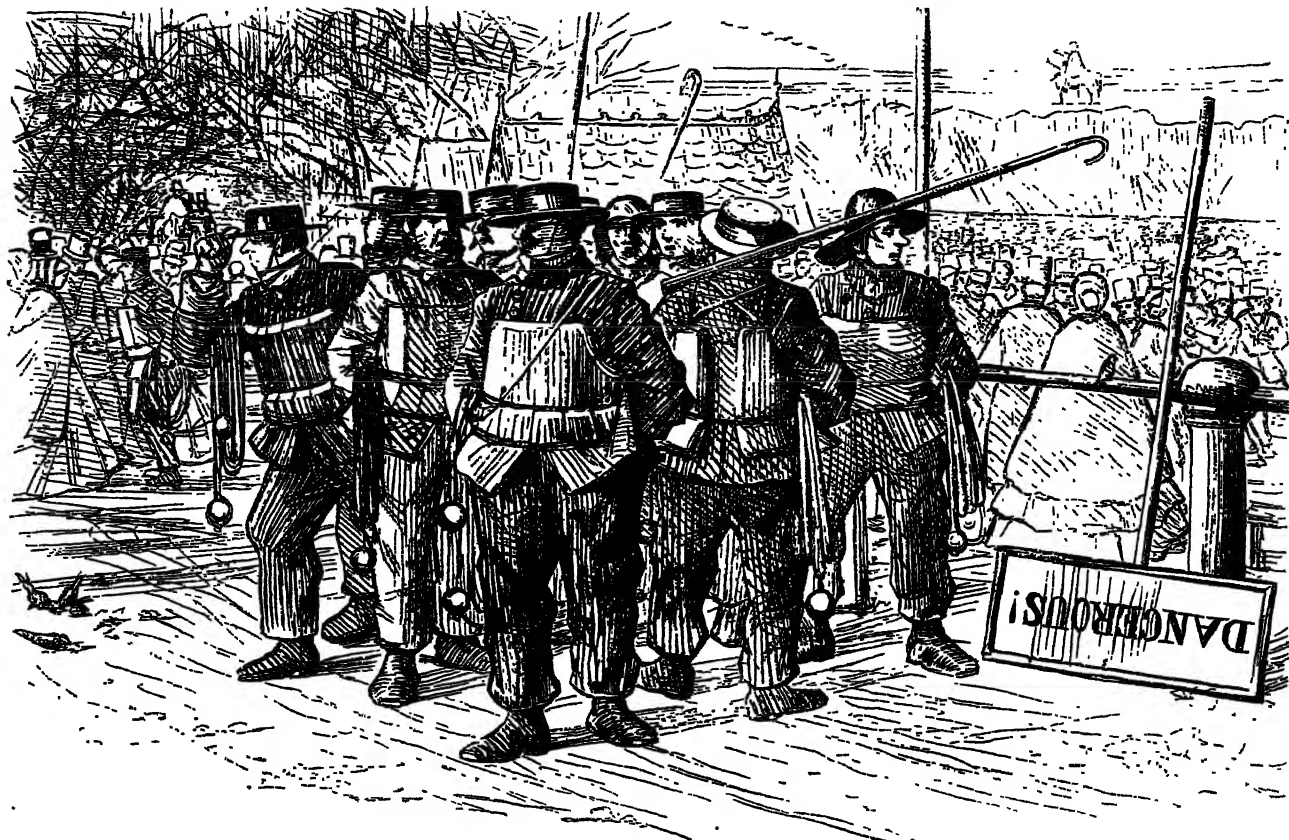


PARTY WITH THE SKATES (who knows he has paid the right fare to a penny). "Why, what do you make out your fare is, then?"

CABBY. "What do I make out my fare is? Well, I shouldn't 'a' volunteered the observation without you'd a arst me, but if you want to know my opinion, I sh. 'll say he was a mean 'Umbug—there!"

GENTLEMEN WHO HAVE AN INTEREST IN KEEPING THEIR HEADS COOL.

THE gentlemen who have the *entrée* of the Stock Exchange have at last got permission from the Gresham Committee to have a glass covering erected over the inner court. This precaution exactly confirms the opinion we have always entertained of Stock-brokers: viz, that with all their habits of speculation, they have always sufficient sense to provide against a rainy day. In this instance, their object covertly is to shelter themselves against too sudden a fall. Some of the ducks are so lame, apparently, that they are actually afraid of the water! Besides, the rain might tell tales; it might unfortunately, by falling on a pair of very hardened shoulders, let drop the secret as to who was solvent, and who was not. For ourselves, we never knew till now that a City man was so easily melted. However, considering the handsome way in which these speculative gentlemen recently subscribed towards the poor, we should be the last to begrudge them a covering over their heads in their old age. Stock-jobbers and brokers, you may take your cucumber-frame, only frame your transactions accordingly; for mind, if you go in for a fall, it may inadvertently lead to a rise. You must all and each of you keep as cool as a cucumber.



EFFECTS OF THE THAW—"POOR FROZE OUT ICEMEN."

Chorus. "We've got no Work to do-oo-oooo!"

MIRACULOUS HAIR-CUTTING.

THE beard movement is making some progress in the Church, but we doubt whether the hirsute cultivation of our clergymen is attended with such ease and certainty of growth as appears to be attained in the Church of the Carmine, whereof we have these details from a Naples correspondent of the *Morning Post*:-

"This morning I have witnessed a very singular religious ceremony. I was struck by the passing along the street of a huge old rumbling gilt coach, resembling that which Louis THE THIRTEENTH had made for himself. On inquiry I learned that it was for conveying the Gonfaloniere of Naples, with his secretaries, his substitutes, his councillors, in fact, his whole official train, to the Church of the Carmine, there to assist at the solemn rite of cutting the hair of a celebrated crucifix in that temple. I trust your readers will not smile with incredulity at the mention of this fact, which recurs annually on the 28th of December in the church aforesaid. The church contains a large crucifix, with the head inclined over the right shoulder, and the face almost covered by clustering locks of hair. The friars of the church and the superstitious people affirm that this hair grows every year. Woe to the man who in the neighbourhood of the Carmine should venture to express the slightest doubt respecting the annual growth of this miraculous scratch-wig. He would be torn limb from limb by the fanatical and infuriated mob. The officers of the municipality give their public sanction to this mummery by repairing in all state to the church, attending during the proceedings, and attaching their signatures to the minutes of the rite thus annually performed on the 28th of December. At the moment when the hair is cut by one of the friars a signal is given outside the church, and thousands upon thousands of crackers proclaim by their explosion this miracle and triumph of the faith."

Such a "cracker" as the hair annually sprouting from a figure on a crucifix is fitly published by the firing of a lot of children's crackers, whose every bang proclaims the childish nature of the brouce. How the great Gonfaloniere contrives to keep his countenance, when he lends it to so barefaced and impudent a trick, is more than, with our present means of knowledge, we can guess. He must really be possessed of no common self-command to prevent himself from laughing at the miserable imposture; and were it not that he is backed up by his secretaries and councillors, we question very much if he could go through with the business. Although by a strong effort he might perhaps suppress all facial signs of his hilarity, we think that he must shake so with internal cackination that he must find it vastly difficult to put his signature, as stated, to the minutes of the rite; and if in

these same minutes he be required to make a note as to the number of the moments which it took to cut the hair, we fear the humour of the joke would completely get the better of him, and the explosion of the crackers would be drowned in the explosion of his laughter at the trick.

But may we not suggest that while the priesthood are about it, they might turn their so-called "miracle" to a more practical account, and reap a still more bounteous harvest from their crop? Why should they not stick a barber's pole outside the church, and publicly announce that the hair cut from their crucifix was grown entirely through the means of some miraculous manure, for which they were possessed of the original recipe? An advertisement like this would be certain to attract, for the promise of a head of hair to persons who are bald is a capillary attraction that few men could resist. We will wager were a priest or two to walk about in front of the Church of the Carmine, with placards stating that the hair-oil which yearly worked the miracle might be had within, a considerable revenue would be added to their coffers. When trade grew dull a picture might be added to the posters, representing the crucifix before the hair was cut from it, exhibiting of course a most prolific crop, which, a scroll might state beneath it, was of only one year's growth.

"DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT LOVE-LOCKS? IF SO, TRY OUR SAINTED HAIR-OIL," might be a taking head-line in the Naples newspapers; and the well-known brace of figures might be borrowed from our prints, and parodied to puff the produce of the priests: the one picture portraying a man with a bald head and a very rueful countenance, and the other representing him with a most splendid crop of hair, and holding up to notice a small bottle in his hand, while from his mouth the motto issued—"Ha! ha! Grown in a twelvemonth!"

Worse and Worse!

WHAT'S the difference between a Man with a sore throat and a Manila cheroot? Why, the one is a Man ill, and the other's a Man iller. [Don't frown, reader, please. The cold weather has really frozen up our flow of wit, and this is the first symptom of its having begun to thaw.]



WANTED A SPONSOR.

Lord P. "WHAT AGAIN, MRS. RUSSELL? REALLY——"

THE REALITY OF CLOUD-LAND.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"SOME time ago you made some observations on the deformed skulls lately found at Wroxeter, representing them as probably being the skulls of ogres, like CORMORAN, and BLUNDERBORE, and the other monsters exterminated by JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

"You will be grieved to hear that those remarks of yours have incurred the severe condemnation of a local genius, a MR. PEACOCK, who on account of them, has denounced you in a Guide Book to 'The Wonderful City of Uriconium,' as a 'flippant and ignorant writer,' who has made 'a gratuitous attack upon what is serious and scientific,' and that 'in language equally absurd and indelicate.' You may be alive after all his invective; but, if you read it, you will be very ill for some time. The effect, Mr. Punch, of the squall of PEACOCK will be a squeak for you.

"Never mind. You have a mind which is conscious of being always in the right. Allow me to call your attention to a fact which strongly corroborates the view propounded by you that nursery romance, so called, is real history. I allude to the coloured rain which fell at Sienna, on the 28th of December last, and whereon M. GIOVANNI CAMPANI has just published a letter, addressed to the celebrated PROFESSOR MATTEUCCI. An account of the phenomenon is given in the *Times*. On the day and at the place above-named, three distinct showers of red rain fell; the first of them lasting two hours. Again on the 31st of December, and once more on the 1st of January, it rained a species of red ink. You are, no doubt, aware that the same thing has often occurred before. The nature of the red stuff in the rain varies. At Blankenburg, in 1819, it is stated to have been chloride of cobalt. In this instance the water has been ascertained by PROFESSORS GABRIELLI and CAMPANI to contain no cobalt at all. It must, however, be a chemical solution of something, for it deposits no sediment, which it would do if the redness consisted of animalcules or fungi.

"Now, Sir, you know likewise that there are such things as meteoric stones, and also that frogs and fish are credibly related to have fallen out of the air. Whirlwinds and waterspouts have been supposed to

WE DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT.

It seems that the housekeepers at several of the Government offices have the privilege of selling beer to the clerks; and it is also said (for it does not come within our knowledge either to endorse or repudiate the scandal), that the clerks are not above availing themselves of the said privilege rather frequently during the course of the day. A disappointed old gentleman, who has been in the habit for the last six months of waiting on business at most of the Government offices, and by this time is rather tired of his fruitless occupation, says that this habit of periodical drinking may account for the conduct of most of the young clerks being so extremely *overbearing*. It only proves what savage things the absence of a little common civility and attention will sometimes expose gentlemen of education to be accused of, on the part of those whose vindictiveness is all the more deeply embittered by their ignorance, though we must say, that an ignorant person is somewhat apt to be a little vindictive after he has been kept waiting uselessly for half an hour. However, gentlemen clerks of the Government offices, we ask you whether this charge, which seems to take its bitterness from the beer that is said to be dispensed, be true or not? Not true, of course! We fully expected as much from gentlemen of your recognised abilities and notoriously high standing; and, to exonerate ourselves from any participation in the above wicked scandal can only say that we shall be most happy to give up the name and address of the elderly gentleman who has furnished us with the above information to any one, who, from the altitude of a Government stool, applies for the same.

One of the Service.

Who says that our Officers are not scholars? A real Swell, the other day, actually quoted the words *Dura ilia messorum*, and actually translated them, too—"I always have indigestion after dining at mess!"

THE FIRST RULE ON RECORD.—The Rule that Neptune (then sitting in *Banco*) gave to Britannia to rule the waves. The Rule has been made absolute ever since.

explain the showers of fish and frogs; but whirlwinds will not explain the fall of stones and red rain, any more than they would explain a rain of cats and dogs, which we believe to be possible—do we not?

"I need not point out to you—though I may to my readers—the strong corroboration that the descent of so many different things from the sky affords to the popular legend of *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*. I dare say it will turn out that the red matter in the rain which fell at Sienna is, I was going to say, the blood of a giant shed by some modern climber of an aerial bean-stalk which may still be growing in some part of the world. But no. The red particles of the giant's blood would have subsided. Allow me to advise CAMPANI and GABRIELLI to test the doubtful fluid for alcohol. It is, perhaps, some of the giant's genuine claret, which he may have spilt himself, or which has escaped from his bottle, the champion perhaps having knocked it over.

"This is a suggestion calculated to make a PEACOCK flutter, and ferociously cock up the plumes of his fantail. Let your friend PEACOCK rather put it in his pipe and smoke it.

"I am, dear Punch, a whole hog Spiritualist, and your constant reader,

"FIDES."

"P.S. Talk of Table Rapping! I believe we shall have tables and chairs, ay, and coalscuttles, and fire-irons, and all manner of domestic furniture, utensils, goods, and chattels, tumbling down upon us one of these days. I fully expect that there will ere long occur a rain of unknown coin, which must convince the most sceptical. When we do have a golden shower, I only hope it will fall in my way."

The Chinese Campaigner.

(To his Lodge Love.)

I GIVE thee all, I can no more,
Though poor the offering be;
My heart and *loot* is all the store
That I can give to thee.

TEETOTAL CHEMISTRY.—Great absorbents are small reflectors.

THE ASS AND HIS RIDER.



spectively and potentially a millionaire; that is, if he means to be comfortable in his corps. Notwithstanding the sumptuary memorandum which the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE has addressed to Colonels of Cavalry Regiments, expense and extravagance in those corps continue to be the order of the day. Young officers unable to keep pace in prodigality with their comrades are considered mean; and the regiment soon becomes, not indeed too hot, but too cold, which is just as bad, and, at any rate, too unpleasant to hold them.

Wanted, therefore, sons of opulent usurers and other wealthy City men to accept Cornetries in crack Cavalry Regiments. Wanted also Cavalry Regiments, which young men will enter principally with the view of serving their country, and not that of faring sumptuously, and dressing magnificently, and indulging in wasteful debauchery to its honour and glory.

It is a wonder how there can be any light dragoons; for a horse worth £150 odd must carry a load of wealth on his back. His rider should be a heavy pecuniary swell. Intrinsically he may be worth less than his horse. If his purse pride and expensive vanity are injuring the Army in one of its chief branches, he is worth less than nothing to anybody but himself. His proper position would be that of officer in a regiment of neither cavalry nor infantry—not of foot, but a modification of horse. Cavalry is named from *equus caballus*; but the *equus asinus* is the animal on which the dandy dragoon would be most suitably mounted. To coin a popularly intelligible word exactly corresponding to cavalry, would perhaps be difficult, but the troops in question, donkey-regiments, might be conveniently named the Mokery. Your dashing young spendthrifts would be just the right men in the right places, in which they would distinguish themselves, if the seat of every one of them were the haunch of a jackass.

THE VARIATION HUMBUG.

THERE is perhaps more Humbug talked, printed, and practised in reference to Music than to anything else in the world, except Politics. And of all the musical humbugs, extant it occurs to *Mr. Punch* that the Variation Humbug is the greatest. This party has not even the sense to invent a tune for himself, but takes somebody else's, and starting therefrom, as an acrobat leaps from a spring board, jumps himself into a musical reputation on the strength of the other party's ideas. *Mr. Punch* wonders what would be thought of a poet who should try to make himself renowned by this kind of thing—taking a well-known poem of a predecessor's and doing Variations on it after this fashion:—

BUGGINS'S VARIATIONS ON THE BUSY BEE.

How dith the Little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
That sparkles in a breezy bower,
And gives its sweetness to the shower,
Exhaling scent of gentle power,
That lasts on kerchief many an hour,

ANTED. a considerable number of spirited and wealthy young gentlemen as Cornets to serve in HER MAJESTY'S Cavalry Regiments. Each young gentleman must either be entitled to immense wealth, or else be the son of a father who will draw a cheque for any amount to pay for his outfit, find him in chargers at from £100 each, and defray his mess-bills and all the other expenses which the usages of his regiment may require him to contract.

Such is the form of handbill which, duly framed and glazed, it will soon become necessary to suspend in the lobbies and boxes of the operas and theatres, in the principal club-rooms, and all other fashionable places; and also about the City and in the Stock Exchange.

The fact is, that to enter a Cavalry Regiment a youth must be either actually or pro-

And is a lady's graceful dower,
Endeared alike to oot and tower,
Round which the little Busy Bee
Improves each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower,
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
From every opening flower.

How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her whacks,
And labours hard to store it well,
With the sweet food she makes,
With the sweet food she makes, makes,
With the sweet food she makes, makes,
When rising just as morning breaks,
The dew-drop from the leaf she shakes,
And oft the sleeping moth she wakes,
And diving through the flower she takes,
The honey with her fairy rakes,
And in her cell the same she cakes,
Or sports across the silver lakes,
Besides her children, for whose sakes,
How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

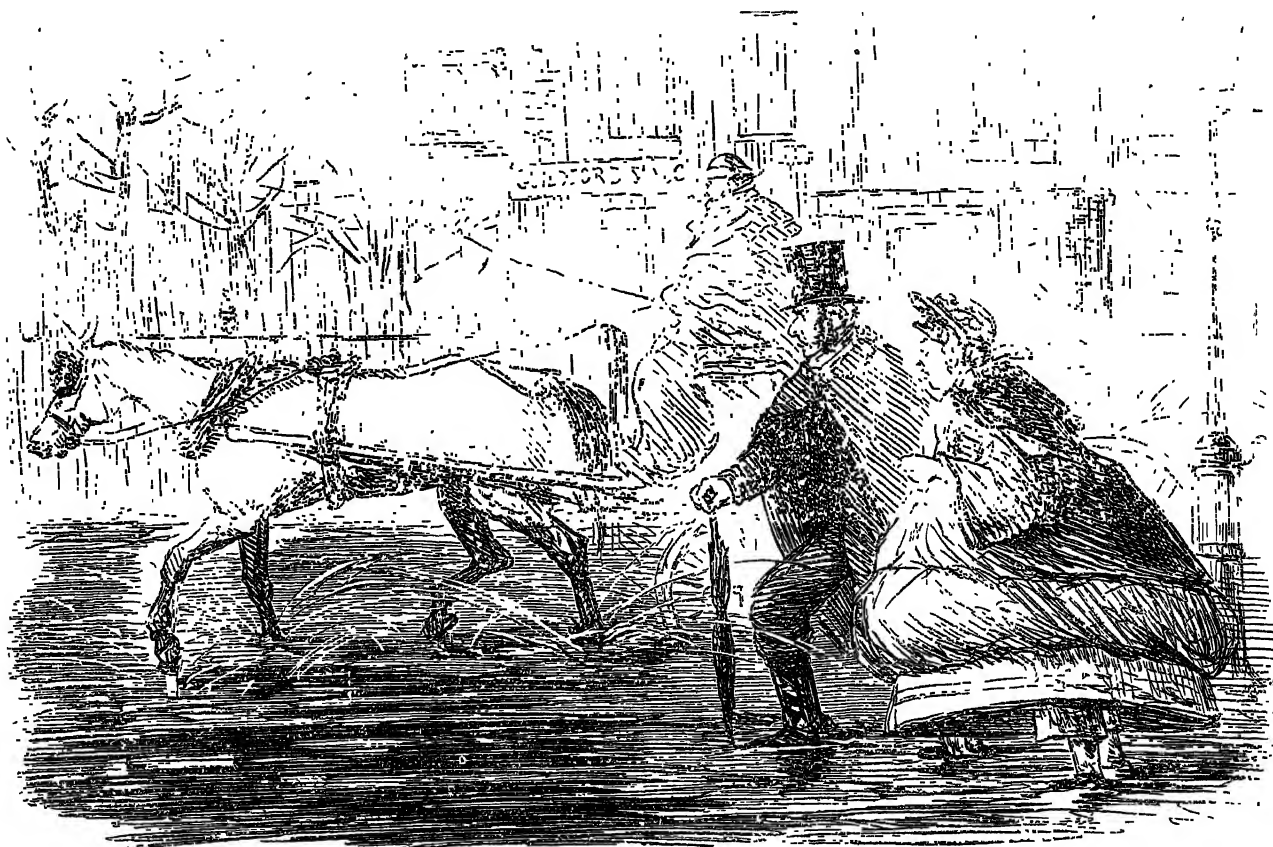
In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do,
For idle hands to do, do, do,
Things which thereafter they will rue,
When Justice fiercely doth pursue,
Or conscience raises Cry and Hue,
And evil-doers look quite blue,
When Peelers run with loud halloo,
And Magistrates put on the screw,
And then the wretch exclaims, Boo-hoo,
In works of labour or of skill
I wish I'd busied too,
For Satan's found much mischief still,
For my two hands to do.

There! Would a Poet get much reputation for these Variations, which are much better in their way than most of those built upon tunes. Would the poetical critics come out, as the musical critics do, with "Upon WATTS's marble foundation BUGGINS has raised a sparkling alabaster palace;" or, "The old-fashioned WATTS has been brought into new honour by the *luculent* BUGGINS;" or "We love the old tune, but we have room in our hearts for the fairy-like fountains of bird-song which BUGGINS has bid start from it." *Mr. Punch* has an idea that BUGGINS would have no such luck; the moral to be deduced from which fact is, that a Musical Frig is luckier than a Poetical Frig.

Wanted, a Garibaldi for Gottonopolis.

MANCHESTER Gaol for Debtors, is, (according to an elaborate and apparently trustworthy report which has just appeared) a worthy rival of the prison dens at Naples and elsewhere, recently thrown open. The unfortunate debtors are stated to be treated with a brutality—especially as regards the sick—which makes us quite proud of Manchester. The system of espionage, harassment, insult, and tyranny, as described by the complainants, is truly creditable to a city that is always clamorous about reforms. *Mr. Punch* has no evidence on the subject but the statements in the papers, but if one quarter of what is there charged be true, the sooner a Manchester Garibaldi appears the better for the unhappy debtors.

AN ODD BOOT.—Italy has often been compared to a Boot; but, what is still more odd, it is a Boot that is not without its Gaeta.



THE THAW AND THE STREETS!

TOMKINS, WHO HAS JUST PAID HIS RATE FOR PAVING, CLEANSING, &c., GOES FOR A WALK IN HIS IMMEDIATE NEIGHBOURHOOD. HE IS, OF COURSE, MUCH GRATIFIED AT THE WAY IN WHICH THE CLEANSING PART OF THE BUSINESS IS MANAGED.

THE EMPEROR ON THE ICE.—(WINTER-PIECE BY JENKINS.)

DEAR EMPEROR! He is so good,
So kind, so nice, so charming!—
How can our vulgar papers talk
Of his designs alarming!
Make him a bugbear, plotting plots,
Intriguing, dodging, arming?

The monarch of a potent realm,
The chief of mighty armies,
And yet so affable,—his smile
An unresisted charm is,
Scarce less than that sweet EUGÉNIE'S
Who hanging on his arm is!

He walks about his Capital
Without the least pretensions,
Like a good angel, guarded
But by his good intentions;
No day but some kind deed of his
Some loyal journal mentions.

When ragged *gamins* sigh for *sous*,
The EMPEROR'S near to tip them;
When ladies drop their *mouchoirs*, there
He stands, from earth to whip them,
And with consummate grace into
The owner's hand to slip them!

And last we read how, on the ice,
The Frost, by high jinks, fêting,
He and his great ones of the Court
Went simply out a-skating,—
The EMPRESS and her ladies fair
Propelled by Lords-in-Waiting.

And I, a happy JENKINS, there
By good hap chanced to wander,
And saw the sight—oh blessed chance,
On such a scene to ponder!
The water-fowl, methought, were bless'd—
A swan at least, each gander!

How from rich furs and velvet hoods
Peeped forth sweet high-born faces!
Each dainty nose, red-tipped with frost,
Thereby acquired new graces:
Those nobles and great officers
How god-like were their paces!

Not EUGÉNIE'S sweet self more pass'd
Her ladies, face and figure in,
Than did the EMPEROR exceed
His nobles, grace and vigour in.
Spread-eagles, eights, and N's with crowns
Incomparably figuring!

Then to *me*, JENKINS, gazing there
In rapt respectful silence,
(And not to fall upon my knees,
Doing myself a violence.)
There came some thoughts, the world ought
not
To let die, till a while hence.

Methought this ice is Europe's stage,
Deep waters 'neath it slumber.
Its surface stagg'ring potentates,
Who cut strange figures, cumber:
Only NAPOLEON moves at ease
Of all the tott'ring number.

He with devices intricate
The watching crowd doth puzzle:
Back, front, in, out, gyrating quick,
Their eager ken to chuzzle.
Till baffled curiosity
In sulks itself must muzzle.

Now shoves the sledge where Italy
But half awake doth shiver;
Now stops it short, as if he feared
'Twere tumbling in the river,
And his the task from risks unseen
That fair freight to deliver.

Now lends a hand to prop from falls
Unwieldy *Pio Nono*;
Now leaves that poor old gentleman
To cry "*Perduto sono!*"
While VICTOR his coat-pocket picks,
"*Italie pro bono*,"—
To BOMBALINO'S cry for help
Now shouts "*Oh, yes!*" now "*Oh, no!*"

Now takes, in seeming friendly tow,
Austria's bull-headed Kaiser,
(Who follows lovely Italy,
And with hot glances eyes her),
Now leaves him in a fix to grow,
At cost of wetting, wiser.

So on he drives, like VIRGIL'S bull,
"*Per leviam, per virgultum*,"
Till not a single potentate
In all that crowned *consulta*
Knows if to count him as a prop,
Or as a catapulta.



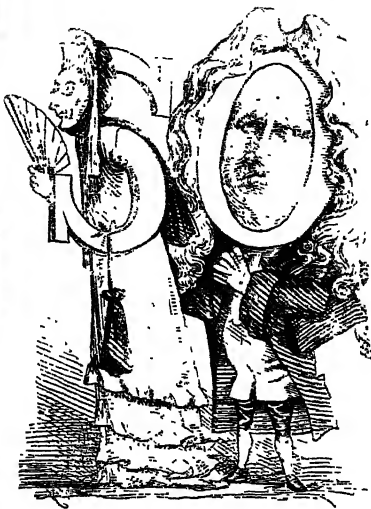
A SKATING LESSON—SLIPPERY WORK!

I thought—those strong and skilful skates
Are like a flying ferry
O'er crack and pool, yet drags are far,
Froze up each punt and wherry,
Darksome and deep the water's sleep,
And the ice dangerous—very.

What if this master-figurant,
Who nothing seems to stick at,
For whom no wheel too sudden is,
No labyrinth too intricate,
Broke in or slipped, where under-streams
The ice's edge run quick at?

What royal hands, of all around
That he first took, then dropped them,
Would rescue him, that in the hole
So oft has left or popped them?
Had not his skates been royal ones,
JENKINS had rushed and stopped them!

MARONITES AND MARTYRS.



By way of squaring accounts with the Druse tribes, the Maronite Bishops have united in demanding of the Turkish and French forces in Syria, the slaughter of four thousand Druses, to balance the massacres which those other barbarians committed last summer on the Maronites. It appears, however, that the Druses slew the Maronites in self-defence, or at least under bodily fear, into which they had been thrown by a pastoral of the RIGHT REVEREND SEPHRONIUS, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon, inviting his flock, on a day appointed, to rise upon the Druses, and, with a view to plundering their property, to slay them. To enforce this exhortation,

the Bishop chiefly insisted on the argument, that the Druses were a race neither warlike nor numerous, and therefore might be robbed and murdered with great facility.

SEPHRONIUS, and his brothers of the Druse episcopacy, rejoice in communion with the Roman See. The Holy Father was moaning the other day over the woes of his Maronite children, at the same time much more loudly bewailing his own. Those victims seem not to have been quite such meek martyrs as they were painted by his Holiness. The massacre of the Maronites, apparently, was quite a different thing from the massacre of the Innocents. BISHOP SEPHRONIUS and his mitred colleagues at any rate evidently understand Christian forgiveness to mean the return of injuries with usurious interest. If all that we are told of SEPHRONIUS is true, that worthy is simply a brigand. What does the POPE think of such a Prelate? That he would make a good Premier, perhaps,—if anything happened to ANTONELLI.

Otherwise, his Holiness might be disposed to think that SEPHRONIUS might do better than rule the Church of Tyre and Sidon. He might conceive that such an ornament of the Catholic hierarchy might be advantageously translated. In that case he would perhaps constitute SEPHRONIUS the Archbishop of Dahomey *in partibus*, and his brethren who demand the death of four thousand Druses his suffragan bishops. Whenever KING BADAHOUNG wanted to fill a blood-pond, he would, no doubt, find SEPHRONIUS and his Clergy only too happy to consecrate the work.

PARLIAMENTARY REHEARSALS.

(By our Theatrical Reporter.)

THE Rehearsals for the approaching Parliamentary Performance are now regularly proceeding, and we are happy to be able to say that the actors are very forward in their parts, indeed almost letter-perfect. We have been privileged to pay visits to the stage while these interesting preparations were going on, but it would be manifestly unfair to the Theatre to forestall the interest of startling novelties by any premature disclosure of the character of the performances. We would rather excite than satisfy the curiosity of the public by mentioning that MR. DIZZY has a very good part, of an entirely novel kind, in which he has some splendid declamation about the Church of his Fathers, and some fine samples of Raving for his antagonists. MR. RUSSELL is once more fitted with an historical character, with truly British appeals to *Magna Charta*, and other patriotic sentiments; but we are almost afraid that the day for this kind of thing has gone by. MR. PAMMY has a part in which his genial, light-hearted style will be well exemplified; and the way in which he will suddenly turn the tables upon an Italian adventurer, who is supposed to hold the key of the situation of the drama in question, will bring down, or we mistake, a burst of applause from all sides. MR. DERRY is, we are happy to

say, quite recovered from his illness, and is rehearsing an excellent sarcastic and declamatory part, in which his unmatched elocution will be very effective. MR. GLADSTONE, so far as we could make out, does not seem at ease with what he will have to do, and complains that there is "something wanting," and that he shall tax the endurance of the audience; but we make no doubt that when he warms to his work, he will acquit himself with his accustomed brilliancy. MR. BETHELL has a tremendous part, perhaps one of the longest that a performer ever had to study. It is in a piece called *The Bankrupt, or, the Aegean Stable*, partially rehearsed last session, and we are certain that this artist will build himself a permanent reputation from one Act. MR. ARGYLE will sustain his favourite part of the *Young Duke*, and report says that he has toned down a good deal of its flippancy. Of the ladies' characters we must speak with more reticence, but we shall, we believe, be again delighted with MRS. ROEBUCK in the *Shrew*, and those excellent old women, MRS. RODEN, MRS. PLAINJOHN CAMPBELL, and MRS. MONTAGLE, will, in the course of the season, sustain their respective parts of *Mrs. Cantwell*, *Mrs. Mumblebumble*, and *Mrs. Bore*. Before concluding this brief notice we must in all friendliness caution the management to throw more energy into their business. The waits between the acts are a great deal too long, the performances conclude at far too late an hour, and the refreshments are not very good and are dear. Public confidence is only to be got by desert. We also hope that steps will be taken to put an end to the scandalous practice of paying extra for seats—in fact, bribing those who have the power to put people in. No respectable theatre now permits this, and it is contrary to the habit of the age. We also protest against the slovenly appearance of the Bills, some of which are full of blunders, and others of holes, and this really must be attended to. Subject to these remarks, we wish the Westminster Theatre a successful season.

CHILDREN IN CRINOLINE.

It is an old saying, that the child is father of the man; and if this be so, we fancy it can hardly be less true that, when feminine, the child is mother of the woman. On this account we grieve to see the rage there is at present for dressing little girls in Crinoline on every state occasion, if indeed they are not so costumed in ordinary life. At a juvenile party where we lately danced attendance, we computed that the belle of the evening (aged four) was fully six times and a half as broad as she was long; and many of the other little ladies who were present were in their magnitude of petticoat almost equally as great. Now, if the love of a large flounce be implanted in a child, the chances are, we think, that it will grow with the child's growth, and will every year become increasingly developed. They who look therefore for Crinoline to be diminished and discarded, can scarcely see much hope for this in seeing children wear it. On the contrary, the chances are that when our little girls grow up, they will be found far more extensive in their dress than were their mothers; and if their descendants increase in the like fashion, there will really be no guessing how preposterous a petticoat will be displayed by our (with emphasis we may regard them as) great granddaughters.

Dinner and Tea Traits.

You never hear one woman invite another woman out to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts melted and softened over the tea-cup, and that men's souls flew open to each other with the table-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several knives and forks to dig into a man's secret nature, whereas the simple key of the tea-caddy will unlock a woman's breast at any time.—*The Hermit of the Haymarket.*

THE NAKED TRUTH.

He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the *chaussure* of another, mostly goes on a bootless errand.

NO OFFENCE TO BACON.—The Last *Nocturn Organon*. That in St. Paul's.

"YOU GIVE ME QUITE A TURN," as the Thief remarked when he was put upon the Treadmill.



THE MODERN GOVERNESS.

A YOUNG LADY'S IDEA OF THE USE OF CRINOLINE!

A HOOT FROM A NEW FOREST OWL.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"I am a new Forest Owl . . . an old bird—too old to learn new fashions, or to take comfortably to new quarters. I was happy in the venerable yew, which shadowed the graves over which I, and my fore-owls have meditated through many a still warm midsummer afternoon, and many a nipping winter's brief daylight, when shallow mankind deemed us sleeping. They little know what thoughts occupy us owls, at times when, to men's eyes, we seem to be blinking and dozing, and waiting for the dark." HARVEY'S *Meditations among the Tombs* used to be a favourite book when I was a fledgling. I suppose it is gone out of fashion long ago. I had thoughts of submitting my '*Meditations among the Tombs*' to HATCHARDS for publication, but I am quite out of heart about it now. I had hoped to end my days in the venerable family yew—to close my eyes on the old grey family church tower. But all such hopes have been suddenly knocked on the head. The sad fact is that, even in this remote nook of England, we have had our BRYAN KING on a small scale. A Puseyite young man, in a pygostole and high waistcoat, has come down upon us, with his apparatus of human new and intensely old notions on the subject of ritual and architecture. He has made a clean sweep of the yew, and the old church, round whose foundations its roots were twisted. I suppose I ought to be grateful that he has left the graves.

"It is not often that we owls wax poetical. We are not usually admitted to take rank among 'singing-birds.' But I hope you will consider that the feeling which stimulated JUVENAL, may be allowed to urge even an Owl into rhyme—

"Facit indignatio versum."

"Don't be surprised at my quoting from a classical poet. We Owls are well-educated birds—as far as the dead languages go. There are few of us—especially of the families connected with the Church, as mine has been for many generations—who don't know Latin. I therefore enclose you the first and last Rhymes of an Evicted Old Owl.

"The Goths have demolished my sacred old yew,
Have shattered the gravestone, and levelled the pew.

THE ONLY CURE.

A STRONG-MINDED Lady says that the only possible way of curing gentlemen of the filthy habit of smoking is for the ladies to enter into a solemn compact to adopt the same practice themselves. The gentlemen would then see how disgusting as well as senseless the custom was, and, out of their respect to decency, if not to reason, they would be compelled to abandon it. The lady in question (we are at liberty to state that she occupies a very high rank in the First Belgravian Blues) authorises us to state that she does not mind being the first herself to set the noble example. She is perfectly ready and willing to immolate herself on the ashes of a cigar, or even a pipe, for the benefit of her suffering sisters. Anything to shame the gentlemen out of their selfishness, and to ridicule them into a sense of the proper respect that ought to be paid to the Superior Sex. Other incense than that of tobacco-smoke, she maintains, is Lovely Woman's due!

FASHION FOR THE FIREPLACE.

WE have seen a sweet thing in muslin for morning dress. It is a light and beautiful fabric, admirably adapted for expansion on the most extensive Crinoline. But the pattern of it is that which is so very pretty. It is figured all over with flames and little grotesque figures, constituting, in fact, a charming imitation of the vestment in which the Spanish Inquisition used to adorn the victims about to be sacrificed at an *auto da fé*. Indeed, in the vocabulary of fashion, this elegant and ladylike garment has been christened the "Samarra." The idea of it has been suggested by the numerous cases wherein ladies have lately been burnt alive in consequence of their delightfully wide skirts catching fire.

A New Line of Railway Business.

WE have it on the best authority—incredible though it may appear—that there were only five Railway Accidents on Thursday last, and not more than four of them were fatal!

But their new-fangled church stranger changes environ,
For the preacher's of wood and the pulpit's of iron;
The benches and doctrines so fearfully narrow,
That frost-bitten Christians are numbed to the marrow;
No token of heaven appears, but its breezes,
And the sermon's coughed down, or half stifled by sneezes;
These censures perhaps may seem nauseous and silly, but
So are the freaks of the High Priests of Liliput."

CONSCIENCE-MONEY AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

OF course, nobody expects that persons who send Conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER are possessed of their right senses, and know how they ought to act: but we really think that measures should, if possible, be taken to prevent their using signatures which may mislead the public, as to who are the weak simpletons by whom the money has been sent. We rarely now take up the *Times* without finding in its columns some such paragraph as this, which was there inserted on Friday, the 25th ult. :—

"THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER acknowledges the receipt of bill-stamps to the amount of £4 1s 8d., on account of Income-Tax from F. C. B. W.; also of the first half of a bank-note for £100, on account of Income-Tax, from A. S."

"F. C. B. W." perhaps may be excused, for such a junction of initials can scarce be very common. But how many hundreds of "A. S."s there are extant here among us, it would puzzle the most calculating boy of us to guess. Imagination shrinks from fancying what numbers of innocent individuals have been tortured this last week through the use of these initials.

If a person have a wish to play the fool in this way, for the credit of his country let him be anonymous, and not throw out any clue whereby he may be recognised. "A Maniac," "A Would-be Bedlamite," or "One who should Wear a Strait-jacket," would be signatures well suited to the act they would endorse. But to use merely initials is surely wanton cruelty, and in justice to humanity the practice must be stopped.

A JUVENILE PARTY.—LORD PALMERSTON.



OUR GREAT-COAT COMMITTEE DIFFER OBSTINATELY ABOUT THE BEST FORM OF THAT GARMENT,
AND HERE'S FEBRUARY!

FROM OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"FROM the Dramatic Dan to Beersheba it is not all barren. Even at this present Christmas time, in spite of the terrible encroachments of the Transformation Scene, and the subordination of pleasant writing, humorous invention, and good acting, to tinsel, traps, mechanism, blue-fire, and ballet-girls, there are still theatres in which the former elements are allowed some chance. It is not my purpose to say anything, just now, of the Pantomimes—beyond a good word, *en passant*, for the genuine old Pantomimic humours that have been brought into play in *Robinson Crusoe* at the Princess's, for which I am truly grateful. I wish to tell you this week of the pleasure I have received from *Endymion* at the St. James's.

"After the gratification of seeing MR. ALFRED WIGAN die of poison through two acts—and if toxicology has any right to a place among the 'fine arts,' it must be when such an artist as MR. ALFRED WIGAN is made the subject of its operation—I was naturally in the mood to relish an hour of graceful pleasantry, such as MR. W. BROUGH has provided for me in his *Endymion*. Now that the Greek Heroes are dished up in nursery stories, *Diana* and her shepherd lover of *Latmos* have no right to be indignant at being pressed into the service of Christmas burlesque. But apart from the question of dignity, the Lady of the Crescent has really no good ground of complaint when she is presented in the graceful figure of MISS HERBERT—as the central personage of a group of attendant huntresses, quite worthy to play the part of gillies to such a mistress.

"I do not remember, after a longish experience of Christmas classicities,—from the good old days of the *Olympic Revels* downwards,—to have seen a classical subject more pleasantly treated than the loves of *Endymion* and *Diana*, the jealousy of *Pan*, the distresses of *Acteon*, and *Alpheus's* pursuit of *Arethusa* under difficulties, [are in this little piece at the St. James's. But, besides the general merits of the piece in the way of construction, dialogue, and acting, it exhibits one particular piece of courage which it is a special duty in your Correspondent, above all others, to point out. *Diana* has absolutely had the courage and good taste to abjure *Crinoline*! Yes; incredible as the assertion may appear, it is a positive fact. Everyone who wishes to renew his

recollection of what woman is like when reduced to her natural dimensions,—to study the movements of the human form divine instead of the undulations of a muslin bell, expanded over a steel cage,—ought to make a point of seeing *Diana* at the St. James's. I really don't know where else the sight is to be enjoyed at this moment.

"Such an apparition ought to be a death-blow to Crinoline. There have been few more poetical pictures exhibited on any stage than that in which the Goddess descends in her silver car to kiss the lips of the sleeping shepherd, and that which concludes the piece, with so commendable a substitution of a simple and beautiful group for those bewildering accumulations of carpentry, pyrotechnics, and *corps de ballet*, which are generally considered the indispensable finale of this sort of entertainment.

"In short, I have quite a pleasant recollection of this *Endymion*, for the unpretentiousness, gracefulness, and good taste which have been combined both in its planning and its production. And the sensation is so rare with me now-a-days at Christmas, that I have thought it worthy of this somewhat emphatic record from

"ONE WHO PAYS."

UN EMBARRAS DE SUGGÈS.

A CERTAIN Monarch (wasn't it PYRRHUS?) said "Another such a victory; and I am a lost coon." We suppose, supposing an inquest had been held on his remains, the verdict would have unanimously been, "DIED OF A TROPHY." (Any Subscriber objecting to this joke—may pay threepence extra to the Publisher at 85, Fleet Street.)

THE CHARITY SCHOOL OF THE FATHERS OF THE CHURCH.

How and where did the English monks first acquire their great knowledge of letters? From Reading Abbey (*reading A.B.C.*)!!!

WHAT PROJECT IS THE EMPEROR REVOLVING?—A pacific one, doubtless, or why should he be arming all his soldiers with Revolvers?

A GENERAL CONTRACTOR.—Cold.

THE SLANG OF THE SHOPS.

Or a truth the English language is in a terribly sad way. What with the fever for French phrases that rages with some writers, and the rash of Greek and Latin that keeps breaking out in others, there will soon be very little of pure healthy English left; and of that little a portion will speedily be swamped in the flood of German compounds which is annually swelling here. Then besides this German Ocean, the tide of Hindostanee is rising in this country, and threatening the "well of English undefiled." From this source it is said that the word "loot" is derived, and the cant term "that's the cheese," corrupted from the Hindostanee "cheez," which means the "thing." Add to this the coarse vulgarities that BROTHER JONATHAN has sent us, and the eruption of slang phrases wherewith we are infected, thanks mainly to the efforts of the authors of burlesques, and it will surely be acknowledged that the tongue of Mr. BULL is in a most unhealthy state.

Of all the evils that affect the health of his vocabulary, perhaps none are more injurious than the slang terms used in trade; for it is obvious that, as we are a nation of shopkeepers, words so used must soon be in everybody's mouth. Whatever phrase be coined for purposes of trade will speedily pass current in all commercial circles; and though it be as tasteless and uncouth as the bronze penny, few critics will care to raise their voice against it. Accustomed as we are to read of pig-iron being "quiet," and breadstuffs being "dull," of tallow being "firm at rather stiffer rates," or pork "moving off slowly at previous quotations," we are tempted by mere habit to incorporate these phrases among our purer English terms, and to use them in a while without a shudder at their vileness. Thus becomes our language more and more corrupted, and the work of purging it more loathsome and appalling. Even *Punch*, the modern Hercules, might shrink from the endeavour to cleanse the English tongue from the fouler than Augean filth which has been heaped on it.

As a sample of how slang is gradually supplanting the pure English of our Dictionaries, we submit to public notice a few extracts from a circular by a "Cove," as he would doubtless call himself, who shall be nameless, but who states that as a "Slap-up Tog and Out-and-Out Kicksies Builder," he is "well known throughout the world by working-men:"—

"MR. NAMELESS nabs the chance of putting his customers awake, that he has just made his escape from India not forgetting to cap his nameless some of the right sort of stuff, when on his return home he was stopped by the late Mr. MUMMERS of Manchester had out his lucky, and stepped off to the Swan Stream, leaving behind him a valuable stock of Mole-skins, Coats, Velvetens, Box Cloths, Flashes, the skins, Pilot's, and having been ready in his hole-cribbed boots, and stepped in with a pair of stout Broad Cords, built very low. He can turn out Toggery very slap-up, and is well known for Ready Gilt-Tick being No Go."

What sort of "working-men" are they to whom such slang as this is commonly intelligible, we think that any ragged schoolboy would be found able to guess. Men who work with "jemmies," and such slang-christened implements, one might expect to talk of "mawleys," and "stepping homeward with the swag;" but that an English tradesman should apparently court custom from housebreakers and thieves by putting forth a circular in their peculiar phraseology, we own we should not have considered it in reason to suppose.

Here, however, is another sample of shop-slang, which tends strongly to confirm the guess for whom it is intended:—

"Upper Benjamins, built on a downy plan, a monarch to half-a-finnuff. Fishing or Shooting Togs, cut slap, 1 pound, 1 quarter and a peg. A Fancy Sleeve Blue Plush or Pilot ditto, made very saucy, a couter. Pair of Bath or Worsted Cords, cut to drop down on the trotters, a quid. Pair of out and out Cords, built very serious, 9 bob and a kick. Pair of stout Broad Cords, built in the Mc'ton Mowbray style, half a sov. Pair of Mole-skins, built with a double fakement down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, half a monarch. Mud pipes, knee caps, and trotter cases built very low.

N.B.—Gentlemen finding their own Broadly can be accommodated.

The "Artful Dodger" and his pals may find this comprehensible; but readers who have had a merely common education would be puzzled to translate it into ordinary English. Far be it from us to hint that MR. NAMELESS chiefly deals with pickpockets and housebreakers, and therefore suits his language to the customers he seeks; but really such a thought would fairly be excusable, for on no other grounds can we explain the fact of his writing in Thieves' Latin while his business is in London, and might surely be transacted in the language of the land.

"O, &c., my Uncle!"

THE Irish have blundered to the last about Italy. They begged to give LAMORICIÈRE a Sword of Honour. He writes to them, saying, truthfully enough, that he has won no honour in Italy, and therefore the Sword would be a Bull. But though the weapon is not to go to Rome, funds must be raised to pay the maker, and the Sword is very likely to be sent into Lombardy, which is near enough for Irish topography.

THE SYMPATHETIC SLAVE-OWNERS.

(As Sung by the Pope in Secret Consistory.)

O VENERABLE Brothers, we should sympathise with others,
We have fellows in misfortune o'er the broad Atlantic waves,
Though they're not in our communion, for the South States of the Union
Are suffering impairment of their property in slaves.
Rights of Nature not a word of! An atrocity unheard of
Is all subjects' self-assertion against constituted powers,
No matter what the case is, and whatever are the races,
And whether those enslaved are the Americans' or ours.

The offence is most prodigious, to be sure, when irreligious,
Like the horrible rebellion which assails this Holy See,
Adding sacrilege to treason, as is manifest to reason,
Well aware that Lord Lieutenant of all Christendom are We.
The detestable opinion that our temporal dominion
Stands not on right divine, we altogether do condemn.
It was settled on St. Peter and on Us that in his seat are,
Which if any shall gainsay, a curse on him or her or them.

With heresy infected are the States that hold subjected
Four million human beings, it is lamentably true,
But they keep them in subjection by such laudable correction,
That we hope they may exchange their false persuasion for the true.
Oh the salutary rigours which they practise on their niggers,
Whom by wholesome flagellation to their work the planters drive.
And with zealous fury storming, mobs, an act of faith performing,
Often give their slaves a warming, roasting wicked ones alive.

We pronounce our condemnation on the monstrous innovation
Of wretches whose audacity to such a pitch has grown,
That, the Rulers' right denying—without fear of endless frying—
They maintain the souls and bodies of our slaves are not our own.
Oh, nefarious proposition! May their doom be swift perdition!
May they suffer every kind of ail, calamity, and ill:
Whilst they wait their final sentence, in default of their repentance,
Who hold We may not wollop Our own niggers when we will!

BULL'S-EYE BRACELETS.

As any novelty in finery is pretty certain to attract the eyes of the fair sex, who even at church can hardly keep their looks off a new bonnet, we take it quite for granted that every lady who reads this is aware that a new bracelet has been lately introduced, which combines cheapness with elegance in a remarkable degree. It consists simply of rifle-caps, discharged and then electro-gilt; and is in reality a vastly pretty ornament, with the additional advantage of being very cheap. So being, it deserves to be held in high esteem, perhaps higher than its value may intrinsically justify. To add therefore to its worth, we would suggest that every cap whereof each bracelet is composed should be a cap whereby a bullet has been fired into the bull's-eye, the value of course varying according to the range at which the shot has been discharged. Thus ladies might do much to assist the rifle movement, more even than by giving balls and bugles to those moving in it, were they to stimulate the taste for practice at the butts by requiring bull's-eye bracelets of their husbands or their lovers, or whomever else they chanced to hold in their control. Were ANGELINA to tell EDWIN that he must not dare to hope for the honour of her hand, until he clasped her arm with a bracelet made of caps whose shots had struck the bull's-eye, a powerful incentive would be given to his shooting, and his skill in marksmanship would certainly improve. The requirement might vary according to caprice, and a lady of unusually cruel disposition or who was unnaturally careless about marriage, might insist upon the bull's-eyes being scored at no less distance than a thousand yards, or an even greater range might in some instances be named. Of course precautions would be taken to have the caps all certified as being bull's-eye caps, and a stamp should be affixed by the captain of the corps, as a warranty that there was no deception in the matter, and that EDWIN was as good a marksman as they showed. This indeed seems needful, not merely because men have been "deceivers ever;" and, as they hold all fair in love, there is no saying of what foul tricks they might possibly be capable; but also because, judging from our own private experience, or experience as a private, there are many marksmen among our Volunteers who practise with the long bow quite as often as with the rifle, and are somewhat apt to go to most extraordinary lengths when describing the long ranges at which they tell you they have shot.

FOR TEA-PARTIES.

WHICH History of England is the greatest favourite with Procrastinators, ladies? LORD MACAULAY's, because it begins "I purpose."



A CONTENTED MIND.

VENERABLE OLD PAUPER. "Work 'ard, and Save up your Money for a Rainy Day? Why, if I hadn't been a Careful, Industrious Young Man I should a been in the Workus long before now!"

AT BREAKFAST.

Q. WHAT is the Schleswig-Holstein question, Papa?

A. Well, my dear boy, I am pleased to see that you have an inquiring mind, and take notice of what is said in your presence, and I will endeavour to make you understand. Schleswig-Holstein is in Denmark,—that is, it is not exactly in Denmark, at least Schleswig may be called so, but not Holstein,—no, it is Holstein that may be considered Danish, or, if you like a long word better, Scandinavian. Let me see, what did I say,—O yes, Holstein is the German division of the territory, and Schleswig is an ancient fief (you know what a fief is) of the Crown, and was ceded in 1816; that is to say, Holstein was ceded, not Schleswig, Holstein having been an ancient fief of Germany, and therefore you see Prussia takes an interest in the question, as part of the German Confederation; but LORD JOHN RUSSELL is only in the matter as a mutual friend, and he thinks that the proposals of Prussia—no, I mean Denmark, yes, of course Denmark, that concessions shall be made to Holstein—no, Holstein does not want concessions, but a veto (that is Latin for, I forbid) upon taxation and other things, and Schleswig to be allowed to speak German—well, LORD JOHN thinks this fair, but the Prussian minister does not think that Prussia—at least Denmark, has any right to impose conditions of this sort, because there was a promise of a Constitution to Schleswig or Holstein, I forget which, but the principle is the same, and there are some other points mixed up with it which you might not be able to understand so easily as the simple outline of the case which I have given you. Pass my cup to your Mamma.

The Wrong Man for the Work.

A WORK is announced by DR. TICK, called, "*Memory, and How to Aid it.*" The name is a bad one for a lecturer on Mnemonics—for, so far as we have seen, those who have had most to do with TICK are decidedly the people of shortest memory.

THE AMERICAN MARKET.

(The Last Yarn of the Atlantic Telegraph.)

COWHIDES were a little heavy, but in good steady demand. Holders very firm. The exchange by no means so striking as it has been known to be, and receivers to a large extent were complaining. Backers very scarce, and extremely cautious. Down South, however, cowhides were falling in all directions.

BOWIE-KNIVES were not to be had for love or money. The last one was swopped to a Negro-merchant from South Carolina, for a meerschaum pipe, a corkscrew, a silver quid-case, half a pig, a pair of braces, an ounce of gold-dust, a box of paper collars, two dozen of Eye-Openers, and fifty-two Pennsylvanian Shin-plasters.

KNUCKLE-DUSTERS remain on hand very firmly, though a large order for the Senate at Washington has given them a somewhat forward tendency that may have the favourable effect of making them hit the fancy of the American public a little more kindly than they have hitherto done. The Rowdies and Negro-owners seem to fight rather shy of these knuckle-dusters, though it was expected at first that they would inevitably carry everything before them. Their effect is undoubted, as all unbiassed persons are unanimous in testifying who have had an opportunity of feeling the weight of them.

REVOLVERS go off very briskly. All the reports are loud in favour of COLT'S. Every one of the Southern Members has had a handsome brace of revolvers presented to him by his constituents. On a silver plate there is this touching inscription:—"To be discharged on the smallest suspicion." The number of barrels vary from the days of the week up to nearly the days of the month. The object, as with GUY FAUX in the cellars under Parliament, seems to be to cram in as many barrels as possible. We saw a beautiful specimen in Wall Street, the other day, that contained not less than twenty-four separate chambers. It was a perfect gem in the tubular way, and the mere look of the thing gave one quite a strong inclination for a row, just to try the effect of it. With its potent aid, a child might easily kill his man a second. It is quite impossible to say where Civilisation will stop!

"A LEGAL TENDER."—A decided contradiction of terms; for we must say, that within our experience we never yet knew anything "legal" that ever was "tender."

ROMILLY AND THE BIGOTS.

EXETER Hall hath prevailed, it seems, and hath compelled MR. TURNBULL of the Record Office (we mean the National Record Office, not that of the offensive newspaper) to resign. He is driven out because he is a Catholic, and the Exeter Hall Protestants entertain some extraordinary conviction that he might do something dreadful with the records of the realm. What this could be MR. PUNCH is still as much at a loss to comprehend as he was when the agitation against MR. TURNBULL first excited MR. PUNCH'S ridicule. But when old women are once terrified, no argument will persuade them that a stick is not a gun, or that a gun cannot load and fire itself. The Exeter Hall old women have gone on howling until it was impossible for MR. TURNBULL to retain his place. He goes, but not for a dozen such victories would MR. PUNCH have been one of "the body of so-called Christians," whom SIR JOHN ROMILLY, Master of the Rolls, indignantly rebukes for this act of "persecution." To be branded by a ROMILLY is not a fate to be desired by any good man, and MR. TURNBULL is amply avenged. The sooner the lying pretence of "brotherly love" is taken down from the front of Exeter Hall the better. *Dele PHILADELPHION, and lege FULL-OF-DULL-FOLLY.*

Court Circular.

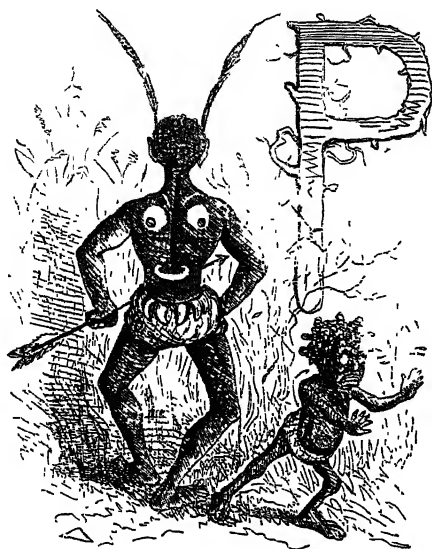
THE Dramatic Authors, whose works have contributed so much to the success of the Windsor Performances during the last three years, were entertained by PRINCE ALBERT in St. George's Hall on Thursday, and treated to "cold shoulder."

A THOUGHT FOR TEARS!

INNOCENCE is like an umbrella—when once we have lost it, we must never hope to see it back again!

THE NEW STAPLE OF THE SOUTHERN STATES.—Gun Cotton.

THE GHOST OF A GUY.



ERUSING the penultimate number of the *Spiritual Magazine*, we found a remarkable ghost-story. It is related by a correspondent naming herself SARAH WELTON, at second hand, from the memoranda of "a friend J. D., who has been for several years a writing medium." Under such circumstances of course we are expected to believe it.

MR. J. D. told his friend SARAH WELTON that the best time for his hand being used as a medium is in the morning on waking. Spirits do not eat chestnuts, or one would have imagined that their best time for

using his hand was in the evening after dinner, when he happened to have some roasting in the grate. On May 15, 1859, as J. D. was lying awake, after the spirits had written several sentences of "what appeared incoherency," and probably was not very intelligible, through his hand, presently he felt a new sensation in his arm, and held out his hand to be used again; whereupon came the following communication,

"What was written was by several spirits."

"Do not mix your spirits, if you can help it," was the moral apparently meant to be conveyed. "Otherwise the result will be incoherency." So it would seem. J. D. proceeds—

"At the same moment there appeared to me a figure, small, as if in perspective, of a man of above middle age, in ordinary garb, but dusty and faded; his hat looked out of shape and as if unbrushed for years, his boots rusty brown, down at heel and turned up at the toes; one hand was carelessly stuck in his pocket, and with the other he held a bulky umbrella, the ribs of which were kept together by a ring, after the fashion of forty years ago. I saw this figure with such minuteness, that I observed his front teeth to be wanting as he spoke the above words—which were not, however audible, but expressed telegraphically through my right forefinger on to my left hand. In this way I received answers, from this apparent person, to questions."

The italics are our own; meant only to indicate the points of the narrative likely to interest the public. It is not often that you get a comic ghost-story. A spirit certainly must be an odd immortal to appear in a shocking bad hat, a Gamp umbrella, and seedy boots. "Who's your hatter?" is the question which one would be naturally disposed to put to such a spirit. The only motive for the appearance of this spiritual ragamuffin seems to have been the desire to show himself—a strange one considering the figure he cut. Telegraphically, through J. D.'s right forefinger on to his left hand, whatever that means, this slovenly ghost returned the subjoined answers to that gentleman's inquiries. The manifestations are those of cool indifference. J. D. said—

"Well, have you anything to say?"—"Nothing particularly," was the answer expressed and communicated, as just mentioned.

"What brings you, then?"—"We come about you mediums so as to get to know what is going on in the old world."

"Did you know me?"—"No."

"I don't remember you; were you a Londoner?"—"No; I belonged to one of the Northern Counties."

"When did you leave here?"—"About 1830."

"Well, but what do you want with that umbrella?"—"Oh, I used always to carry it: it was a habit."

"But don't you cast aside a useless habit like that; it must be troublesome now?"—"No; it seems natural. The things we wear according to our taste are as much parts of ourselves as our bodies; old tastes and habits leave us as we get new thoughts. At present I feel comfortable in my old."

It thus appears that this ghost was clothed by his own thoughts. There is many a sloven in this world who would be a dandy if he had as cheap a tailor. But this ghost was peculiarly heedless of personal appearance. He might no doubt have been his own dentist as easily as his own tailor, and yet he chose to appear without his front teeth. They might not have been useful to a ghost, but they would have been ornamental. The dialogue thus concludes:—

"How do you occupy yourself?"—"I go about looking at things, and making observations."

"What, alone?"—"I don't care for company."

"I have been told that spirits have guides who look after them, and seek to elevate them?"—"Yes, and they come and talk to me sometimes; but they say things that I don't agree with."

"To the next question I put, I received no answer: the figure disappeared, and the writing ceased."

The things which the guardian spirits said to this unsocial ghost, and which he did not agree with, were probably observations on the subject of personal appearance. Everyone, however, to his taste. If ghosts appear at all, they probably would appear in some attire. This one carried a Gamp umbrella. It was his habit. Well, certainly, this reminds us of

"My father in his habit as he lived."

Why shouldn't a ghost carry an umbrella as well as a truncheon; why not wear shabby clothes as well as complete mail, if the shabby clothes were his favourite habit? These questions are certainly unanswerable; but, before attempting to answer them, most people would like to be perfectly sure that J. D., when he heard through his left hand, did not see behind his closed eyelids, if not with his eye and his elbow over the left.

GREATNESS SINGING SMALL.

It is not often that we find so delicious an example of the "pride that apes humility," as was the other day afforded by the Mayor and Corporation of the town of Cambridge, before the ceremony of matriculation of the PRINCE OF WALES. The Vice-Chancellor, attended, we are told, "by the Esquire Bedells" (Beadledom should know that there are beadies who are Squires), and "accompanied by the heads of Colleges and Proctors," (whose bodies, we may hope, were also in attendance) having first had the honour of introduction to the PRINCE, the *Times* informs us that the Mayor, with the Town Clerk at his heels, and followed by a part of the borough Corporation, was admitted to the presence, and presented an Address, whereof to serve by way of model, we copy the first paragraph:—

"TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS ALBERT PRINCE OF WALES.

"May it please your Royal Highness,—We, HER MAJESTY'S loyal and faithful subjects, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the borough of Cambridge, humbly crave leave to be permitted to offer to your Royal Highness our congratulation upon your admission as a member of the University of Cambridge."

The notion of a Mayor "humbly craving leave to be permitted" to congratulate, presents a more astounding picture of humility than we should have thought it possible for fiction to invent. It will be noticed that the Mayor does not venture to crave leave directly to congratulate. All he dares aspire to is "humbly to crave leave for permission" so to do; the roundabout phrase symbolising, as it seems to us, that he wished to make an extra deep obeisance to the PRINCE, and if need be was prepared to bob his head down to the dust. Yet with all this aped humility we doubt not had the Mayor been let to make a speech he would have called that present moment the proudest of his life, and we wager that before he stepped into the presence he stalked along the streets with somewhat in addition to his ordinary strut. Who with the magnificent Mayoral robes around him, and entrusted with the mission of presenting an address in person to a Prince, could feel otherwise than proud of the position which he occupied, having the knowledge of how much he would be talked of in the town, and envied by at any rate all the ladies in it? And why could not the Mayor have said as much in his Address, and adopted the "large utterance of the early Mayors," instead of cringing before royalty and humbly craving leave for permission to congratulate? There was nothing mean or sneaking in what he craved to do. A man is hardly less a man for being made a Mayor; and surely might still speak in a proper manly manner. Presenting an address is a respectful act, and as honourable and lawful as it is respectful. Why then should not our Mayors (whose language is in general akin to that of Cambridge) adopt a different form of phrase for saying how-de-do to royalty, than that which has by custom, but not by sense, been sanctioned? "May it please your Royal Highness, we are proud to see you," or "We congratulate ourselves on being able to congratulate you," would be phrases far more fitting, because far nearer to the truth, than any fawning flunkeyism or absurd circumlocution like "humbly craving leave for permission to congratulate."

A Beggarly Empire.

If Austria ever studied finance in any particular school, we should say it must have been the Ragged School; for not only is she pauperised, and beggared almost to her last kreutzer, but her very bank-notes are, what a cook would call, "done to rags."

ITALIAN WITHOUT A MASTER.

Inquiring Youth. Is Gaëta a prison or a fortress?
Satirical Youth. Not knowing, can't tell; but considering it has been the residence so long of FRANCIS, we should say that Gaëta was the "choice Italian" for Newgate.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ON Monday last, being the day before that appointed for the Meeting of Parliament, *Mr. Punch*, who had just returned from an interview with his Royal Mistress, was informed by one of his trembling footmen that a Deputation humbly solicited the honour of admission to his Presence.

"A Deputation of what?" demanded *Mr. Punch*, in his usual mild and affable manner.

"There are Ministers, and Members of Parliament, and all that sort," responded the vassal, apologetically.

"I am not fond of receiving the lower orders in my sanctum, as you know," returned his master. "They make it smell of wood-violets, and millefleurs, and Bouquet de Bunkum, and destroy the perfume of my cigars. However, let them in."

Introduced by the PREMIER, there entered respectfully, and indeed almost awe-stricken, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, MR. GLADSTONE, SIR G. C. LEWIS, the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, LORD DERBY, MR. DISRAELI, SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, LORD HERBERT OF LEA, SIR CHARLES WOOD, MR. ROEBUCK, MR. BRIGHT, MR. MILNER GIBSON, LORD CAMPBELL, THE O'HAGAN, the DUKE OF ARGYLL, MR. HENLEY, MR. WALPOLE, MR. COWPER, LORD CARLISLE, COLONEL NORTH, MR. EDWIN JAMES, BARON ROTHSCHILD, SIR BULWER LYTTON, MR. EWART, MR. GILPIN, ever so many Bishops, and about fifty more of the celebrities or notorieties of the two Houses.

"Now then, what's up?" demanded *Mr. Punch*. "Don't all speak at once," added the right honourable gentleman, lighting a weed.

"The fact is, *Mr. Punch*," said LORD PALMERSTON, "some of the parties whom you see before you, have a petition to make to you."

"Let's see the Beggars' Petition," said *Mr. Punch*, blandly.

"Well," said the PREMIER, "it is to be made verbally."

"But not verbosely, I trust," said *Mr. Punch*. "Go it."

"I am not in it, mind," said PAM, "but I am asked to introduce the others."

"Several of us are not in it," cried divers voices.

"Settle it among yourselves, gentlemen," said *Mr. Punch*, "and when you are quite ready, fire away. I shan't offer you Seats, because, ha! ha! ha! you have all seats of your own."

When the convulsions of laughter which of course rewarded this epigram had subsided,

LORD PALMERSTON said, "The fact is, my dear *Mr. Punch*, they want you not to publish your world-famous *Essence of Parliament* this session."

"By Jove!" was all that *Mr. Punch* permitted to escape him, but the fire in his eye would have eclipsed a raging volcano.

"I told 'em that it was rather carrying assurance to the point of impudence," continued the PREMIER, "to come and ask you such a thing; but knowing you to be a good-natured party, I said that they might rely on a civil hearing."

"Let them speak," growled *Mr. Punch*.

"It appears to me, my dear *Mr. Punch*," said MR. GLADSTONE, "that there are three ways open to me—"

"One is the door, one is the window, and one is up the chimney," returned *Mr. Punch*, furiously. "Perhaps you'd better take the last, as most likely to suit you."

The shout that followed this sally alarmed the guards on duty at Buckingham Palace.

"Don't begin prosing," said *Mr. Punch*, appeased by this demonstration. "Tell me in a few words what it is you all object to."

"Why," said the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, "in the first place—"

"Ha! would you," said *Mr. Punch*, menacingly.

"But I have two complaints," pleaded MR. GLADSTONE.

"What are they—corns and the toothache?"—demanded the Inexorable. "Take COCKLE'S PILLS, I'm told they cure both, and hams and smoky chimneys into the bargain."

Another burst of laughter that set St. Bride's bells jangling, and brought down eight pigeons from the upper sky.

"Listen, *Mr. Punch*," said MR. DISRAELI. "I am diametrically opposed to the prayer of your petitioners, and therefore I can state it with more candour than if it were my own. They say that you spoil all their oratory by your merciless succinctness, that nobody reads any reports but yours, and that the label which you stick upon a speaker whom you don't like clings like the shirt of Nessus, and burns like the circlet of fire placed by Orcus, in the *Epicurean*, upon the brow of the priestess."

"Walker, Dizzy!" said *Mr. Punch*. "Half of 'em never heard of Nessus or Orcus either. Favour me by drawing it mild."

"Well, I have put it elegantly for them," said MR. DISRAELI, "but in the language of the vulgar, the way you show up a Parliament man makes his life not worth having."

"Was I ever unkind to you?" demanded *Mr. Punch*.

"Never," said MR. DISRAELI, impetuously, "and I am your debtor for ever for the way you preserve my Attic salt."

"Do I ever do injustice to any of you? If a man has got anything sensible to say and says his say sensibly, do I ever fail to recognise the fact?"

"But we can't all be sensible," cried several voices.

"Then, don't be sensitive," returned *Mr. Punch*, with the promptness of lightning. "I comprehend you all, my bloaters. It does not suit your books to be set down in mine for what you are."

"We must live," said a chorus of voices.

"*Je ne vois pas la nécessité*," returned *Mr. Punch*.

"*Mr. Punch*," said LORD DERBY, "you and I do not always think alike—"

"That is because you sometimes think wrongly, my dear Lord."

"Soit," said the Earl, laughing. "But I do not join in this petition. For myself, for my friend DISRAELI, and I believe I may say for PALMERSTON, and any others (if there are any) who are really Out-and-Outers, I am proud to state that I consider your *Essence of Parliament* the noblest invention of modern times. With the interest of a novel and the sparkle of a comedy, it combines the fidelity of a daguerreotype, and the permanence of a diamond, to which I may add that its impartiality is equalled but by its lucidity, and if its elegance can be paralleled it is only by its indispensability. This is an inadequate tribute—"

"It is," said *Mr. Punch*, "but it approximates to Veracity. And this is the Institution which you would abolish?"

"Only the Pumps among us," exclaimed the PREMIER, MR. DISRAELI, LORD DERBY, and a few more.

"Ha!" said *Mr. Punch*, rising, while the assembly trembled,

"And the pauses amid his speech
Were as awful as the sound."

"I continue," said *Mr. Punch*, "to receive from thousands of correspondents (and some of them don't pay the postage, and be hanged to them!) the most solemn and earnest assurances that the *Essence of Parliament* is the Palladium of English liberties, and the air that Britons breathe, that its unsparing revelations of the proceedings in your Houses save the Constitution about eleven times a week, and that if I should at any time discontinue it, the QUEEN's subjects would lose not only the most important element in their happiness, but the foundation of their confidence in existing institutions. While I am watching, all is well. If I close my eye, O my eye!"

Subdued murmurs, and some sobbings were heard, and then *Mr. Punch* resumed, in a mild but firm tone,

"Next week, being that following the meeting of Parliament, the *ESSENCE* will be resumed. All I shall add is, Look out—and get out."

The Deputation was about to withdraw with some precipitation, when *Mr. Punch* said—

"Nay, be good boys, and you have nothing to fear. A bridle for the horse, a whip for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back. Them's my sentiments, and now all of you stop and liquor."

All powerful indeed is eloquence. Every man present instantly burst into a rapturous cheer for the new instalment of

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

The Severity of the Late Weather.

Lady. Yes, HERR VOGELAUGEN, I must tell you that we were very unlucky during the late frost. Every one of our pipes burst.

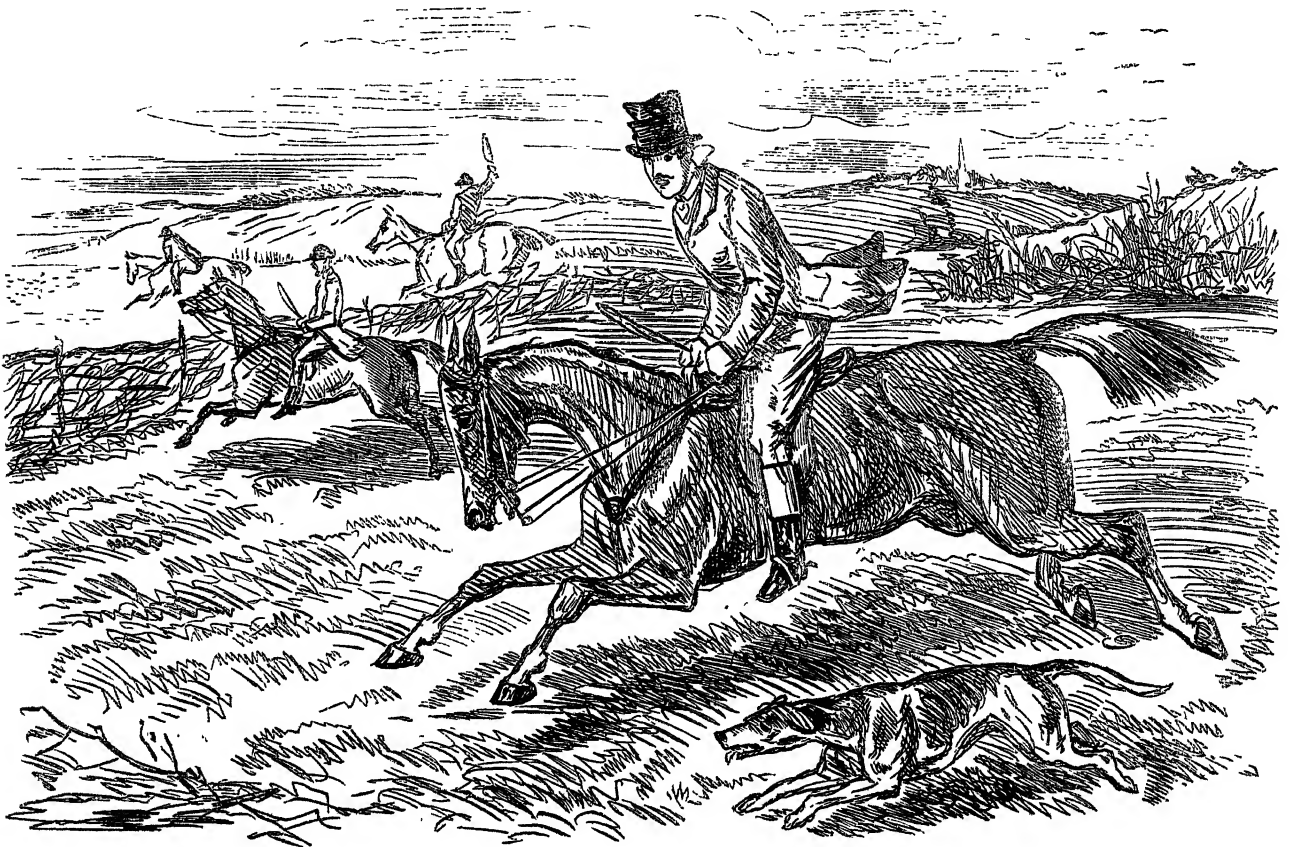
German Visitor (astonished). Indeed, Madame! I did not have one.

Lady. You were fortunate. Pray what did you do to prevent it?

German Visitor (with the greatest innocence). Madame, I did smoke them.

PAID BACK IN ITS OWN COIN.

We trust, if Venice is ever sold, that the purchase-money will be made in nothing but Austrian bank-notes. Austria will then be able to tell us how she likes that particular form of currency.



EFFECT OF THE WEATHER ON A SENSITIVE PLANT.

YOUNG NIMROD, AS HE APPEARED BEFORE THE FROST—PERFECTLY DISENGAGED!

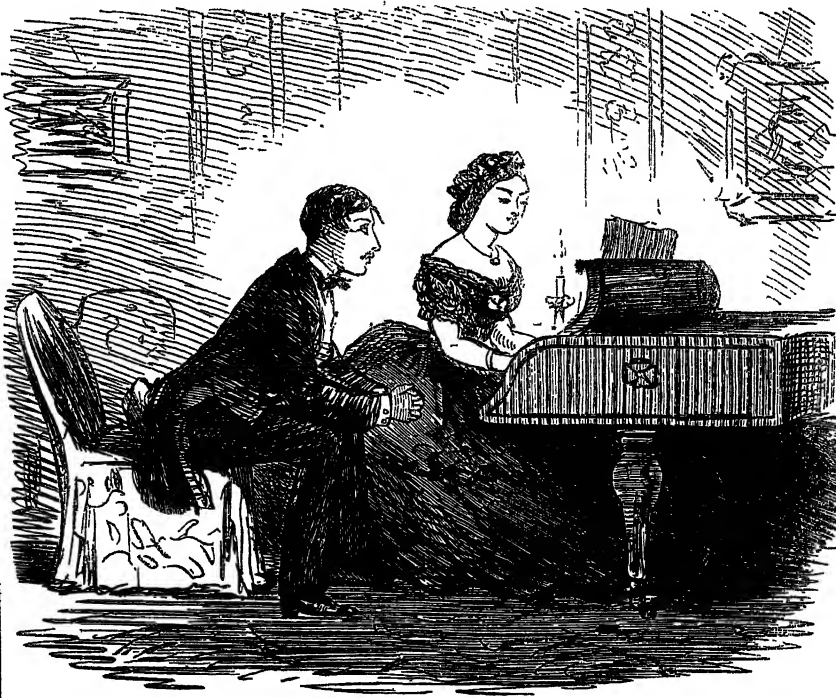
VERY UNFAIR

FROM

JOHN BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT in the course of his Birmingham oration the other day, said he hoped LORD OVERSTONE's speech to the Northamptonshire Volunteers was better relished than the dinner his Lordship gave them in London, after the Volunteer Review. We did hear of some ill-conditioned officers of the corps, after that dinner, sending his Lordship 3s. 6d. in postage stamps, as the outside price of a feed so remarkably bad, that it seemed only fair to treat the meal as an ordinary one in the worst sense of the word. But this must have been an entire mistake on the part of the Northamptonshire Volunteers.

If LORD OVERSTONE *did* give them a so-so dinner, depend upon it, it was that he might



YOUNG DITTO, AFTER FOUR WEEKS' FROST IN A COUNTRY HOUSE—MOST PARTICULARLY ENGAGED!

stamp the entertainment with an essentially soldierly character. How could he do this so effectively as by making a mess of it?

A Voyage into the Interior.

AMONGST the new Railway projects, it seems there is to be a tubular underground from Regent's Circus to the Bank. What the length of this new line is to be, we don't know, and we have our fears whether it will be a very straight line; for doesn't it strike the traveller as a very circuitous route going to the City from Regent's Circus through Hollo(-w)ay?

BETTER THAN NEW.—Why ought every decent man at once to come out of South Carolina? Because he ought to be ashamed to be seen in a Revolting State.



BRITANNIA ABOUT TO TAKE HER "CONSTITUTIONAL."

BRIT. "HAS A TENDENCY TO 'STORMY!'"

PAM. "OH! NEVER MIND, MA'RM,—I AM QUITE PREPARED FOR A CHANGE OF WEATHER!"

THE KING AND MANY FRIENDS;

OR, THE NUNCIO NOBBLED.

A *Brapolitan Commedia dell' Arte*.

ACT I.

SCENE—A Bomb-proof room in the Palace at Gaëta. Bombardment heard without. BOMBALINO discovered.

Bombalino. San Gennaro! There's another salvo from those excommunicated batteries of the left attack! I hope this chamber is really bomb-proof. I turned CASELLA out of it yesterday, so I have little doubt it is the safest place in the fortress. (Bombardment redoubles.) Holy San Francesco—padrone mio—what is to become of us!

Enter CASELLA, a good deal dilapidated, and decidedly dirty.

Casella. May it please your Majesty—

Bombalino. It does not please my Majesty. Your shirt, *birbone*—

Casella. Maestà, it is the cleanest I have. A general scantiness of linen prevails in the fortress. Soap is not to be procured, and the drying grounds are under the fire of the enemy. *Cosa vuole!*

(*Shrugs his shoulders and spreads his hands.*)

Bombalino (grumbling). Basta! Speak, idiot!

Casella. The diplomatic representatives of your Majesty's royal allies—

Bombalino (between his teeth). Brigante! Precious allies!

Casella. Who have held anxious counsel on your Majesty's present position, have come to a determination.

Bombalino. At last! What is it?

Casella. They ask an audience in order to convey it to your Majesty by their *doyen*, the Nuncio of his Holiness.

Bombalino. Admit them!

Enter the RUSSIAN MINISTER, the CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES OF PRUSSIA, the SPANISH MINISTER, the BAVARIAN MINISTER, the AUSTRIAN MINISTER, the SAXON MINISTER, and the PORTUGUESE CHARGÉ D'AFFAIRES, headed by the Papal Nuncio. They bow profoundly.

Nuncio. May it please your Majesty—As the Representatives of the Catholic European Powers—devoted to your Majesty, and to the cause of Royalty and Religion so nobly incarnated in your Majesty's illustrious person—here present in proof of the profound sympathy and active friendship of our respective Courts and Governments—(BOMBALINO *winks gloomily at CASELLA*)—we have witnessed with intense admiration the magnanimous devotion with which your Majesty has borne the hardships and dangers of a siege, unexampled in the history of sieges, for the heroism of the assailed, and the abominable treachery of the sacrilegious assailants. The hearts of our respective Sovereigns bleed for your Majesty—

(*The Corps Diplomatique apply their pocket handkerchiefs to their eyes and noses.*)

Bombalino (aside to CASELLA, sotto voce). It's more than their pockets do.

Nuncio. And their Royal sympathy is poured forth without stint to support you in this hour of trial—till now so bravely borne. They feel that the cause of the Altar and the Crown is confided to your hands, and they are satisfied that you will uphold it, at every sacrifice—of men, of money, of life, if need be. Go on, Sir, in your heroic course, supported by the consciousness of a sublime enterprise, the blessing of the Holy Father, and the prayers of the faithful all over Christendom.

Bombalino (still sotto voce). And their pence? *Corpo di Bacco!*

Nuncio. We have maturely considered the question referred to us by your Majesty—of the course to be taken in the presence of the continually increasing force of sacrilegious assailants, the diabolical accuracy of their fire, the impediment to the passage of supplies and reinforcements by sea interposed by that fleet, the greater part of which they have feloniously stolen from your Majesty. We are unanimously of opinion that resistance is hopeless, that the capture of the fortress by the excommunicated enemies of the Church, the fiendish brood of the Revolution, within a few days or weeks, is certain—that what their fire cannot accomplish, famine will speedily and surely complete. We are therefore unanimously of opinion that your Majesty should carry out to the last his example of heroic devotedness to the great cause of the Altar and the Throne; that he should remain where he is, to resist till the last biscuit is eaten and the last cartridge expended; and that he should then fall a martyr on the breach, by which the excommunicated rebels enter the fortress as conquerors, but only over the body of your Majesty. (Prolonged sensation among the Corps Diplomatique. BOMBALINO does not seem to see it.) Such, it appears to us, is the duty clearly marked out for your Majesty by circumstances, by that Royal dignity which your Majesty has so nobly vindicated, and that Faith in Holy Church, of which your Majesty is the chief defender and most devoted son. With the blessing of that Church, I humbly take my

leave of your Majesty, and with my colleagues hasten to Terracina—there to report to our respective Governments your Majesty's sublime resolution, to claim for it the admiration of our Sovereigns, and to invoke for your Majesty the prayers of the Faithful all over the world.

(*Kneels.*)

(*The Corps Diplomatique fling themselves at the feet of BOMBALINO, much affected. "Les Adieux de Gaëta"—Tableau adapted from Gros' famous picture "Les Adieux de Fontainebleau."*)

Bombalino (aside). Birbaerio! But I am not quite such a fool as that, neither! (*Act Drop.*)

ACT II.

SCENE—Cabin aboard the steamer. The steam is heard getting up. Bombardment at a distance. The Corps Diplomatique of the preceding Act discovered grouped with the NUNCIO.

Russian Minister. *Batushka*—Monsignore—do tell this hound of a Captain to weigh anchor!

Prussian Chargé d'Affaires. I am by no means certain that we are out of range here.

Saxon Minister. I told my wife I should be back to-night.

Bavarian Minister. To-night, *sapperment!* I hope so. I have not even brought a carpet-bag.

Nuncio. *Adagio, adagio, cari miei!* I will speak to the Captain! Questo povero FRANCESCHINO!

Russian Minister. A noble example to his Order!

Prussian Chargé d'Affaires. A most love-and-honour-worthy young man!

Saxon Minister. It is a comfort to think we have done our duty in advising him to resist to the last.

Chorus of Diplomats. To the last!

Enter the CAPTAIN.

Nuncio. *Corpo di Bacco, Capitano*, are we never to start?

Captain. I regret to detain your Excellencies. But this paper—

(*Gives paper to NUNCIO.*)

Nuncio (looking at the address). A Circular from his Majesty. To their Excellencies, &c. &c. *Signori*—

All. Read! Read!

Nuncio (reads). "Having—in compliance with the resolution just now magnanimously arrived at by the friendship and enlightened wisdom of your Excellencies—determined to resist to the last, and if need be, to be buried beneath the ruins of the fortress, I feel that the best way to insure the carrying out of this determination with dignity and resolution, is to invoke the support and countenance of your Excellencies, at the moment of its execution. Strong as I feel already in my own good cause, and in the sympathy of my brother Sovereigns, I shall feel doubly strong with your Excellencies to lean upon, and I therefore, in the name of that cause which we all support, and that friendship of which you are the eloquent and truthful organs, beg you to come back and stay with me at Gaëta, as long as our resistance lasts, and at its close to testify to your Sovereigns, as eye-witnesses, that I carried out the counsels so kindly and freely given by your Excellencies. (Signed) FRANCESCO SECONDO."

The Nuncio (drawing a long breath). Per Dio!

(*The Corps Diplomatique exchange blank looks.*)

The Captain. The boats are alongside to convey your Excellencies to the landing-place.

Nuncio (helplessly looking round). Ma—cari—miei!

Russian Minister. Go, Monsignore, by all means. As the representative of a great power, it is clear that I cannot take up my residence in a second-rate fortress like Gaëta. The dignity of my imperial master forbids me from taking a step which in itself would be so agreeable to my feelings.

Prussian Chargé d'Affaires (to NUNCIO). Tell the King, Monsignore, that were I Minister, I should not lose a moment in flying to the side of his Majesty. But I am only a Secretary of Legation, and besides, I have no instructions.

Several Ministers (in chorus). Nor I! Nor I! Nor I!

Bavarian Minister. *Potz-tausend!* I have left my carpet-bag!

Saxon Minister. *Verfluchter!* And I have left my wife!

All (to NUNCIO). Fly, Monsignore! Comfort his Majesty. Say our hearts are with him, but that for the reasons given our presence is imperatively required elsewhere!

Captain. To the Boat, Monsignore!

The Corps Diplomatique generally. Let us assist your Excellency to the gangway.

Nuncio (helplessly, as he is bundled off). Oè me! Povero me—ma Signori! Per amor di Dio!

(*Tableau Curtain.*)

Give a Dog a Bad Name, &c.

THE United Secession States will shortly want a name. Mr. Punch suggests SLAVROWNIA.

FOOD AND FEATURES.



E find the following suggestive passage in a new book on dietetics, entitled, *The Gastric Regions and Victualling Department*, by "An Old Militia Surgeon":—

"It has been said that personal beauty depends in a great degree upon eating and drinking; and that the ugliness of the Calmucks is owing to their feasting upon raw flesh. It has also been surmised that the inverted feature so remarkable among Irishmen is mainly to be attributed to their fondness for potatoes. This subject deserves further investigation; and we may look forward to the time when, by a judicious dieting, we may always secure a never-failing supply of handsome women and good-looking well-developed men to match them."

The surmise that potatoes, as an article of food, could have any particular effect upon the nose appears not to rest upon any very solid foundation. At any rate one would not naturally expect that potatoes would

produce turn-up noses. We should as soon imagine that carrotty hair would be acquired by eating cabbage.

A vegetable countenance certainly may be obtained by drinking, for it is notorious that sufficient perseverance in brandy-and-water will develop grog-blossoms on the end of the nose. Young ladies disposed to cultivate roses on their cheeks

will find a diet consisting principally of plain beef and mutton in general answer their purpose. Cherries might be tried to improve the lips, with or without success, and the attempt to eat large oysters might be made by any damsel who thought her mouth too small. A glass or two of wine will make the eyes sparkle, but a drop too much is apt to redden them. Green peas may affect the chin if anything will; and though it may not be true that pug-noses are caused by potatoes, there is no doubt that plenty of brocoli will in time induce an aquiline form of nose or a Roman nose with a hook. It is a mistake, however, to suppose that butter, because it is grease, has any effect in forming the Grecian nose.

A Catch for the City.

"CABMAN, hither, off the Rank!"
 "Drive whereto, Sir?" "To the Bank."
 "Pray be careful; for I journey
 With a Power of Attorney
 In my pocket." "Oh! I'm blowed!
 S'posing it was to explode!"

INCONVENIENT HORSES!

WEALTH has its sorrows as well as Poverty. We heard DIVES, who has everything he can wish for, complaining bitterly the other day. "I have a pair of most inconvenient horses," he said lamenting. "They jib going up-hill, and bolt going down-hill!"

WELL, WE ARE, &c.—If you saw that dear boy WALTER going to pull the trigger of his rifle, and you said so, what Shakspearian quotation would you use?—"WAT's in an aim."
 [Contributor discharged uncured.]

EFFECTS OF THE FROST.

A FIVE weeks' settled frost, and the thermometer at intervals falling below zero, are happily in England not every-year occurrences; and we may surely be excused if, for the benefit of posterity, we recur to them once more, and note a few of their effects. Having organised a staff of special weatherproof reporters, who could poke their noses anywhere without a fear of being frost-bitten, we have gathered a great number of most interesting statistics, showing the results of the intensity of cold; and from them we now publish the following selection, with which our scientific readers will doubtless be delighted:—

The frost was so severe on Christmas Eve that as *Mr. Punch* was brewing a bowl of his hot namesake, the spirit froze into big brandy-balls the while he poured it out; and though the water had been boiling not two minutes before, it came out of the kettle in the form of a long icicle.

The same evening *MISS SPRIGHTLY* being caught beneath the mistletoe, received a chaste salute from the lips of her adorer, which in the act of printing it were frozen to her cheek so hard that, till her aunt came up, she could not break away from them.

Down at Muddleditch in Suffolk, a wretched guest who being single was sentenced to a garret, found his shaving-water ice every morning when he wanted it, and as he had unluckily brought ivory-handled hair-brushes, his hands were daily frostbitten in parting his back hair, nor could he once succeed in doing it exactly in the middle.

The streams of people going to the play during the holidays were, it is presumed, mostly frozen on the way, for very few were found to reach their destination.

MR. CLOSERIST in the Christmas week having asked a friend to dine with him, gave him such a cold reception that he took a sudden chill at the moment of his entrance, and there being nothing stronger than claret after dinner, the poor man returned home with an attack of influenza, from which till the thaw came his sufferings were intense.

MISS QUALTER, being asked to sing during the frost, and having what the critics call a "liquid" voice, found her articulation so impeded by the cold that she was unable to get out a single note.

One of the most facetious contributors to *Punch*, on sitting down to write his usual supply, discovered that although his nose and knees were in the fire, and his inkstand in a saucepan of hot water on the hob, the ink froze in his pen the instant he had dipped it, and as the ink flowed from his brains it congealed into dry humour, and could scarcely be dug out.

Two young Clergymen, in Kent, in defiance of their bishop, left off shaving, on the ground of its being in such weather cruelty to animals. But such, it is supposed, was the effect of the frost, that hardly a hair

succeeded in sprouting on their cheeks, and their chins and upper lips were equally left barren.

At upwards of a thousand new, and therefore ill-built houses during Christmas, the soup that left the kitchen in an almost boiling state was, through the cold draughts in the passages, served out as savoury jelly; while the custards were solidified into hard ice-creams, and the only things that came to table hot were the cayenne pepper and the temper of the master.

To keep itself from freezing a snipe flew down the shaft of a glass furnace in the North, and the frost was so intense, that though the bird went through the very hottest of the fire, it came out quite alive, and was scarcely even singed by it.

A hirsute volunteer, who lives in terror of bronchitis, having in his usual manner buttoned his beard beneath his tunic as a protection to his chest, had it frozen during drill so firmly to his shirt front, that when ordered to move "Eyes Right!" he found he could not turn his head, and so he had to go through drill with his "eyes front" in every movement.

So severe was the frost in some parts of the country that hundreds of old hares were found turned white with terror at it.

An extremely striking proof of the intensity of cold was afforded at the house of a gentleman at Peckham, whose butler when examining the plate after a dinner party, found that in the process of the washing up, all the salvers, forks, and spoons were turned to frosted silver.

But of all the marvellous effects of the late frost, we have heard of none to equal a fact for which a gentleman named SM-TH is our authority. We learn from this observer, that a street organ performing opposite his doorstep, while playing part of *HANDEL'S*—or more correctly *HANDLE'S*—delicious *Water Music* had its pipes all frozen hard, but a change to *Drops of Brandy* gradually thawed them.

SALUTING A CAPTAIN.

ALMOST as soon as *CAPTAIN DOD'S* invaluable *Parliamentary Companion* reached us, we learned that *MR. TITUS SALT*, M.P. for Bradford, had malevolently resolved in defacing one item in the manual. What does *TITUS* mean by retiring? His namesake, the delight of mankind, never retired, until he went off for good and all. Does he mean to imply that the House of Commons is not worth its Salt? Does he forget that in the nautical debates likely to come on, there could not be a better adviser than an Old Salt? Does he think that *Punch* could not make about a thousand more epigrams upon him? Does he think *Punch* will? Because if he does he thinks a great mull, *Mr. Punch's* only object in this paragraph being to puff *CAPTAIN DOD'S* invaluable *Parliamentary Companion*, because it needs no puffing.

CONVIVIALITY AND SCIENCE.



OME people, while it lasted, grumbled sadly at the frost, but we suspect that very many of them, in spite of all their growling, must have had a jolly time of it. We think, if fair statistics could be furnished on the subject, it would be found that the consumption of the good things of this life has been in the last six weeks very much above the average. To men in health "fine bracing weather," with the temperature at zero, is known to have a marvellous effect upon

the appetite, and when there is anything unusual in the way of cold without, an extra dose of warm within is pretty sure to be prescribed for it. With a hungry Gnaw-Gnaw-Easter daily biting one to bits, one need have something extra in the way of vital sustenance, and stimulants seem needful to keep up one's vital heat, and to protect the inner man from any risk of being frostbitten. It is true that this is really an erroneous idea, and your medical man will tell you that the influence of alcohol is to increase your chance of frostbite, as in reality it makes you more susceptible of cold. Still, unless you are possessed of a remarkably strong mind, you will continue to place credit in the pleasant old delusion, and if there be any spirits present where you are, you will not hesitate to try if they have power to keep the cold out.

But besides the extra feasting occasioned by the temperature, and the extra nightly glass or two medicinally swallowed, the frost has found excuse for a good deal of joviality, enjoyed under the plea of purely scientific purposes. We don't know how many of our friends, so long as the cold lasted, considered it incumbent on themselves to watch its progress, and to sit up half the night with a guest or two for company, that they might make a record of the coldest time. That this was not peculiar merely to our friends, the columns of the newspapers afforded ample proof. Scarcely a *Times* passed without the printing of a letter from some vigilant observer, who besides telling the Universe that his thermometer at Boggleditch marked on the morning of his writing thirty-nine degrees of frost, stated that the coldest period was after three A.M., up to which hour he was conscious of having watched the glass. Upon statements such as this, cruel people might of course indulge in cruel comments, and hint at the observer's being carried up to bed, as a reason why his observations of the temperature were not carried down to a later hour than three. But without inclining to such savage ways of looking at it, we think that science is compatible with no small amount of jollity, and that when men take to watching their wet bulbs they are not unapt to make at times a wetish night of it. Although the glass may certify the weather is "set fair," other moisture may be present than that which is in the atmosphere; and when glasses, not thermometers, have sparkled on the board before a meeting of *savants*, "much haze" may be the record noted in their journals, while the readings of their night tubes should be taken with some caution, as their powers of observation may chance to have been double.

Railway Remembrancers.

WHEN a Railway train stops at a Station you hear the porters running by and shouting something which, if you know where you are, you understand to be the name of the place. At the same time, newspaper boys also run by bawling, "*Times*, *Punch*, *Once a Week*," &c. Now there is another cry which, if heard at the same time, might prove a salutary warning. Young lawyers' clerks might be usefully employed in trotting along the platform close to the carriages, and crying, "Make your wills, ladies and gentlemen; make your wills!" Much intestacy would be thus prevented.

A Man Called out of his Name.

WE can't conceive a greater misnomer than that of the Plaintiff in the great case of *PATERSON v. BUONAPARTE* now being tried in Paris. To think of a man being called *PATER-SON*, when the very question at issue is, whether he is to be allowed to be the lawfully-begotten son of his own *Pater*—and the chances are a hundred to one against it!

MEDICAL MAGPIES.

WHAT fools there are in the world! This we are aware is not a novel observation: in spite, however, of its staleness, we cannot but prefix it to the following intelligence, which we copy from the *Daily News* of Tuesday in last week;—

"**SAXON SUPERSTITION.**—The following request was, in an open letter, made to the first Chamber of Deputies at Dresden on the 19th of December last: 'Dresden, December 17, 1860. The Sisters' Establishment of this place prepares and sells a powder against epilepsy, with the permission of the Government. For this purpose magpies are used, who (!) must be shot in the time between the 24th of December and the 18th of January, and who (!) must be deficient in neither claws nor feathers. Innumerable people have been cured by these powders; but unfortunately these magpies are so difficult to obtain, that the strong demand for these powders cannot be satisfied. The undersigned therefore humbly requests the honourable gentry and nobility of the Chamber, for the sake of the charitable purpose, to shoot as many magpies as possible during the abovementioned time, and to send them to the Sisters' Establishment of this place. (Signed) OTTO VON ERDMANNSDORF.' As complying with this request, some of the first noblemen in Saxony have put their names to the letter."

"Innumerable people have been cured by these powders!" Have they, indeed? Pray what number is intended by the adjective "innumerable?" Does it mean two or three, or even half a dozen? Before the noblemen of Saxony went magpie-shooting for the Sisters, we trust their minds were satisfied upon this not unimportant point.

If the Sisters be "of Charity," as we presume they are, of course they won't object to let the secret they possess be transmitted over here to us for charitable purposes. Epilepsy is, unhappily, not unknown in England; and there are many of our countrymen who would gladly add their names to the "innumerable" persons whom the Sisters' charm has cured. If they will send us the prescription, and any one of our physicians will attest its efficacy, we promise to go out in person next December, and shoot as many magpies as we can get near. We will also do our utmost to get up a Magpie Hospital for Epileptic Patients, and we will advertise the Magpie Powders against Epilepsy as widely as professors of quack medicines puff their pills.

While we write, a little bird comes flying, flying West; and informs us that a magpie has been taken up in Dresden, and formally arraigned before the Chamber of Deputies for the heinous crime of singing in the streets the following song:—

AIR—"The Perfect Cure."

Good people all, although I'm small,
Great things, when dead, I'll do 'em:
You've only got to get a pot,
Wherein my bones you'll stew 'em:
When done, me to a powder grind,
And then, of this I'm sure,
For Epilepsy you will find
I am a Perfect Cure!

But see my claws are whole, because
I'm useless else, remember,
My feathers too; and mind that you
Don't boil me till December.
Then grind me up, and you will see,
As sure as eggs are sure,
For Epilepsy, he! he! he!
I am a Perfect Cure!

Now pray don't laugh, or try to chaff,
Or think my fun I'm poking,
I've but averred the truths I've heard
From men too grand for joking:
The noble swells of Saxony
Have made assurance sure,
And signed a note to certify
That I'm a Perfect Cure!

Chorus.

A Cure! a Cure! a Cure! a Cure!
For Epilepsy sure:
The nobs, he! he! have said of me,
"Yes, he's a Perfect Cure!"

Can a Chattel be a Criminal?

IN the eyes of the Slaveholders a Slave is deemed a thing, a bit of property, a chattel. Granting this be so, there comes just now the question, Can a thing do wrong? Can a chattel commit murder? If not—and common sense appears to justify the negative—on what ground is the charge made against ANDERSON the fugitive? He, a chattel, slew a slaveholder who hindered his escape. If this be reckoned murder, then, as things can do no murder, must slaves be counted men, and be no longer viewed and sold as being merely chattels. *Utrumne horum velis, Carolina?* Choose which view you will, but excepting you see double, you cannot well see both.



FEROCIOUS DEALER. "Now, if any man will tell me that that's a Copy, I'll—I'll knock him down!—What's your Candid Opinion?"

AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT.

ATTENTION is really due to the subjoined extract from the *Times*' money-article:—

"It is understood that Mr. GLADSTONE has abandoned his attempt to extract double Income-Tax from the holders of Indian securities. Among the commercial public there has from the first been but one opinion as to the character of the proceeding, and it has always been reported that SIR CHARLES WOOD and the Indian Council were equally convinced of its impropriety. The holders, however, were forced to the annoyance and expense of taking measures to assert their rights, and it was only then that the Government found it necessary to ascertain their legal standing."

"Hang a man first, and try him afterwards" is a maxim which, with analogical exactness, MR. GLADSTONE has observed in dealing with the Indian Stockholders. "Extract your tax from people first, and then ascertain if they are liable to pay it." The parallel runs closely on all fours. It turns out that Indian Stockholders are not liable to pay double Income-Tax; so that those who have had to pay it have been—we won't say what. We do not wish to use a hard word. The *Times* goes on to announce that:—

"According to a notice from the Inland Revenue Office, it now appears that the opinion both of the Attorney and Solicitor General is, that the double tax cannot be enforced, and the claim has been accordingly given up. The amounts already deducted will, of course, have to be refunded."

We have often remarked that, whereas the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is continually acknowledging the receipt of Conscience Money from "X. Y. Z.," "Neddy Bray," "A. S. S.," and other simpletons, you never find anybody who has been overcharged for Income-Tax or assessed, or other taxes, acknowledging the receipt of any conscience-money from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. Now at last, however, he is forced to refund. The amount to be returned will not be conscience-money, though. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER disgorges; but only under pressure. What sort of an example is that to set HER MAJESTY'S subjects? Will the quariest of consciences of the most scrupulous people give up any more conscience-money to such a performer of restitution?

It is perhaps lucky for some people that the Right Hon. Member for the University of Oxford is not HOME SECRETARY instead of

LET'S TRY TO BE CHEERFUL.

A DEFICIT's coming, hurrah! hurrah!
A Deficit's coming, hurrah! hurrah!
A Deficit's coming, and GLADSTONE is humming
And ha-ing about it, hurrah! hurrah!

More taxes are coming, hurrah! hurrah!
More taxes are coming, hurrah! hurrah!
More taxes are coming, for fiffing and drumming
Cost money in plenty, hurrah! hurrah!

But one thing's not coming, hurrah! hurrah!
No, one thing's not coming, hurrah! hurrah!
Invasion's not coming, no, no, DOCTOR CUMMING,
We're not a bit frightened, hurrah! hurrah!

So when Budgets are coming, hurrah! hurrah!
When Budgets are coming, hurrah! hurrah!
When Budgets are coming we'll think that the summing
Is all in our favour, hurrah! hurrah!

TWO FEATURES ROLLED INTO ONE.

A CITY Gent, praising a lady for her beauty, said, in a burst of rapture, "Oh! she's got such a nasal eye!"

Every one was astonished, and upon questions being asked as to what a "nasal eye" was like, our friend pointed to a lady present, who, he said, had eyes something like his beauty in question. The truth then flashed out. It was "a hazel eye" the City Gent had meant to say. For the life of him, he could not see what there was to laugh at, because he had said a lady had "a nasal eye." He got quite angry, and left the room, which was a great relief to every one present, as his absence enabled all the guests to join in one unanimous loud guffaw.

Serve Them Right.

We learn that three young gentlemen of most respectable connections have, as we think, deservedly been cut by their best friends, for the heinous sin of having when the snow was lying on it, tried to make out that the Isle of Dogs was like the Isle of White.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. For, although, in the former of those ministerial capacities, he would not exactly have it in his power to cause the execution of prisoners to precede their trial, he might, nevertheless, in the case of a petition to the Crown against a questionable conviction and sentence of death, advise his Sovereign first to order the sentence to be carried out, and then to examine the grounds of the appeal.

Wasting Powder.

OUR Edinburgh friends have decided on letting a cannon be fired from the Castle every day at XII., in order that Auld Reekie may be aware of the exact time. This seems to us needless,—we had an idea that a Scotsman always "knows what's o'clock."

IN our Number of November 10, 1860, and under the heading "TYPE OF THE MEDICAL ROGUE," we quoted a few lines from a letter which appeared in the columns of our estimable contemporary the *Morning Post*, and used them as a text upon which to make some general observations of our own. In the *Morning Post*, and therefore necessarily in *Punch*, a blank was left for the name of the individual referred to.

In a communication which we have received since our last Number went to press, we are for the first time assured authoritatively on behalf of a gentleman who insists that the blank left by our contemporary was intended for his name, that he has contradicted in the *Morning Post* the statement which we quoted. We are also informed that the *Lancet* has repeatedly, in articles on the subject, established the honourable character of his conduct in the matter. We think it due to the gentleman who complains of our article to give the same publicity to the contradiction that we gave to the quotation and to add that, as our observations were applicable to the conduct described in the contradicted statement, they fall with the statement, so far as he is concerned. We printed no name at the time, and abstain from doing so now. It can answer no purpose to give the name to those who have not identified the blank with an individual, and to those who have, if there are any, our remarks will be as intelligible as if we gave the name at length.



SKETCH SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE EASTERN COUNTIES SHIP "EXPRESS" IN A HEAVY ROLLING LURCH.

FUN FOR THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

LITTLE JOHN—here's your good luck!
You have shown both nous and pluck,
Diplomatic knaves outwitted,
Tricksters honestly admitted,
Fairly, that is, let them in,
And can laugh with those who win.

Sharing in the noble mirth
Of Italians, men of worth,
Who their liberty have won
By your help, my little JOHN,
You, with GARIBALDI laughing,
Mind, an Emperor you're chaffing.

Curious Coincidence.

WHO will maintain there is nothing in the old Greek doctrine that names have a mysterious significance, in the face of the fact that the Spanish Minister, whose diplomatic duties have involved him in FRANCIS THE SECOND'S fix inside Gaëta, should be the COUNT DE LEMA? Only the spelling should be corrected into *dilemma*.

BOWYER'S BEST.

If a Young Lady was entering a Convent, and a feeling of regret came over her, what kind of regret would you call it?
An unavailing (*a-nun-a-veiling*)!

MAKING THE MOST OF IT.

In common, he supposes, with most rightminded people, *Mr. Punch* has seen with pleasure the columns upon columns of alms-giving announcements with which, for the last two months, the *Times* has daily furnished us. *Mr. Punch* has no intention to check the flow of charity, even though the frost which started it has ended. But certain of the donors whose names have been announced have occupied a space so disproportioned to their gifts, that a gentle hint seems needful to prevent this needless waste of our contemporary's space. In too many subscription lists which lately have been advertised half a dozen lines or more have been taken up by what should have been put in only one. If for instance MR. JONES, with his family and servants subscribed a five pound note, the gift has been paraded to the universe as follows:—

NOYS E. JONES, Esq., Trumpet House, Blowborough	£	s.	d.
MRS. JONES	2	2	0
MISS JONES	1	1	0
MISS JEMIMA JONES	0	10	6
MISS DOROTHEA JUDITH DULCIBELLA JONES	0	5	0
MASTER JONES	0	5	0
MASTER WILLIAM WIGGINS JONES	0	3	0
MASTER GEORGE ROBUSTUS JONES	0	2	6
Collected among his Schoolfellows by MASTER PETER JONES	0	1	9½
Servants' Offerings, viz:—Cook, 2s.; Housemaid, 1s. 6d.; Nurse, 1s. 6d.; Ditto (Under) 1s.; Page, 6d.; Knifeboy, 2d.	0	6	8½
Total	£5	0	0

A few sovereigns in this way may be hammered out to cover much valuable space, and as charitable advertisements of course have to be paid for, this process of gold-beating becomes a rather costly one, and entrenches somewhat heavily upon the funds that are in hand. *Mr. Punch*, who has no sympathy with snobbism or puffery, would suggest that in a case like that of MR. JONES publicity should merely be allowed to the sum total, and that the items of subscription should, as needless, be suppressed. True Charity, we are told, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up; and when charity is given with a great flourish of trumpets, it ceases to be charity, and becomes a mere advertisement.

"You're Speaking of the Emperor!"

ANNEXED Monaco, eh? What, at his tricks again? Nay, don't say that. The tiny territory belonged to a Prince of the House of GRIMALDI. At the worst, the act is only a pantomime trick.

ANGLO-ITALIAN COPYRIGHT.

THE treaty between England and Sardinia, referred to in the QUEEN'S Speech, provides for the reciprocal security, in both countries, of "copyright on books, dramatic works, musical compositions, drawings, paintings, sculpture, engravings, lithography, and any other works whatsoever of literature and the fine arts." This new international treaty is a most important arrangement, especially if Sardinia is to involve United Italy. Those Italians, if good care were not taken to restrain their piratical propensities, would very soon plagiarise our works of art, and particularly our sculptures. As regards the latter, the mischief, probably, has already been done; and we are now only shutting the stable-door after the steed has been stolen. This observation especially relates to our equestrian statues of GEORGE THE THIRD with his pigtail, GEORGE THE FOURTH riding his horse to drink, and the DUKE OF WELLINGTON on the top of BURTON'S Arch. In all these cases not only the horses, but also the riders, have most likely been stolen by Italian copiers of British ideas. The fine statue of JENNER sitting in his sheet, going to be shaved, and the contiguous sculpture which represents SIR CHARLES NAPIER, the conqueror of Scinde, with a ramrod seemingly driven down his back, as well as that other work of truly high art, NELSON on the top of the column hard by, have doubtless been seized upon by some of the imitative countrymen of MICHAEL ANGELO and BENVENUTO CELLINI, and put forth as designs of their own. Of course they will appropriate the Crimean trophy, cannons and all. We should not be at all surprised to hear that the POPE has got GOG and MAGOG at the Vatican; fac-similes, that is to say, of GOG and MAGOG, but which his Holiness verily believes to be the originals of our City Giants.

There is another great work of ours, which the Italians are endeavouring to imitate, and are welcome to do so, if they can. That is the British Constitution. We shall not claim copyright in that conception; though, if the Italian people succeed in constructing a real resemblance to our form of Government, we expect they will stand something handsome. Like their own Rome, our grand political edifice was not built in a day; but now the Italian architects have got our model to work from, it is to be hoped that they will be able to run up the building in a few months.

"WANTED A GOOD CUTTER"—For the Isthmus of Suez. Apply to MR. FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FEBRUARY, 5, 1861, Tuesday, and St. Agatha's Day, the Great British and Little Irish Parliament re-assembled for a Session which, like every Session *Mr. Punch* ever heard of, promises to be marked by the most important crisis conceivable. Never was there a time when, &c., &c., never was Europe in a situation of greater, &c., &c., never were statesmen more bound to be this, never were legislators more bound to be that, never were the people more bound to be the other thing. But let the world be of good cheer, stern in arms stands the demi-god *Punch*, and the world may be further comforted by hearing that—

"Si fractus illabatur Orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

At the usual hour QUEEN VICTORIA ascended her throne and delivered her Speech. This will be known in history as the Colloquial Speech. It was so termed by the EARL OF DERBY in the subsequent debate on the Address; but what would that classical peer and translator of HORACE have said, if he had seen the original draught of the document, as prepared by the Bottleholder. This was colloquial, if you like. The PRINCE CONSORT was kind enough to send it on to *Mr. Punch*, simply in order to amuse the latter Field Marshal; but it is really such a specimen of PALMERSTON'S free-and-easy-ism that it must be embalmed for the Ages. This was PALMERSTON'S composition:

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,?

Here we all are again; and how do you do to-morrow?

All is serene, as far as I can see, and I hope the moderation of foreign parties will keep things so. Talking of moderation, what a bore those moderator lamps are to make burn properly. I wish somebody would invent a good lamp.

The Italians are going it, are they not? However, that's neither your business nor mine. Let them settle their affairs their own way. If you want to see what JOHNNY RUSSELL has been writing about it, he has my orders to give you the papers.

It was necessary, of course, to stop that shocking work in Syria, and as LOUIS NAPOLEON happened to have soldiers handy (he always has) I and the other four Powers agreed that he should send some of them to help the Sultan to put down the savages. The French troops, you understand, represent all of us. I hope that all will be set straight.

We have given it to the Chinese, and taken Peking, so that business is done. There's a Blue Book for you full of the particulars, but I fancy you know all about them already.

India is improving, except in the £ s. d. line, but we'll trust that will come right in time.

Those tattooed parties, the New Zealanders, have been making a skindy, but it is to be hoped that they will be put down and kept down.

I am sorry to say that stars are falling from the flag of America. The Yankees are our cousins and our customers, and I do trust that they will make up matters somehow. They were so very kind to my eldest boy when he went over the Union, that I am doubly vexed at their being in trouble.

The Canadians and the other North Americans were also remarkably attentive to EDWARD, and his papa and myself are exceedingly obliged to them. Let me call your attention to the elegant beard of the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, grown by that nobleman in compliment to his charge, my Heir.

MR. CORBEN has been settling the schedules of the French Treaty, and is I hope all the better for his trip to Algiers.

I don't suppose my friend VICTOR EMMANUEL often opens a book, which makes it the more civil in him to have executed a copyright treaty with me. So my poets must not "annex" the *libretti* of Italian

operas any more, but must invent nonsense for themselves, a task to which I am happy to think them quite adequate.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

The Estimates have been framed with—what are you laughing at? Well, MR. GLADSTONE says they have, and he and "my dear MR. CRAUFURD" must settle it between them.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

There will be laid before you measures for the consolidation of the Criminal Law, for improving the Law of Bankruptcy, for making it easier to sell your Land, and for making a system of uniform Rating, whatever that is, and also measures for Reform of — (what is JOHN RUSSELL crying about?) for Reform of several things requiring it.

I am sure you will do what is right, and I leave matters in your hands with perfect confidence, I'm sure. &c., &c.

Now this was a speech which LORD DERBY might well have called Colloquial. Of course it would not do, and a steadier hand with a little more of the penny-a-lining faculty, had to put the above topics into decorous language, which was delivered by HER MAJESTY with her accustomed grace of diction. The only other point which marked the opening of the Session was, that the Crinolines of the Peeresses and their girls nearly broke the heart of the respected official who had to make room for six ladies where there was really space for only two, and to see the pretty occupants in possession smile in the kindest way at his prayers, but never attempt to stir, was delightful. *Mr. Punch*, who has always defended Crinoline, asks with indignation why the House of Lords is not made larger? But as it is coming down, having been built, it seems, of the wrong Dclomite, he suggests that the new house be made of vulcanised India-rubber, so that it may be stretched out to decent proportions when ladies are expected, and allowed to collapse when wanted for ordinary purposes. He hopes that there is nothing in this repugnant to the Constitution, and indeed he thinks the proposal strictly in conformity with Magna Charta, which says that "justice shall be denied to nobody," and it is clearly denying justice to a lady when you do not give her room to do justice to her beautiful clothes.

Both Houses, of course, held debates on the Address. A couple of Lords Lieutenant, LORD SERTON, formerly a grenadier, and LORD LISMORE, an O'Callaghan of Shanbally, moved and seconded. The ex-grenadier's maiden speech was neat enough, but the Shanbally party could not be heard. Then the LORD OF DERBY made a long, smart oration, in which he called the Speech "unexceptionable," and of course proceeded to pick it to pieces, terming it colloquial, as aforesaid, and otherwise faulty, praising it, however, for its want of "ambition," which meant its omission of mention of a Reform Bill. He was sorry that the QUEEN had not been asked to say something about the recent distresses, and of the charity they had evoked, and while compassionating such of the working class as could not save money, rebuked those who, earning more than clerks and others in a higher station, spent their wages in drink and idleness and had nothing for a rainy day. He wished to hear something about finance, but his chief demand was for an exposition of our real relations with NAPOLEON. Also he thought that FRANCIS THE SECOND had had hard measure dealt out to him. He was not opposed to Italian unity, if it could be effected, but he wished to hear Ministers on the subject. After some sarcasms directed at LORD JOHN RUSSELL for his despatches on the Italian question, and a fairer scoff at the murky mystification of the speech of the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, LORD DERBY was happy to announce that he did not mean to move any amendment to the Address in answer to the unexceptionable and colloquial Speech. LORD GRANVILLE in reply was equally happy to perceive from LORD DERBY'S vigour and humour that he had quite recovered from the gout, assured the other Earl that the Speech said everything that it ought to say, and no more, and by way of reply to the invitation to dilate on foreign politics, delivered a graceful eulogium on the late LORD ABERDEEN. The Peers, having had chaff enough, voted the Address, and departed exactly in comfortable time to get home to eight o'clock dinners.

In the Commons the Address was moved and seconded by Deputy Lieutenant SIR THOMAS COLEBROOKE and MR. CHARLES PAGET, hereby immortalised, *sans phrase*. Then MR. JAMES WHITE, of Brighton, thought it necessary to make a display of cackling patriotism. He complained that the QUEEN had not been made to scold the Lords for refusing, last year, to abolish the paper duty, he complained that the national expenditure was extravagant, and he complained that there was no mention of a Reform Bill. On the last point he moved an amendment to the address. Another shining light of the same order, MR. DIGBY SEYMOUR, seconded him, and next day had his pocket picked and his watch taken in Westminster Hall, which trial may we hope be blessed to him. MR. DISRAELI then had a good deal to say, approved the omission of Reform, but declared that the mind of the country was much "bewildered" in reference to the condition

of affairs and the policy of the Government. He predicted that the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH would make an alliance with Italy and come forth as the Head of the Latin Race. And he walked into LORD JOHN about his despatches, and accused him of misquoting Vattel. It seems that the Leaders of Opposition do not agree about Italy, LORD DERBY seeing no objection to the Unity, and MR. DISRAELI seeing a very great objection to it, in the shape of LOUIS NAPOLEON at the head of a Million of Armed Men. LORD JOHN RUSSELL recommended MR. DISRAELI to get rid of his own personal bewilderment by reading the papers on the table, defended himself and his despatches, declaring that his first had not been intended for publication, and as to Unity, said that it was not a scheme of the Government's, but that the Italians must do as they liked. As for Reform, he did not believe that he could carry any but a trifling measure until public opinion should demand a larger bill. The Country was Quite Dead on the subject. MR. BRIGHT utterly denied this, mourned over the backslidings of the Cabinet, and having shown in a very lucid manner that almost any decent person could by industry and resolution acquire the franchise, denounced those who declined to get up a disturbance in order to confer the vote on those who would not take the pains to deserve it. And, by way of a novelty, the amendment was pressed to a division,

And TOMMY WHITE and JOHNNY BRIGHT took what low folk call *nix*. By a motion on a notion which was shared by Forty-Six, While all the Whigs and Tories went together, hand-in-hand, And "One-Two-Nine for Ministers" out-shouted HENRY BRAND.

So ended the first night of the Session of 1861.

Wednesday. MR. SEYMOUR FITZGERALD made a smart speech on Foreign Affairs, pitching into LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and the latter made a still smarter one in reply, ending with the expression of his Lordship's belief that we are not on the eve of dangers, a truly satisfactory assurance.

Thursday. The Address was presented, and this was HER MAJESTY'S Reply:—

I think your Address is both loyal and dutiful,
Its syntax correct, and its sentiments beautiful;
And I'm sure you'll all give the best con-si-de-ra-tion
To the Bills you discuss for the good of the nation.

In the Commons, MR. MILNER GIBSON said that Government had considered the frequency of Railway Accidents, and meant to let the Companies alone most severely. MR. GLADSTONE proposed some alterations in the way the Old Lady in Threadneedle Street deals with our money; and SIR G. C. LEWIS introduced the Rating Bill, which is not a Rating Bill at all, but a Bill for improving the mode in which assessments are made and collected—evidently PAM, in writing the Speech, had not the slightest idea of what he was promising. He was much more at home in his Speech, to-night, for a Committee to inquire whether the House would not get through its business better by omitting sundry old forms; and sundry other Members made long speeches in very proper condemnation of lengthy orations. And the gaze of battle between Church and Dissent was flung down, SIR JOHN TRELLAWNY introducing his Bill for the abolition of Church-Rates. Go it, Bishop! Go it, Little Bethel!

Friday. The Miscellaneous Talk began with some spirit, and a variety of subjects were brought up, but the only point *Mr. Punch* intends to mention was LORD JOHN RUSSELL's statement, in reference to the Druze massacres, that FUAD PASHA, having asked of the Christian Bishops in Syria, how many of the 8000 adult males in the district of the atrocities ought to be put to death in revenge for the slaughter, the Christian Bishops unanimously demanded the lives of 4,600 men, and it was as much as the Mahomedans could do to get the Christians to consent to be satisfied with the blood of 1,200 men, which was the lowest terms they would take. A Select Committee on the Poor Laws was granted—a natural result of the exhibitions of blundering by Relieving Officers, and the like, during the recent distresses.

A POST OBIT PROSECUTION.



uses, which his Honour the Master of the Rolls decreed "he was not and is not entitled to."

It is needless to say that the above example of grammar, reasonableness, justice, and benignity is a communication to the Editor of the *Morning Post*, and not the composition of that gentleman. The purpose of the petition is stated to be "to cancel the leases granted by LORD GUILFORD of the Hospital property, in despite of an Act of Parliament to the contrary, and who was never the legal master thereof." "And who," may be supposed to mean "and notwithstanding that he," the antecedent to the relative "who" being presumed to be the EARL OF GUILFORD. Now, as the EARL OF GUILFORD died the other day, it is not easy to see how the lessees alluded to will, if their leases are cancelled by Parliament at the prayer of the petition above quoted, be able to sue that departed nobleman. It will be impossible for them to bring him to book, unless they bring him to a primer, and, by the intervention of a medium and help of a table, get him to rap out his answer to the charge of fraud, by the alphabet. But even if they should succeed in inducing him to rap out, they will never manage to compel him to *look out*. They will, therefore, have to grin and bear the loss of property which the petition *states* to have inflicted on them by the Legislature.

THE *Morning Post* announces that the question of the long mismanaged Hospital of St. Cross, near Winchester, is about to be brought before Parliament by petition, the Equity Courts having no jurisdiction in consequence of the foundation being an ecclesiastical benefice. Our matutinal contemporary subjoins a statement of the facts of the case, and the objects of the petitioners; one of those objects being:—

"To cancel the leases granted by LORD GUILFORD of the Hospital property, in despite of an Act of Parliament to the contrary, and who was never the legal master thereof, leaving it to the lessees to proceed against his Lordship for his imposition on them, and to compel restitution of the immense sums of money appropriated to his own

Perhaps, however, that document was based on a belief that a ghost could be called to account, and prosecuted beyond the grave. Such an idea may be thought to bespeak something like the madness of malice. The EARL OF GUILFORD was a divine of the old school, and dealt with the loaves and fishes of St. Cross as such; but the notion of prosecuting a dead man could only, one would think, be entertained by that Accuser who indicts defendants at the bar of the Court above. In that case, the Accuser of the defunct Master of St. Cross would also be the "Accuser of the Brethren."

THE WONDERFUL CABINET.—Four times a week, at least, so long as Parliament lasts this Session, will the WONDERFUL CABINET be thrown open at the Westminster Palace, to the Public, who will have an opportunity of admiring the various articles of "virtue and bigotry" that it contains. So miscellaneous and comprehensive are these articles, that it is quite impossible to enumerate one hundredth part of them in the space of a short advertisement. To give one specimen, there is the Bankruptcy Bill, that, consisting of not less than 500 different pieces, was sufficient of itself to fill the House last Session for more than several evenings, and yet it forms only one separate part of this Wonderful Cabinet, that may be said to contain more curiosities than BARNUM'S MUSEUM even at New York. Due notice will be given of the night when this far-famed Bankruptcy Bill will be produced for the first time by SIR R. BETHELL, the principal drawer in the Cabinet. Hours of performance from 5 o'clock P.M., up to midnight, and frequently longer than that. A morning performance every Wednesday at 2. Head Showman, LORD PALMERSTON. Children in arms not admitted.

An Old Joke in a New Form.

PARIS has its *Conservatoire de Musique* and London its Covent Garden Opera—and, inasmuch as the latter can boast with pride of its PYKE and its MELLON, we see no reason why it shouldn't be called a *Conservatory* as well.

WHAT IT REALLY MUST COME TO.

IF BENJAMIN OF BUCKS gives the House many speeches like his dull and dreary oration of last Tuesday, he will be bound to apply for a Royal Licence to change his name from DIZZY to DOZY.



CONSIDERATE!

YOUNG PUGGE (mysteriously). "*Ahem! Captain—it strikes me there's something on between you and the fair-haired party with the coronet? If so, between friends, you know. Eh? As I had some thoughts,—eh? don't you know?*"

CAPTAIN (facetiously). "*Oh! ah! I see—very delicate of you—quite takes a load off my mind, 'sure you!'*"

THOSE DOGS OF ITALIANS!

"No doubt all the people in Italy might be called Italians,—

As hounds and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are 'cleped
All by the name of dogs."—*LORD DERBY'S Speech on the Address.*

THANKS, courteous RUPERT, for the gentle gird;
We thank thee, Peer, for teaching us the word.
As dogs are dogs, whate'er their build or breed,
Italians are Italians, be their seed
From Alp or Apennine, reared north or south,
In Milan's moisture or Apulia's drouth.
And why should Italy the image spurn,
And from such parallel in anger turn?
If "every dog," we're told, "will have his day,"
Sure Italy for *her's* may hope and pray.
Then dogs have such true hearts, such faithful natures,
Poets have ranked them o'er their fellow-creatures:
And dogs are blest with scent, to smell out vermin,
Shroud they in sackcloth, crouch they under ermine;
And dogs are swift their quarry to pursue;
And dogs are sharp of teeth to rend it, too,—
And most in this, dogs' wit our own transcends—
The precious art of knowing foes from friends;
And DANTE doggedly through hell did jog;
And MICHAEL ANGELO's a grand old dog;
From all "sly dogs," who claims to bear the bell?
The subtle, supple, smooth MACHIAVEL;
COLUMBUS kept his dog-watch not in vain;
And GALILEO's tube dogged Dian's train.
What was the *sobriquet* that came most handy,
To great Verona's greatest Lord?—*Can Grande*—
Which means "Big Dog," and this was he whose power
Found DANTE shelter in his exiled hour.

Nay, turning to the present from the past,
Upon what jollier dog was crown e'er cast,
Than VICTOR, at Turin? Does land or sea know
A sadder dog than wretched BOMBALINO?
Yet, ringed with fire at ever lessening distance,
He offers still a dogged, *four* resistance.
Venetia writhing Austria's hoof beneath,
Aye shows—and soon may use—her canine teeth.
And soon the parallel may hold more far,
Should Italy re-slip her dogs of war.
Those dogs, who stoutly swam the Tyrrhene sea,
With GARIBALDI—grand old sea-dog he!
Who—units braving hundreds—sprang to shore,
And swept—heroic pack—Trinacria o'er.
Let storm'd Palermo, let Melazzo say,
When British bull-dogs showed more pluck than they?
Laughing to scorn e'en Scylla's rival bark,
And dodging fierce Charybdis in the dark,
To run, close-mouthed, their Royal Reynard down,
Till he took earth in Gaëta's walled town.
Staunch, steady dogs, how quick you worked and quiet,
Scarce, here and there, one young hound running riot,
Till in Caserta's parks and paddocks tame
Hunting once more showed out—a Royal game.
Yes, courteous RUPERT—well the image holds—
Italy's dogs are up! Wolves—ware the folds!

Rechristening a Governor.

CONSIDERING the line GOVERNOR PICKENS has taken with regard to the Federal property in South Carolina, we should suggest the propriety of an addition to his name. Let him henceforth be known as GOVERNOR PICKENS AND STEALIN'S.



WHERE'S THE BABY?

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"HAVE you seen *Timour the Tartar*? or TIMUR the Tatar, as we have lately learned to call him, though it hardly sounds respectful to speak of the great Khan of Tartary merely as a Tatar Khan. If you have not, take my advice and a fourwheel cab, and go; it won't do these windy nights to ride about in Hansoms. I spent a pleasant hour and a quarter at his court the other evening, after an agreeable prelude of *Old Trusty*. (By the way, what has come to MR. ADDISON of late? I used to fancy him at one time only fit for "heavy fathers," and the like conventionalities. But every time I see him now, he shows me something new and fresh, and anything but stogy. His acting in this piece has a quiet truth about it which I the more commend, as the part is badly written and tempts to over-acting.)

"Sportsmen when well mounted hope for a long run, and if *Timour* fails to have one it is no fault of the mounting. The piece is as well put on the stage as an author can desire, and leaves nothing to be wished for in the way of decoration. If the ballet guards were trained to march a little more in time, the public would perhaps be more appreciative of their movements. At present when at drill they are a rather awkward squad, although their looks and legs are by nature not ungainly. But this is a slight blot, and in general the 'effects' cannot well be more effective. The last scene is as pretty as any I have seen; and, unlike the tedious 'Transformation' businesses, has to me the great advantage that it does not tire one's patience by a bit-by-bit development.

"You may fancy, from my mention of these scenic merits first, that the authorship and acting are but secondary matters. This I know has been the fashion at some theatres of late, but I am glad to say has not now proved the case at the Olympic. I don't think *Timour* was knocked off in a couple of nights' work, with the assistance of strong tea, and may be something a whit stronger. I have heard of burlesques being rattled off in this way, a rough sketch being first made for the guidance of the scene-painters, and the 'words' served out perhaps on the morning of performance. But I don't think *Timour* bears the stamp of this fast school, for it seems written with more care than can be given at such high-pressure. The plot is certainly not interesting, nor yet the most intelligible. But after all, who looks for skilful plot in a burlesque? One might as well expect the taste of port in a potato. There are lots of pleasant puns and pleasant parodies in *Timour*, but the writing is not so 'smart' as to become a painful matter to you. That new kind of verbal torture whereby a string of senseless words are made to sound like one, is to my old-fashioned mind a most excruciating torment; and I confess that I hate pieces which are stuffed so full of puns that one's ears are sure to ache with being stretched to catch them.

"The acting is generally speaking good; but I must say that Miss KEELEY deserves a special word of praise for her distinct articulation. I never heard her Mother's equal for making a joke tell, and I am glad to find the daughter echo that clear utterance. Her singing, too, is nice (though not always in tune), and there is a lively sprightliness about her which makes you fancy that her work is more a pleasure than a labour to her, and that she herself enjoys the fun as much as you do. I like to see good humour have fair vent upon the stage, provided that it does not assume the form of 'gagging.' Gags I hold in horror and detestation, and I honestly confess I am surprised that *Timour* should have stooped to them. I can understand that actors who can't play without applause, and who know they have not cleverness enough to win it fairly, should have recourse to claptrap as a means to get a clap, and should try to make buffoonery pass current for good acting; but *Timour* is performed by one who is ranked as our best actor of burlesque, and who should feel ashamed to descend to gagging. Had *Timour* been a dull and heavily-written part, there might perhaps have been some shadow of excuse for him; but this is not the case. In all other respects *Timour* is admirably played by MR. ROBSON.

"I have been working hard in the dramatic way this week, and have looked in at both the Operas, besides my glance at the Olympic. BALFE was the composer who catered in each case, and I had the opportunity of comparing with his most recent one of his earliest productions. But that *Bianca* does not seem of such good promise for the barrel-organs, I should incline to rank it below the other work. There is, however, certainly great virtue in this 'but.' There is nothing in *Bianca* that I need fear will haunt me, like the 'dreaming that I dwell,' in the ballad *Bohémienne*. By the bye, the last *libretto* is not a vast advance upon the poetry of BUNN. I could point out many a passage nearly equal in absurdity to the 'hollow hearts' that 'wear a mask,' in the old piece.

"The Pantomimes at these great houses are worthy of small notice. Anomalous as it may sound, I must confess that PAYNE is always sure to give me pleasure, and I have this year had much entertainment from *Remorse*. I rejoice to see the son ascending pantomimically on his father's heels; and if spirits be permitted, as some say, to walk the earth, I hope I never may be haunted by a less facetious demon. But, with these exceptions, the Pantomime in Bow-Street was as dull as

the Police Court, and, spite of the new-fangled introduction of three clowns (all good), the so-called 'comic business' was insufferably dreary. That in *Tom Thumb* was more bearable, because there was less of it; but, alas! there's no hot poker there (can such things be thought vulgar?); and oh! what a good old-fashioned point methought was missed, when *Clown*, who rides a pair of wooden horses à la *Asley's*, omitted to get *Pantaloon* to chalk his feet with butter.

"This being the time for ending pantomimic business, next week I hope and trust to see our 'Great Tragedian,' who I hear is drawing myriads to his 'masterly performances.' Meanwhile, with compliments to *Judy*, believe me, my dear *Punch*,

Yours sincerely,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

IMPERIAL ASSURANCE.

In politics—to say it much I grieve—

The world, albeit in the face of facts'

Inexorable logic, won't believe

In totally disinterested acts.

All I can say is, that Savoy and Nice

Irrevocably are rejoined to France;

So now let Commerce calculate on peace,

Take a new start, assured no war will chance.

To aid a just cause, France may draw the sword,

Quite without thought—save afterthought—of gain,

Whereof events occasion may afford;

New provinces, for instance, to obtain.

To vindicate her honour, if 'tis hurt,

France too may fight, but not with farther aim,

Except her will and pleasure to assert,

And generous ideas to proclaim.

With forty millions, France can threats despise,

Armed to the teeth by sea as well as land,

Yet she inspires mistrust, to my surprise,

Suspicion, which I cannot understand!

Her army is invincible, all know,

Invulnerable is her iron fleet.

Then who to war with her will idly go,

With the dead certainty of being beat?

Come, therefore, drooping Confidence, revive,

Cheer up dull Business; clear thy cloudy brow.

Now languid Speculation, look alive.

Take courage Capital, and fear no row.

Secure in strength, France feels herself at ease,

For none her enmity will dare provoke;

Europe must let her do what she may please:

Then European concord won't be broke.

A HOP AT THE HOLY SEE.

ACCORDING to the Roman Correspondent of the *Post*:—

"In Rome the last novelty was the English Bachelor's Ball, which brilliant event took place last night in the club rooms, and was attended by the flower of the British and Foreign Society here, as well as GENERAL DE GOYON, the DUKE OF GRAMONT, and the principal part of the *corps diplomatique*."

Rome must be just the place for a Bachelors' Ball. It abounds in priests, who are all necessarily bachelors. The only defect that could vitiate such a ball would be the absence of the fair sex; for the Roman Clergy are vowed to single blessedness, and few ladies will willingly dance with men whom they cannot possibly marry. But there would be no want of petticoats at a bachelors' ball attended by numerous members of the Priesthood, if those reverend gentlemen appeared in full pontificals. The flower of society might be partly composed of members of monastic societies, some of whom might choose to be wall-flowers. Would not the Cardinals, as many as might be present, make a brilliant display of millinery and muslin? Surely all the girls who chanced to be in the ball-room would be charmed with their Eminences' pretty red round hats! They would also admire the display of scarlet stockings, which might be rendered the more effective by the judicious employment of Crinoline. DE MEROPE might serve ANTONELLI as partner in a polka. The POPE himself, if he wears white satin shoes, might as well dance, and might lead off the Ball in a quadrille, such as would be sanctioned by MR. SPURGEON, except that our popular Protestant preacher would probably wish all the gentlemen to appear in male costume, and none of them attired like females. Dancing might benefit his Holiness, who is said to be too fat, by reducing his corpulence.

An excessive Answer!



SCREAMING LATIN JOKE BY OUR ETON BOY.

ECONOMY WITH ELEGANCE.

"MR. PUNCH, Husbands and fathers will, I am sure, be pleased to see the following announcement, copied out of *Le Follet* :—

"The material called *droguet* is in great request for home dress this winter, and it is now made in such rich and elegant designs, that it may rank next to velvet."

"Bachelors afraid to marry will be greatly encouraged to do so by the above information. They will naturally suppose, most of them, that *droguet* is the fashionable word for *drugget*, which material, howsoever unaccustomed they may be to housekeeping, they will at least know to be commonly used for the saving of carpets. The idea that *drugget* is in great request for home dress will diminish the horror with which they contemplate the danger of incurring milliners' bills, inseparable from matrimony. They will perhaps cherish the fond hope that, since *drugget* is now in great request for home dress, it will soon become in equally great request for evening dress; for that, being made in such rich and varied designs that it may rank next to velvet, it will, before long, be made equal to velvet, and be adopted by ladies as a substitute for that material, and other fabrics which are equally expensive. I have a whole family of grown-up daughters, and their collective dresses amount to—I am afraid to say how many hundred yards. I hope *Le Follet* will impress young men with an idea that, if they wed, their wives will be satisfied with being clad in *drugget*, and am, &c.,

"PATERFAMILIAS."

"P.S. I wish my dinner was always dressed as well as my family."

AN AMERICAN CABINET MINISTER.

(PAINTED BY HIMSELF.)

MR. JOHN BRIGHT tells us to take United States institutions for our model. Does he extend the recommendation to United States Cabinet Ministers? Ought LORD HERBERT OF LEA, for instance, to accept as his model MR. FLOYD, the late Secretary of War in MR. BUCHANAN'S administration?

MR. FLOYD has seceded from that administration, and has given to his fellow-citizens in Virginia an account of his stewardship. His speech is a remarkable document, as showing us how far American statesmen have gone in improving upon our old-fashioned notions of truth, honour and patriotism.

He began his discourse with an eulogium on that great and blessed thing—Slavery :—

"God in his commandments wrote with his own fingers upon Mount Sinai, 'Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's slave;' and if these fanatics will deal with this subject in a religious aspect, I would have them remember that the first slave-catcher in the history of the world was an angel of God, sent by God to take a runaway slave—a negro—and bring him back to his master."

The allusion we presume (in spite of the gender) is to the case of HAGAR, as recorded in the 16th Chapter of Genesis, though we cannot find anything there of the angel *taking* the runaway; nor were we aware till now, that HAGAR was a negress.

The contemplation of the subject of slavery is almost too much for MR. FLOYD. Lifted into enthusiasm he continues :—

"Oh! it is a hallowed institution, and it seems that in the Providence of God it came down through the new dispensation to be preserved and perpetuated in conformity with the will of Divine Providence."

But MR. FLOYD is at least consistent with himself. Having discovered that slavery is a "hallowed institution," it is not to be wondered at that he should have made the discovery that "treason" is synonymous with "duty."

He is a modest man, however, and owns that he only rose to his conception of duty by degrees. When he found himself Secretary at War "by accident—beyond either his merits, wishes, or aspirations," he laboured, he tells us, "to understand the power of the position and its responsibilities."

"I soon found that it was full of significance, that it was an armed power for good, and armed with immense power for evil. Whilst your men were aspiring for the Presidency, and whilst I was the subject of vituperation and abuse which I never answered, I undertook so to dispose of the power in my hands that when the terrible hour came, you, and all of you, and each of you, should say this man has done his duty."

And what was MR. FLOYD'S duty, according to his latest light on the subject? Simply to transfer the arms and ammunition of the

Federal Government to the forts and arsenals of the States he knew to be on the verge of secession—in order that they might be armed for resistance to the Federal forces.

MR. FLOYD asks pardon for "the egotism" of his avowal. He saw what was at hand :—

"I saw a fissure in the iceberg coming. I knew there was no power between heaven and earth that could divert it. I understood as I understand this moment, that as it had split everything in its path, it was destined to split the administration of the United States. I stood firm."

Even the PRESIDENT—easy man as he is—suspected what MR. FLOYD'S strong sense of duty was leading him to :—

"The PRESIDENT said to me—and I thought I never saw him in my life look so much like what comes up to my idea of a PRESIDENT of the United States as he looked that evening—he said, 'MR. FLOYD, are you going to send recruits to Charleston to strengthen the forts? What about sending reinforcements to Charleston?' I was taken very much by surprise to find the PRESIDENT inquiring of me about policy on his part. I said, 'MR. PRESIDENT, I do not intend to strengthen the forts at Charleston.' 'Don't you,' said he, 'intend to strengthen the forts at Charleston?' 'I do not intend to strengthen the forts at Charleston,' said I. 'MR. FLOYD, I would rather be in the bottom of the Potomac to-morrow than that these forts should fall into the hands of those who intend to take them. It will destroy me, Sir.' And, said he, 'MR. FLOYD, if that thing occurs it will cover your name—and it is an honourable name, Sir—with an infamy that you can never efface, because it is in vain that you will attempt to show that you have not some complicity in handing over these forts to those who take them.'"

It seems, therefore, that at this time the PRESIDENT'S notions of "duty" slightly differed from MR. FLOYD'S. The act that MR. FLOYD is so proud of is one, according to MR. BUCHANAN, "that will cover his name with an infamy that all time can never efface."

GENERAL CASS, too, took the same perverted view of "duty" as the PRESIDENT. He was for strengthening the Southern Forts.

"He said there must be force, and there shall be force."

In the interval between his first and second interview with MR. FLOYD, however, the PRESIDENT seems to come round, rather, to the FLOYD view of "duty." "He never looked so like a President" as when he told MR. FLOYD that "his conduct would cover his name with everlasting infamy;" but after he had changed his mind on this point, it was—

"With a beautiful countenance and with a heroic decision that I shall never forget [that he replied to GENERAL CASS] in the Council Chamber, 'I have considered this question. I am sorry to differ from the SECRETARY OF STATE—I have made up my mind. The interests of the country do not demand a reinforcement of the forces in Charleston. I cannot do it—I will not do it—and I take the responsibility of it upon myself.' That is what he said, and the next day this glorious old PREMIER sent in his resignation. Then gentlemen, I clapped my hands again. I was sorry to part from him, God knows, because he had done what has seldom been done, he has inspired during four years a feeling of affection in my heart; but when he left, I could not help coking my eye and saying, 'God speed you, old man, to the North.'"

To have inspired a feeling of affection in MR. FLOYD'S heart for

four years, was, indeed, no common feat, and well deserved the compliment which it extorted from MR. FLOYD of a "cock of his eye," and a "God speed to the North."

We have taken no liberties with MR. FLOYD's noble revelation. We have ventured on no comment. Such virtue deserves, surely, if ever virtue did, to be "its own reward."

And this is a Cabinet Minister of the United States! Let LORD PALMERSTON and LORD JOHN RUSSELL, the DUKE OF SOMERSET and LORD HERBERT look on this picture and blush for their own miserable inferiority.

Let the benighted Britisher learn from MR. FLOYD what slavery is, and what duty is, and store up the lesson against the time when JOHN BULL acknowledges JONATHAN as an example, exports and wallops his own nigger, repudiates his debts, betrays his public trust, and after a touch of pardonable egotism in proclaiming what he has done, lies down with the proud consciousness that, whatever comes of it, "thank God, he has done his duty!"

THE CLASSICS OF THE COUNTER.

"MY DEAR MR. PUNCH, "Chrysanthemum Cottage, Friday.

"AS CHARLES has always taken in your *interesting* paper, and we regularly read every single word of it, of course I saw your article the other day upon Shop-Slang, which I really thought *most capital*, only I must confess there was a good deal in it that I didn't understand; but I'm sure you would have liked to see how CHARLES enjoyed it, though I don't think that he need have *laughed* at me so much for not knowing what a 'slap-up kickshies builder' is, and for asking him to tell me the meaning of such words as 'trotter case' and 'mawleys.' However, he has promised that 'some time or other, when he has nothing better to do' (now, do you think SIR CRESSWELL would allow such phraseology, implying as it does that CHARLES actually thinks he *can* have something better to do than attend to the behests of me, his lawful wedded wife? because if you do, I think that there's no use in the Divorce Court!) CHARLES, I say, has promised to instruct me in thieves' Latin, in which he says the words that puzzled me are written, and to help me to translate it into proper ladies' English."

"But what I wanted to say was (and as I'm a *constant reader* please to let me say it *publicly*, for I do so long to see myself in print,) that there's a most enormous deal of slang talked in the shops, besides what you have shown to be occasionally written there. I declare I never go into a dressmaker's or draper's without hearing an *immense* lot of low vulgar slangy phrases; and as for hairdressers, I'm sure it's positively dreadful what *bad language* they use, inquiring as they do whether one would like to 'ave the pints just taken *hort*,' and telling their assistants to 'go and eat them hirs.' But this is merely mispronouncing, more than actual slang, and after all is not so odious and offensive in my ears as the 'any other harticle' of the obsequious shopman, and the thousand other vulgarisms which equally are current. One rarely hears the word 'thing' nowadays in shops, unless indeed it have an adjective before it. A 'sweet thing in muslins, Mem,' is no uncommon phrase, but generally speaking the word used is always 'harticle.' Then, as your Correspondent, MR. EASEL, justly noticed, nowadays a shop is never called a shop. The young men in it always term it their 'establishment,' 'emporium' and 'mart' are also synonyms in vogue, but are not used in speaking so much as in advertisements."

"This fashion of declining to call a spade a spade, or to term a business by any briefer phrase than 'commercial undertaking,' has run riot in a number of ridiculous respects, whereof the slang words in shop-Latin are some of the most ludicrous. Do you think a shirt sells better because christened an 'Eureka,' or are boots more bought if advertised as being 'Antigropelos?' I wonder how many men who purchase an 'aquascutum' overcoat are tempted so to do because of the queer name of it, or have the least notion what that queer name really means. As for myself, of course a *lady* is not *expected* to know Latin, and I remember when CHARLES took me to see the Westminster Play, and I asked what made him laugh so, he shook his head and put his finger to his lips, and whispered something about ancient jokes not being meant for ladies, and I heard him tell old TOMKINS what a good thing it was women didn't understand the classics. So of course whenever now I see a long hard Latin word, and CHARLES seems puzzled to translate it for me, I can't help fancying it means something *dreadfully improper*. There, the other day I showed him an advertisement I saw of an 'Idrotobolic' hat which some rare genius had invented; and as he seemed to *hesitate* in saying that it merely meant a nice light sort of hat that wouldn't give a headache, of course I naturally suspected it meant nothing of the kind, and of course I shan't rest satisfied until I find out what it *does* mean."

"Now, maybe words like these are well enough for men (though I'll bet a pair of gloves that not a quarter of you *scholars* really understand them); but it really is *too bad* that we poor women should be bothered with them, just as if we hadn't enough other things to worry us, and I'm sure that what with bad cooks, shirt-buttons, and bachelor

acquaintances, who are always *certain* to drop in upon cold mutton days, the life of a young 'Missus,' as one's called, is full of troubles, and the married state is *much* more of a bed of thorns than roses."

"I have plenty more to say about the classics of the counter, for I've no *patience* with the creatures, and haven't yet *half done* with their ridiculous absurdities; but CHARLES has just sent up to say the *diorapha's* at the door, and we are going to the *Pantechicon* to look at some *Kamptulicon*, and after that he wants to get himself a new bit of *rypophagon*, because now the frost is over he has *begun* to shave again; and then I mean to make him come and buy me a *eupoleon*, for really my old mantle is too shabby to be seen in; and if we've time Mamma has asked me to procure some *emmenathoon*, as the last hair dye she tried only made her grey hairs green ones, and she also wants to know the price of a new saucepan which she recently saw advertised, with the name, if I can spell it, of *anheidrohepsterion*, and CHARLES declares he means to ask whether so classical a cognomen is likely to impart a Grecian flavour to potatoes!"

"So you really *must* excuse me from writing any more, but believe me,

"Your most constant reader,
"ARABELLA ARAMINTA ANGELINA SMITH."

"P.S. I hear that printing is now done by an *anastatic* process. Has it ever been applied yet to the art of *printing kisses*?"

A FEW SIMPLE REASONS AGAINST SMOKING.

(Principally addressed to SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE, in answer to his Letter on that abominable practice.)

BY THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY, AND THE WIDOW OF THREE HUSBANDS, WHO ALL SMOKED.

1. BECAUSE it injures the curtains.
2. Because it is injurious to the furniture generally.
3. Because it is not agreeable to breakfast in the room when the gentlemen have been smoking overnight.
4. Because no man's temper is the better for it the next morning.
5. Because it keeps persons up to late hours, when every respectable person ought to be in bed.
6. Because the smell haunts a man's clothes, and his beard, and his hair, and his whiskers, and his whole body, for days afterwards—so much so that it is positively uncomfortable sometimes to go near him.
7. Because it is a selfish gratification that not only injures those who partake of it, but has the further effect of driving the ladies out of the room.
8. Because it is, also, an expensive habit which the ladies, not participating in its so-called enjoyments, cannot possibly have the smallest sympathy with or appreciation for.
9. Because it has the further effect of making gentlemen drink a great deal more than they otherwise would, and so weakens their purses besides ruining their constitutions, to say nothing of the many comforts and new dresses that their dear wives and children may have been unjustly deprived of, supposing the same amount of money had only been judiciously laid out at home.
10. Because it gives extra trouble to the servants who have to clean and to ventilate the room the next morning.
11. Because how are one's daughters to get married, if the gentlemen are always locked up in a separate room paying court to their filthy pipes and cigars?
12. Because it unfits a young man, who is wedded to it, for the refining influences of female society.
13. Because it puts a stop to music, singing, flirting, and all rational enjoyments.
14. Because it is a custom originally imported from the savages.
15. Because we see the nations that smoke the most are mostly the stupidest, heaviest, laziest, dreariest, dreamiest, most senseless, and worthless beings that encumber—like so many weeds, only capable of emitting so much smoke—the face of the earth.
16. Because when a man says he is going out to smoke a cigar, there's no knowing what mischief he is bent upon, or the harm the monster may be likely to get into.
17. Because it is not allowed in the Palace, or Windsor Castle, or in any respectable establishment.
18. Because the majority of husbands only do it because they know it is offensive to their wives.

And a thousand other good reasons, if one only had the patience to ennumerate them all. Pray did ADAM smoke?

Punch's Essence of French Characters.

"DANCE, you dogs, to my fiddle-de-dee.
And thank your stars for a *Punch* like me."

Slightly altered from MR. PLANCHÉ.



IRISH HOUSEKEEPING.

BACHELOR. "Mary, I should like that piece of Bacon I left at dinner yesterday."

IRISH SERVANT. "Is it the bit o' Bhacon thin? Shure I took it to lough the fhoires!"

PUNCH IN HIS GLORY.

FROM the account of the State Procession in which HER MAJESTY went to open Parliament, the Court Newsman unaccountably omitted the following particular:—

"A carriage drawn by six piebald horses, containing Mr. PUNCH."

The next time Mr. Punch goes to assist at the Opening of Parliament he means to have his carriage drawn by a spotted team, of which he hopes the Court Newsman will take proper notice, and not treat his equipage in the Royal train as though it had been conspicuous by its absence.

A New Source of Inspiration.

KING THWAITES was explaining to an incurable gambler that there were two principal lines of sewers,—the high-level sewer, and the low-level sewer,—when our enthusiastic slave of the green baize violently exclaimed, "By Jove! the Deuce is the Main!"

"FAIR IS FOUL."

A CABMAN'S Fare—considering the abuse one generally gets (more especially if he is a Hansom Cabman) when one pays him nothing more than the proper fare.

A FLING AT A FOOLISH FASHION.

If ladies will wear hoops, they necessarily make themselves butts.

PARLIAMENTARY ENTERTAINMENTS.

IN addition to the banquets of LORDS PALMERSTON and GRANVILLE, and of the leaders of the Opposition, on the Opening of the Session, several entertainments on a minor scale took place, which somehow have escaped being noticed by the press. We have therefore been requested to supply the following details, with which we have been furnished through a most authentic source:—

VISCOUNT WILLIAMS gave a grand tea and turn-out at his residence, to which the chief of his Constituents had the honour of receiving cards. The repast, we understand, was of a strictly frugal character; as being in accordance with those economic principles of which the noble Viscount has long been the acknowledged champion in the House. After the refecton, the guests were entertained with a long speech from their host, setting forth his views on a variety of matters, and stating that he would not shrink from upsetting the Government, and himself assuming office as Prime Minister, if LORD PALMERSTON persisted in refusing to retrench.

MR. BRIGHT gave a full dress banquet the same evening, to which the "ardent reformers" in the House were all invited. Covers were laid for some three hundred or more, but, through some mischance or other, the company who assembled did not exceed a dozen.

MR. AYRTON had a dinner-party at his private residence, for the purpose of making a short speech on the occasion, that he might prove whether his tongue was in proper working order. MR. AYRTON said at starting that he feared so long a rest had made his powers of speech grow rusty, but as the "few remarks" he promised extended over nearly five hours and a half, the fears he entertained were shown to be quite groundless.

MR. SPOONER had invited a select circle of friends to renew his yearly promise to make his usual fiery attack upon Maynooth, when the Grant for it should come before the notice of the House. But it unfortunately happened that the guests whom he invited were all "previously engaged," and so the worthy Member had to make his speech in the form of a soliloquy, and to supply the "cheers" and "hear! hears!" of an audience himself.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL entertained a large party at his residence with a description of how he meant to make away with his Reform baby, and how JOHN BRIGHT, he expected, would accuse him of the murder

of it. His Lordship said, he hoped the country would acquit him of unnatural desertion, for it was mainly to oblige them he had played the part of Brutus, and sacrificed his child, because he clearly saw the country did not care for it.

MR. LAYARD, as in duty bound, gave a splendid banquet to his friend Mr. Punch, in recognition of his services in returning MR. LAYARD to a seat in Parliament.

We learn, too, that LORD COWLEY gave a full-dress entertainment at his residence in Paris, to celebrate the opening of the French and English Sessions. The hospitalities were on a more than usually grand scale, covers being laid for no less than three persons.

A Strange Coincidence.

'TIS HER MAJESTY'S Army and Navy;
'TIS HER MAJESTY'S Kingdom; and yet—
Of this we may all "take a davy";—
'Tis the People's or "National Debt!"

A CONUNDRUM BETWEEN THE ACTS.

WHAT is the difference between a popular Melodrama at the Adelphi and LORD CLYDE?—The one is *Colleen Bawn*, and the other COLIN Christened.

The Volunteer Movement.

WE are requested to state, that there is not the smallest foundation for the rumour which has been circulated lately, even in the highest circles, that LORD JOHN has accepted the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the Six Foot Rifles.

THINGS THAT SADLY WANT THE "JUDICIOUS USE OF THE PRUNING-KNIFE."—Our financial expenditure, standing armies, parliamentary speeches, and ladies' dresses.

A QUESTION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED YET.—"Where's the Police?"



YANKEE SUBTLETY.

YOUNG MERCHANT. "What do I do? Why, I attend to the Finesse Department—do all the Finessing, you know."

FRIEND. "Finessing! What enlunder's that?"

YOUNG MERCHANT. "Why, when any Feller Owes the Concern Money and won't Pay, I go and make him, or Knock his Darned Old Head off his Shoulders!"

THE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM.

LAST Friday was the Anniversary of the birth of GEORGE WASHINGTON, founder of the Union which the *New York Herald* declares to exist no longer. PRINCE ALBERT, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, has given, as subject for the Prize Poem, *The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington*,—the incident of the 5th October last. *Punch* does not know whether his young friend, H. R. H. EDWARD, who has just gone to Cambridge, means himself to compete for the prize, though, as he is likely to know what his emotions upon that occasion were better than anybody else, there seems no reason against his trying his hand. Meantime, the selection of such a subject has given great satisfaction to the Americans, and the *Herald* says,—

"A more graceful compliment to the United States than is here conveyed by the father of the heir apparent could not have been chosen. It shows that the Royal Family and people of England look back with feelings of pleasure upon that memorable event in the New World tour of his Royal Highness, and it must be extremely gratifying to ourselves to know that the youth and intellect of our mother country are making it a labour of love to honour and emblazon it in song. And it is to be hoped that under the auspices of *Alma Mater* something will be produced worthy of a theme so richly teeming with the poetry of tradition and the gems of history, and allowing such limitless scope for the glowing pictures of poetical genius."

It is to be hoped so. We shall see. *Mr. Punch* has no child at Cambridge, at present, or the prize would be already on view in the window of 85, Fleet Street, for no one would be foolish enough to contend against a son of the House of *Punch*. The utmost fair play will, therefore, be given.

But *Mr. Punch* hardly knows whether to rejoice or to be sad that the Poet CUPPER (author of *Proverbial Imbecility*, &c.), although disqualified from entering the race with younger bards, has stepped forth to shew them how the thing ought to be done. It is matter for joy that such a Poem as CUPPER's should be given to the world; but on the other hand, its extreme beauty and all but perfection must tend to discourage all other competitors. However, here is an "early copy," and perhaps the young Cantabs had better make themselves thoroughly masters of

it, before attempting their own verses. They will at least know what they must avoid.

VOLUNTEER PRIZE POEM,

PRINCE EDWARD OF WALES AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Auspicious moment. Banish every gloom.
No Tears to-day, although I sing a Tomb;
A Tomb on which the honour was conferred
Of homage from a child of GEORGE THE THIRD,
I call him child, although he's no such thing,
And the great grandson of the Farmer King.

A happy omen for VICTORIA'S SON,
W begins both WALES and WASHINGTON,
And similar may both their courses be,
Lovers of all that's grand and great and free,
Yet here I would not be misunderstood,
Good are republics, monarchy is good,
And truly sorry I should be to plan
Schemes for my Prince to turn republican:
Ungrateful, surely, were such thought in me
Whose works amuse the Royal Family,
And in their gilded bindings often lie
Where they may catch the QUEEN'S or CONSORT'S eye.
I only mean this golden hope to forge:
May EDWARD be as good a man as GEORGE!

Mount Vernon is the place to which they brought
The Prince to show the honour which he ought.
'Twas in October that it met his view,
And that's the month in which I always brew,
Not that I'd willingly intrude my ales
Into a poem on the PRINCE OF WALES,
But playful thoughts gush from the poet's tongue
Like those same liquids when you lift the bung,
Drinking and thinking thus suggest the line—
That bier is Washington's and this is mine.

What Vernon is, or why it's called a Mount,
I know not, and the fact's of small account:
The name is dear to us, (Columbia's kith)
Who idolise the name of VERNON SMITH;
Then we've the Vernon Gallery; for my part
I love that choice collection of fine art,
And often wish that it were nearer town—
(My Royal Prince and Consort, never frown,
I know it's only thriftpence by the bus,
And did not mean the least disloyal fuss)
I love to sit and rest each weary leg,
And gaze on STANFIELD, ROBERTS, CRESWICK, EGG,
Or stand enchanted in the Vernon room,
As stood the Prince before the Vernon Tomb.

Upon that scene how oft must he look back,
As rapt he stood beside the Potomac,
And heard arising o'er that river's surge,
The music of the *Travatore* dirge,
Played on the steamer, which as it appeared
From the reports, his Royal hand had steered,
Type of the time, O! may the time be late!
When he shall steer the vessel of the State.
Nobly he spoke, as well beseemed his birth,
Then picked horse-chestnuts from the hallowed earth,
Intending, as he frankly told the folks,
To sow them here, among fair Windsor's oaks.
And let us hope that getting back on board
In sport he shied them at no Duke or Lord,
But that the trees will spring where, every hour,
He'll see them from the Lancasterian Tower.

Here, Muse, break off, and loyal ardour check,
Nor sing the dancing on the vessel's deck,
How Alexandria met him with a smile
(Not Alexandria, reader, near the Nile),
How Washington (the place) with salvoes rang,
Bid fly her bunting and her cannon bang,
And tens of thousands sent up plaudits wild
In honour of VICTORIA'S princely child.
My strain is o'er, but oh, if I might dare,
Mid themes like these to thrust a private prayer,
'Twould be that when my Prince's next voyages, he
Will take, as Travelling Laureat,

M. F. C.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



FEBRUARY 11, 1861, *Monday*. LORD CAMPBELL introduced a Bill, which, if it really answers its professed purpose, may be called a Patent Double-screw Press. It is to consolidate the Statutes by the repeal of all the obsolete laws. At present there are Forty Volumes of Laws. The expurgated edition will consist of Ten. We presume that as condensed soup ex-

LORD NORMANBY took

the first opportunity of making a goose of himself, pretending to misunderstand a petition against Spanish persecution of Protestants.

The HOME SECRETARY does not mean to Reform the City Corporation this year, but does mean to try to do something with the Coal duties. The cry for this Session is therefore, "Emancipate the Scuttle."

SIR CHARLES WOOD made a lucid Speech about Indian finance. He wanted a loan for India, that is it was not a loan, but he wanted money for India, not exactly for India, but a cash transaction had to be gone through, and it had nothing to do with the expenditure of India, but it was to make good an excess in the expenditure upon India, and this was a very trifling difference, though it was by no means an unimportant matter. He should be much ashamed if he did not tell the exact truth, and if the expenditure had not been much larger than it had been expected to be a considerable sum less than had been calculated would have been laid out, but then this could not be called Indian expenditure, because the money he expected to receive from India would be absorbed, and it was clear that if there was a deficiency in receipts less money would come into the treasury. For these reasons, and several others equally intelligible, he demanded £3,000,000, and got it.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL then introduced the Reform Bill for 1861, the Bill for amending the law of Bankruptcy and Insolvency. As no person who humbly and sincerely studies his *Punch*, and acts up to his precepts, can ever be in the least danger of bankruptcy or insolvency, or can be anything but prosperous, intelligent, witty, and happy, there is no *prima facie* reason for stating the character of the Bill to those who can have no interest in it. But it is due to *Mr. Punch's* friend SIR RICHARD, who has laboured in this cause like a legal Hercules, to mention that the new Bill is a most valuable one, that its merit will be understood by the commercial world at once, and that the uncommercial world may comprehend it on being apprised that at present the lawyers and the system steal always about a third and sometimes half of the property which ought to be divided among the creditors of an unfortunate person. The Insolvent Debtors' Court is proposed to be done away, and there is to be no legal distinction between traders and non-traders, so that the same principle will be applied to MOULDY STILTON, the little cheesemonger in the Borough, and the Honourable CAPTAIN ALGERNON MONTMORENCY FITZSTOKENEWINGTON DE YOUNGERSONINVILLE, when either of those respectable individuals outruns the constable. The details of the bill are admirable, and SIR RICHARD received plaudits from Whigs, Tories, and Radicals. MR. EDWIN JAMES mentioned that there were bad creditors as well as bad debtors, and that he had been concerned in a case where a gentleman was sued for £25,000, and the only recollection he had of the debt was, that he had "once borrowed £500, of some Jew money-lender." MR. TURNER likened the lawyers to cats, and commercial folks to mice, and MR. ROEBUCK pleasingly reminded him that mice were vermin. If any portion of the new Bill gives the cats too much power, we hope SIR RICHARD will cut the clause. Altogether, this was a satisfactory night's work. Later in the week the Bill was read a second time, that it might go at once into committee, and upon this occasion several Members raised objections to it, which were met by the information, accorded by the author, that the objectors really did not understand the measure they were assailing.

MR. CARDWELL introduced a Bill for a Registration of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, in Ireland, and this was objected to by MR. SCULLY, who said that it was contrary to the law for Catholic priests to marry a Catholic to a Protestant, unless the marriage had previously been solemnised according to Protestant rites, that the priests were always breaking this law, and would, he hoped, continue to do so, and therefore could not be expected to register the fact that they were criminals. The calm impudence of this plea amused the House. But *Mr. Punch* would like to see the removal of any obstacle in the way of such mixed marriages, as the benefit conferred on a Catholic by being united to a Protestant is almost incalculable—missionaryism never takes a prettier form than in matrimony, and we

have known many a Catholic husband cured of superstition by his pretty wife's laughingly presenting him a bottle of *Mcassar*, and, with a kiss, telling him it was for extreme unction, while many a young Catholic lady has learned to laugh at Confession from her husband's insisting on confessing to her, every day, something that she was very much pleased to hear. The more of such marriages the better.

Tuesday. The Lords read a Bill for preventing the forgery of trade-marks. This operation is one of the little tricks which Commerce does not disdain, but to which commercial men, who find their good names affixed to bad ware, object very strongly. THEODORE BONGAULTIER has told us how the Augur was emboldened to tell KING TARQUIN to cut through the hone with his razor.

"So the Augur sacked the tin of Tarquin,

Who suspected some celestial aid,

But he wronged the blameless Gods, for, hearken,

Ere the wily parson's bet was laid

That priest's keen eye

Did there espy

The name of TURTON graven on the blade."

But suppose the blade had been a bad one, on which the name of the celebrated Sheffield house had been fraudulently stamped by a rogue. What would have become of the Augur then? The House of Lords, in which there are both Augurs and Bores, probably thought of this, and received the Bill hospitably. LORD LEITRIM made a complaint on behalf of 2079 Protestants of Leitrim against the favours shown to Ribbonmen in that district, and LORD GRANVILLE laughed at him—perhaps the best and certainly the easiest way of dealing with Irish complaints.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL answered questions on some American matters, and explained that Mexico was in a mess, that the San Juan affair was *in statu quo*, and that ANDERSON, the escaped negro, would not be given up to the slave-owners without orders from England. These LORD PALMERSTON had previously intimated were not likely to be sent. Question was raised touching the refusal of a Judge to take the evidence of a foolish woman who came into a court of justice and denied her belief in a Deity and a Future. SIR JOHN TRELAWNY, the anti-Church-Rate leader, seemed to think that the woman had been ill-treated, but SIR GEORGE LEWIS thought the reverse. *Mr. Punch* dislikes the whole oath system, and would restrict it to cases where life, death, or woman's character is at stake; but if it is to be put in action about trumpery matters, as in this instance, where spiteful relations were squabbling about a pianoforte, it is difficult to say that the Judge was wrong. Sweep away all unnecessary oaths, and annex the punishment of perjury to a lie spoken in Court.

MR. COLLIER produced a little Reform Bill, for prohibiting the payment of the expenses of conveying voters to the poll in boroughs. SIR G. LEWIS let him bring it in, but made no promise not to squelch it, later. MR. WHITE, late of Plymouth, who is so fond of making noises in the House that his incessant "hear, hear," is called Plymouth Sound, moved for some ridiculous returns, which would cost no end of money for printing what is in a dozen books already. SIR G. LEWIS would not have this sort of thing at any price, and WHITE, being stubborn, was floored by 119 to 59. This, *Mr. Punch* presumes, is the first specimen of the way "my dear MR. CRAFTED" and his friends propose to reduce the national expenditure. MR. HUBBARD brought in a Church-Rate Bill, for exempting any person from the rate who would declare himself a Dissenter, but MR. HADFIELD abused him for demanding such a "concession." MR. DARBY GRIFFITH said, that the Bill was opposed by sectarian fanaticism on one side and toady bigotry on the other, which was neat if not polite.

Wednesday. Only five-and-twenty minutes of Parliament—the only minute *Mr. Punch* need make.

Thursday.

Both Houses gave thanks to the Forces,

In the pay of VICTORIA REGINA,

(*Mr. Punch* the thanksgiving endorses)

For their gallant behaviour in China.

The speeches were very good, of course, and perhaps MR. DISRAELI put the matter as shortly and strongly as it can be put, in saying that "a handful of men, not amounting in number to more than those who followed

XENOPHON, had waged a successful war in the remotest part of the globe, and dictated terms of peace in the ancient capital of a nation who number more than one-third of the whole population of the world." VISCOUNT WILLIAMS applauded, but wished to know who XENOPHON was, on which MR. WHITE very properly reproved his ignorance, and told him that XENOPHON was an eminent Roman warrior who retreated ten thousand times. This Xenophonetic news was satisfactory to the Viscount. The MARQUIS OF BATH made a much more ridiculous speech, objecting to the lesson which had been read to China by the light of the flames of the Summer Palace, and MR. SCULLY took the same line, which record may suffice to indicate the nature of the dissentients' addresses, and their fatuity.

The SOLICITOR-GENERAL brought in Seven Bills for Consolidating the Criminal Law. They were respectfully received by the House, and MR. M'MAHON regretted that similar measures were not offered to Ireland and Scotland. And as Mr. Punch likes to make things pleasant when he can, he invites the attention of his Scottish friends to this able Irish gentleman's statement, that "the criminal law of Scotland is as barbarous as that of Italy—Scotland has no Habeas Corpus, and a Scotsman may be hung by the odd man in a jury of fifteen." Eh, sirs, but that's just awful.

The last idea of the two Evil Boroughs of Sudbury and Saint Alban, that they had only been in purgatory all this time, was extinguished by SIR GEORGE LEWIS. He proposed to assign to new constituencies the Four Members of whom the House has been deprived, since 1844 and 1852, by the disfranchisement of those corrupt places. He offers one seat to the West Riding of Yorkshire, one to South Lancashire, one to Birkenhead, and one to a new district to be composed of the united parishes of Chelsea and Kensington. Of course no distribution could please everybody, and MR. AYRTON was especially abusive, calling LORD JOHN RUSSELL a Ridiculous Mouse, and accusing the Government of being humbugs. PALMERSTON said that he was not frightened, and supposed that AYRTON (of the Tower Hamlets) had flown into a rage because the House had audibly protested against receiving any more of the articles called Metropolitan Members. He then gave a huge scolding to the pretended Reformers who had done everything to hinder the Reform Bill of last year, and now assailed Government for not introducing another. The Four Sats probably be allotted as proposed, after a few performances of *Le Diable à Quatre*.

Friday. LORD NORMANBY took the second opportunity of making a goose of himself, about Italian affairs. LORD ST. LEONARD's then made a variety of objections to the new plan for sweeping away the mass of dens and dinginesses between the Strand and Carey Street, and putting all the Law Courts there. It may be an open question whether the taking away a den of thieves and substituting a colony of lawyers is a change of so much magnitude as to be called a boon to the Metropolis; but inasmuch as clean streets and fresh air will come in the place of dirty alleys and miasma, LORD ST. LEONARD's should not oppose the reform. CAMPBELL and CRANWORTH both assured him that he was wrong. MR. COWPER has a Bill in preparation for making the proposed sweep.

Something was said about the Convict riots at Chatham, but SIR GEORGE LEWIS did not seem to know much more about it than we had read in the papers; namely, that a large number of scoundrels had been very outrageous, and had been soundly flogged. If it be true, as stated, that these fellows are better fed than the soldiers who were called in to put them down, the riot has done good by bringing that disgraceful fact before the public.

The Elected of the Millions has lately been annexing a little sovereignty called Monaco—emphasis, Viscount, on the first syllable—and LORD JOHN RUSSELL explained that the said Elected, having removed any possible Sardinian objection to the arrangement, by taking Nice and Savoy, had clearly and logically a right to take Monaco, if he liked—and he did like. The next time LORD JOHN is coming out of Covent Garden Theatre, and a pickpocket happens to annex his opera-glass, we are sure the Foreign Minister will politely hand to the prig the *lorgnette-case*, as that should follow the glass, and can be of no use to the owner without it.

Finally, MR. SCULLY explained that he had made, on the previous night, a statement about the Summer Palace, and, having, afterwards, (Irish fashion) looked up the facts of the case, he found he was wrong. This was a noble amende, and it ought to be recorded. In fact, we think MR. SCULLY ought to have a banquet given him in the St. James's Hall, or some such place, in honour of a public man's not being ashamed to own to a mistake. If the tickets are not too dear, Mr. Punch (who never has a mistake to own to) will take a couple, and bring PAM.

Singular Instance of Misdirection on the Part of a Learned Judge.

It was quite accidentally that BARON BRAMWELL, writing to a friend who was staying at the Sablonière, Leicester Square, used, instead of the addendum, West Central, the following "(E.C.) *Ici on parle Français*."

THE VENGEANCE OF MUSIC.

PEOPLE should be careful. We have just been reminded in print that BEETHOVEN, a composer of music, flew into such a rage on hearing that the First NAPOLEON had declared himself EMPEROR, that the Enraged Musician proceeded to the awful extremity of tearing off a leaf on which he had dedicated some symphony or other to BONAPARTE, and sputtering something in German to the effect that "He was as bad as the rest of 'em." This fearful act is known to have driven the new EMPEROR into a dreadful state of mind, and all his subsequent tremendous efforts, and his final subjugation by the armies of Europe are supposed to have been the result of his desire to recover the reputation destroyed by the Enraged Musician. We regret to record a similar act which has just occurred in Lambeth. MR. ANTON BOB-SHAW, second fiddle at the Euterpeon Music Saloon, had inscribed his last polka (written for the Clown, in Crinoline, in the grand Christmas Pantomime at the above establishment) to MR. WILLIAM WILLIAMS, M.P. But learning from the pages of *Punch* that MR. WILLIAMS was intriguing to be made a Viscount, BOB-SHAW, in imitation of BEETHOVEN, tore off the MS. title-page of his polka, declaring, "I'm blessed if he ain't a Haristocrat, after all." On inquiring at MR. WILLIAMS's residence, we learn that up to five o'clock this day he was as tranquil and unambitious as could be expected, but who knows what may happen? The wound may rankle in a WILLIAMS as in a NAPOLEON. What if the Viscount should open his bed-room window some morning while brushing his teeth, and proclaim England a Republic? Music should make its professors milder—and more modest.

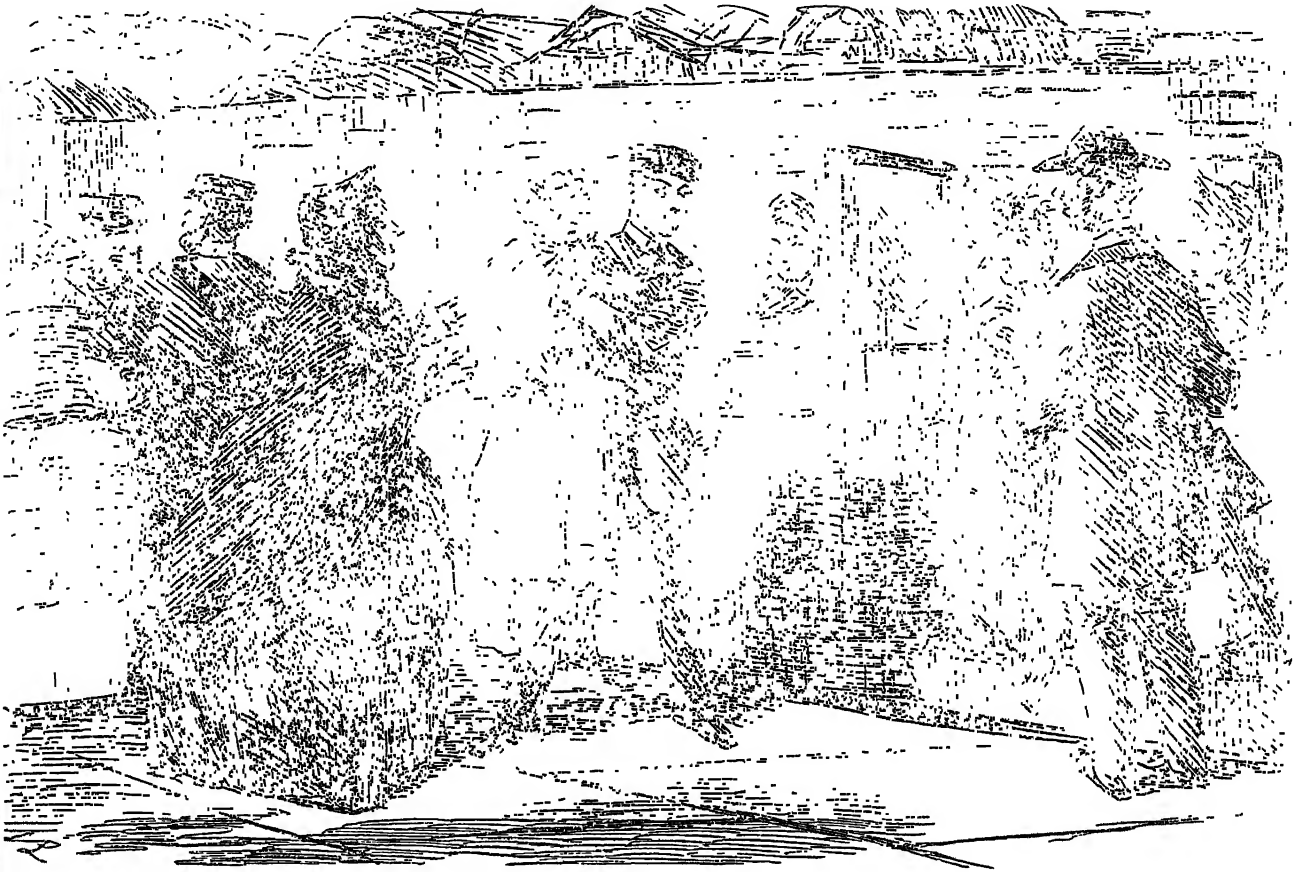


THE OLD AND NEW WORLD CHANGING PLACES.

THE United States are fast becoming Disunited, and Italy, that for centuries has been disunited, is rapidly growing United. Let us hope that Italy, not following the mad example of America, will, when she is One, never think again of falling to. Columbia will soon have to hand over to Italia her motto of "*E Pluribus Unum*," for if the Union is cracking in all directions, it is clear that it must soon abandon all pretensions to being one united country. It had better write on its flags (we suppose there will be a white and a black flag now?) "*Divide, et Impera*." They must be careful, however, not to make of the latter "*Imperance*," though we are well aware that that is about the last thing that a Yankee, when he is bragging about his country, ever thinks of displaying.

The Genius of Religion.

GENIUS (says MADAME DE STAËL) has no sex. Religion, also, (says MONSIEUR DE POLIGNELLE) would be all the better if, like Genius, it had no sects.



Frederick (who, we are sorry to say, is rather fond of chaffing his Brother-in-Law.) "Oh! Look here, ROBERT, WILL YOU HAVE THIS WITH YOU IN THE CARRIAGE, OR SHALL I PUT IT INTO THE VAN?"

A BEGG-AR'S PETITION.

WE are glad to hear that Glasgow has some thoughts of backsliding in its Sabbatarian progress, and is preparing a Police Bill by which some necessities of life, which have been hitherto prohibited, in future will be suffered to be sold upon a Sunday. Ready-made provisions, bread, and milk, and medicine; these are the sole articles to which the suffrance is extended, and it will be provided that the sale of them be stopped between the hours of 10 A.M. and 5 in the afternoon.

This is, after all, no such wonderful concession. But trifling as it may be, great objections have been made to it. A leading Free Kirk Doctor, whose name is DR. BEGG, has given notice of a motion in the Edinburgh Presbytery for a petition against the Sunday sale of food and physic, which is sought to be obtained. A Scotch contemporary reports of him that—

"In giving notice of his motion, Doctor BEGG said that the evil [i.e. of buying necessary food] was increasing to an alarming extent in Glasgow. He was glad to learn that the Sabbath Alliance in Edinburgh were taking action on the subject, and had appointed a secretary, and he hoped something would be done to call attention to the matter."

Certainly, DR. BEGG. Since you beg us so to do, we willingly will call attention to the matter. We may not do so in a manner that you would yourself approve, for it is not our custom to write like canting hypocrites, and to—

"Compound for sins we feel inclined to,
By damning those we have no mind to."

But such as it is, you are quite welcome to our notice of the subject.

By the bye, Doctor, were not you the pious party who not long since inveighed against the heinous "Sin of walking on the Sabbath," and petitioned that the crime might be put down by the police? If so, we can conceive, without much stretch of fancy, that you should look upon milk-selling on the Sunday as a sin. A mind that thinks it sinful to go and take a walk, of course must see offence in the business of a milk-walk. Nor, if buying needful food upon a Sunday be an "evil," can there be much less ill in buying necessary physic. Better lose your health than your chances of salvation. Better suffer in the flesh

than run the slightest risk of torment in the spirit. Better have sick bodies than have sickness in our souls. Yes, assuredly, dear Doctor; we quite agree to that. But before you hope to make us converts to your faith, you must thoroughly convince us that buying food and physic upon Sundays is forbidden us, in the pages of that Book wherein our duties are described.

If we are not mistaken, there are many men in Scotland of DR. BEGG's persuasion, who call Sunday "the Sabbath," and think sinful all out-door employment on that day. Now, why, instead of troubling the police with their petitions, could they not themselves in person start an anti-food-and-physic-purchasing crusade, and do what they think needful to prohibit Sunday trading. Whatever be the case with other purchaseable condiments, the sale of milk would specially be easy to be checked. Were DR. BEGG and some few score of his ascetic brethren to patrol the streets of Glasgow in gangs upon a Sunday, we feel chemically certain, that without police assistance, the mere sight of their sour faces would suffice to spoil the milk.

SLAVERY AND MORMONISM.

"THE Patriarchs of old had slaves,"
The Planter cries, "'Tis written.
Fact being so my conscience saves,
Which therefore can't be smitten."

"The Patriarchs," says BRIGHAM YOUNG,
"Wives besides one had other.
My withers likewise are unwrung—
Come to my arms, my brother!"

A Daily Interview at the Paris Embassy.

Chef de Cuisine. Milord, what is the *carte* for the dinner of to-day?
Have you any preference?
His Liberal Lordship. *Ma foi*, the same as before—*carte blanche*.
Vous savez bien, je ne vous donne invariablement rien que ça.



SEASONABLE ADVICE—"PUT BY FOR A FROSTY DAY."

TWO ENTRANCES AND TWO EXITS.

THE ENTRANCES.

THERE were two Kings, where of Italy's boot,
The foot the leg is tacked to,
The one he was a *de jure* King,
The other a King *de facto*.
Without taking count of KING VICTOR,
That blade so cool and keen, oh—
GARIBALDI was this *de facto* King,
The *de jure* was BOMBALINO.

KING GARIBALDI to never a crown
Or royal robe was born,
He marched to his throne in an old red shirt,
And a pair of trousers torn.
No priest at his coronation stood,
'Twixt him and the Power above,
His sceptre was a sharp steel sword,
And his chrism was the people's love.
In a pair of rickety steamers he faced
A fleet that scoured the sea,
And landed with one thousand men,
'Gainst thousands thirty-three.

KING BOMBALINO was palace-born,
And swaddled in purple and gold;
There were bishops to bless him, princesses to dress him,
And a queen his papspoon to hold :
And when KING BOMBA, the Pious,
Was numbered with the dead,
And BOMBALINO by right divine,
Reigned in his father's stead,
He was solemnly crowned and sceptred and oiled,
By the Cardinals duly appointed,
And joy-bells were rung, and *Te Deums* were sung,
Round the throne of the Lord's anointed.

Hard by that throne, you might hear the groan,
Of those that lay in chains,
In Little-Ease, where the sea-damps freeze,
Or the sun-scorch boils the brains.
But stifled still,—for groans too shrill,
Or tongues that dare to wag,
There was CARATA's silence-cap,
And MANISCALCO's gag.
So Liberty's poison with fetter and lash
From the people's heart he purges,
And where KING BOMBA scourged with whips,
BOMBALINO with scorpions scourges.

And where was KING GARIBALDI then?
He was sailing the Tuscan Sea,
In a merchant-vessel of sixty tons,
For a merchant-captain's fee;
Or his shirt rolled up to the elbows,
And his hands in the mutton-fat,
He was moulding the dips and twisting the wicks,
At a New York chandler's vat—
Or planting early potatoes,
And tending his goats the while,
Where sheer to the deep runs the barren steep
Of Caprera's little isle.

So enter our Kings—on Sicily's stage—
Be warned, Utopian dreamers,—
The one he hath a navy complete,
The other two merchant-steamers;
This leads a rabble a thousand strong,
That, troops by thousands thirty.
The one wears royal purple,
The other a red shirt, dirty;
Let the crack-brained fool, an if he may,
Caprera scuttle back to—
The odds ~~they~~ *are* a thousand to one,
For *de jure* against *de facto*!

Strongly Recommended before Dinner.

(By a *Vulgar Illiterate Cockney*.)

WHY is a lucky sixpence like ~~Abraham~~?—Because it's a happy-tizer
(*appetizer*)!!!

THE EXITS.

I see a crowd acclaiming loud,
In Naples' sunlit splendour,
Not women alone, but bearded men
Are tearful of look and tender.
Their throats rain blessings, their hands rain flowers,
And both in showers unsparing;
As they crowd about a worn grey man,
In a red shirt, the worse for wearing.
They clasp his hands, they clutch his knees,
They line his road in masses;
They bring their babes that he may lay
His hands on them, as he passes.

And this is the man that a few months since,
At Marsala dared a landing,
In the face of odds that had never been faced
By a man of the least understanding.
Unscathed by sword, untouched by shot,
As if o'er his life a charm is,
KING BOMBALINO's navies are his,
And KING BOMBALINO's armies!
And now his foot's on the base of a throne,
And his hand is on a crown—
And behold he takes his hand away,
And from that throne steps down.

And simple and shabby as he came,
So shabby and simple goes;
Back to Caprera's cabbage beds,
And early potato-rows.
No pomp and state on his exit wait,
But that no power can buy,
The love that glows in every heart,
And the tear in every eye.
A word, a will—this crown was his,
And his this Kingdom fair;
But better he loves Caprera's isle,
And his old felt hat to wear!

I see a rock-based fortress town,
With batteries girdled round;
There's a sulphurous reek in the stifling air,
And corpses strew the ground.
The kennels run blood, through the trampled mud,
Crush'd gabion and rent fascine,
Where the cannons lour from the embrasure,
And the gunners shrink and screen :
And heard high o'er the great guns' roar,
The crack of the fusillade,
Is blent with the fall of shattered wall,
Or bastion prostrate laid.

For months and months the leagured town,
Hath sat in want and woe—
With fear within and fire without,
And Death on-creeping slow;
Till food is spent, and Fever comes,
And strikes its victims down;
And strong men's curses dog the King,
For whom they hold the town;
And starving mothers at his door
Fling down their babies dead;
And orphaned children lay the blood
Of fathers on his head.

And mutiny folds stubborn arms,
Nor gives back blow for blow;
And so perforce he strikes the flag
Dishonoured long ago:
And through the blood and through the wreck,
His young Queen at his side,
The last Italian BOURBON goes
In sullen scowling pride—
Unblessed, unloved, no hand grasps his,
No heart laments his fall!—
Sic Exit BOMBALINO!
Sic Exit Tyrants all!

LICENSED WITTLERS.—The Yankees.

FROZEN OUT LAWYERS.



is the golden stream that used to flow into our pockets, and in point of fact, kind gentlemen,

"We've got no work to do-o o-o-o,
We've got no work to do-o-o-o!
We lawyers now in Chancery
Have got no work to do!"

Such, we may expect, will be the piteous appeal addressed to passers-by in Bedford Row and Chancery Lane by gangs of hungry-looking lawyers with empty blue bags in their hands, and may be a troop of half-starved clerks and children at their heels. This at least we gather from the following sad statement, which was put forth the other morning by the Master of the Rolls:—

"STATE OF BUSINESS IN THE EQUITY COURTS.—His Honour said that he thought it was proper that he should inform the gentlemen at the bar that he had taken some pains to ascertain the state of his paper, and he believed that, beyond the causes set down in that day's paper, there were only nine that were ripe for hearing: nor did he see any prospect of the Court being fully employed during the remainder of the sittings, although hitherto this had been the most laborious portion of the year. The state of the cause list of the Vice-Chancellors was such that there was no more business before them than they could dispose of; and he therefore could not properly ask for any transfer of causes. He thought it was desirable to make this communication as soon as he became acquainted with the state of business. It was certainly the first time that this had happened since he had had the honour of occupying the present seat. It would be more agreeable to himself and to the bar to be fully employed during the present sittings. The fact that one of the courts had not sufficient business to keep it in motion denoted the wholesome state of the Court of Chancery."

Yes, certainly, it must be "more agreeable" to the spiders to find their webs full of fat blue-bottles, and themselves "fully employed" with the labour of devouring them. But we fancy had the blue-bottles a voice in the matter, they would sing out O be joyful! to see the webs so empty, and the spiders' occupation so very nearly gone. On the whole we think the public won't be sorry to discover that the Chancery practitioners are so sadly unemployed. Knowing upon whom it is the legal spiders batten, the flies can't but regard it as a "wholesome state" of things when their devourers find some difficulty in blowing their blue bags out.

A COMPANY THAT REALLY SHOULD BE "LIMITED."—A Company of Crinolines. With not the slightest additional "power to add to their number, or extent."

THE DEFENCE OF AGAR TOWN.

THE noble sentiment of patriotism may inflame the inhabitants of a district as vehemently as those of a country at large, and combustible hearts may burn as ardently with zeal for local as for national honour. MR. WATSON, who was stated to be a publican, was, on Wednesday night last week, unanimously voted into the chair of a meeting which took place at the Talbot Arms, in Cambridge Street, Agar Town, convened to consider what steps should be taken to resent an unfavourable description of that suburb, which lately appeared in the *Post*. Our fashionable contemporary's topography of Agar Town contained several statements which tremendously excited the disinterested indignation of the public-spirited inhabitants. For example:—

"The CHAIRMAN said the first statement in the precious article he wished to notice was, that St. Giles-in-the-Fields had been removed to Agar Town—the clearing of human rats from one district to another. (*Laughter.*) He did not think they deserved that term. This libeller and traducer had no right to call them human rats. (*Cheers.*)"

Certainly not. He had no right to call them rats, and when MR. WATSON said he did not think they deserved that term, of course he did not mean to imply the admission, that whether they deserved it or not might be matter of opinion, like the dirt or cleanliness of Agar Town; he meant to signify, with modest irony, that he rather flattered himself that the Agar Townsmen were considerably the reverse of creatures that dwell in filthy places.

Then the traducer of Agar Town had inaccurately asserted, that it had been paved by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. This inexactitude seems to have enraged the sensitive MR. WATSON as much as though the writer had alleged MR. WATSON himself to have received parochial relief. He declared that—

"It was a palpable falsehood to say that the town was paved by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, because they did all they could to prevent the parish doing it, on the ground of its being an illegal encroachment on private property. This precious *Morning Post*, which circulated among the lower classes and clergy of England, therefore told a deliberate lie."

Having thus rectified a misstatement in strong language, the eloquent Chairman of this select but impassioned meeting then read another extract from the objectionable article, which had outraged their tenderest feelings:—

"The inhabitants of this district are chiefly poor labourers and the poorest class of costermongers, or men, as they are called, 'who follow the markets.' The women, if not laundresses, of which there are a great number, are nothing at all, and a 'Mother's Society' strives hard to teach them the commonest home duties. It is doubtful if they know how to cook the simplest eatable, or wash a child, and the public soup-kitchen finds full employment in making up for their domestic shortcomings."

"Now," demanded MR. WATSON, with a sense of insulted manhood:—

"Now, how did they like to hear their wives, sisters, daughters, and mothers spoken of in that manner? A greater disgrace could not be thrown on the women of the neighbourhood, and it was a direct libel."

THE REV. R. P. CLEMENGER, the clergyman of the parish, following the Chairman, entered into a defence of his conduct in the matter, which he proved simply to have consisted in showing the correspondent of the *Post* round the place, and thus enabling him to make that sketch of it which the inhabitants complained of as being not a flattering likeness.

MR. NODS, a vestryman of St. Pancras, then spoke. He said he was the landlord of twenty houses in Agar Town. *Dignus vindice nodus*. MR. NODS vindicated his own position in a manner worthy of himself and the fine and flourishing town in whose prosperity he has so large a stake.

An eloquent oration was next delivered by a MR. STEPHENSON, "the proprietor of a laundry business," who moved a resolution contradictory of the statements in the *Post* article. The commencement may suffice to indicate the style, which will be recognised as characteristic:—

"Gentlemen all, I have been 16 or 17 years in Agar Town, and I believe I have held up myself, and my wife, and my children, with the best integrity which they could be held up in the working classes. I give you to understand, gentlemen, I am not a gentleman, but a working man, although I hold a certain establishment, which I have brought up to a great extent by my own and my wife's industry."

Several other passages, however, are gems also. As this:—

"There is a certain house in King's Square, Bayswater, which I do for. Well, when they saw this article, they remarked on it, and I asked them to come and see my place. In a short time I received a party from that family, and they were greatly deceived by the investigation of my premises. (*Loud cheers.*)"

"Undeceived," perhaps MR. STEPHENSON meant, although, of course, he said "deceived." The reporter, however, is probably incorrect in making him say—"When they 'saw' this article." For "saw," we suspect we should read "see." "When they see this article, &c."

Admire, too, the following homely utterance of reproachful pathos:—

"I did feel it to my heart when a gentleman stated in the public press that a mother here has not the knowledge to wash her children's clothes."

The domestic feelings of the speaker were evidently wounded, as well as the interests which he had in what he called "our pretty little

town." And doubtless a pretty town it is. But it was requisite that sentiment should be succeeded by facetiousness; so—

"MR. BARNES seconded the resolution. He thought, as a young man working in the town, what his friends at a distance would say when they read the article in the *Morning Post*. His mother, in going to bed, would say to his father, 'Oh, my son is in that dog-kennel! Oh, that I had wings that I could fly to him!' and his father would reply he was. Now, it was very hard on him, who tried to please his parents, that this scandal should be uttered. He did intend to have said more, but as the time was so short, he would cut it for the night."

When MR. BARNES, who is clearly a good and funny but not an intelligible young man, had cut it, MR. EDMONDS moved a resolution reflecting on the REV. MR. CLEMENGER for not having taken steps to repudiate the imputations that had been cast on Agar Town, and to vindicate the character of his parishioners:—

"He said, in addressing himself to the resolution, you can't expect much from costermongers or rats, because you know they have not received a first-class education (laughter); but, I ask, why didn't MR. CLEMENGER send a contradiction when he first saw the article? I don't say he is the author, but he took the individual round the neighbourhood. We all said 'along to the class costermonger or rats. I'm a very fat one (laughter), but I'd like to bite more if I could.'"

A MR. MILLER, another costermonger, then made a speech in the same strain as that of the preceding; a strain of very peculiar humour. The conclusion of it is all that need be quoted:—

"Gentlemen, a costermonger is a man, not a rat, and I never heard of a rat that lived on blansh-mange. (Roars of laughter.)"

"Blansh-mange" will probably be deemed conclusive as to the character of the speech, and the peculiarity of the humour with which it as well as that of the other costermonger was imbued. That humour was unmistakably a humour which may be called dry, but is indeed, generally, a manifestation of copious moisture. We should like to know how much beer the two costermongers had had, and indeed what quantity had been imbibed by the rest of the speakers, all except the clergyman, who had very likely taken too little, in order that he might spend the value of the liquor on his poor parishioners. The resolution condemnatory of that Reverend Gentleman having been carried, thanks were voted to the Chairman, and the meeting, like the facetious young man who talked nonsense, "cut it." How many were there among them of the wretched classes inhabiting that considerable portion of Agar Town which, though the settlement as a whole may be "a pretty little town," undoubtedly deserves to be denominated the Slums?

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



ON Thursday last, dear *Punch*, I visited Old Drury. If we may believe the newspapers (I hope the writers in them kindly will pardon me the 'if') the greatest actor of our age is now at Drury Lane, and delighting nightly myriads with his 'matchless personations.' Now, supposing this be really a true statement of a fact, I think it would be well if we inquire upon what basis the popularity of this 'consummate artist' rests. If he be really gifted with the genius ascribed to him, clearly his excellent talents should be studied by all who would perfect themselves in the dramatic art. On the contrary, if the press by its reiterated puffery has set up an unworthy model to be copied, it certainly must be to the advantage of the drama

that, to stop such imitation, the idol be displaced.

"It humiliates one rather to confess one's ignorance, but will you please inform me—What is a dramatic critic? Is he one to whom the public looks for guidance in its pleasures, and whom we expect by his mature and practised judgment to point out imperfections and to cultivate our taste? Or is it his business to scatter out puffs broadcast without discrimination. If this be the case, certain critics have nobly done their duty: only I submit that, to make their meaning manifest, their writings should be printed with the heading of 'ADVERTISEMENT.' You and I perhaps may know the purport of their praises; but the public is most likely not so well informed, and has a fair right to complain if it should chance to be misled by them."

"That MR. KEAN is a good actor (of some parts) I don't deny; but

I can't bring myself in truth to grant that he's a great one. In the present dearth of talent he may hold a higher rank than is properly his due, by the mere force of comparison with those who are inferior. But we are not therefore entitled to set him on a pedestal for the ignorant to gaze at, and for posterity to imitate. As a manager, I own that he commanded my respect, and in some degree I grant that he has gained it as an actor. His *Cardinal Wolsey* is, I think, a good conception, and carefully worked out. I give him some praise for his *Benedick*, and much more for the way he plays the *Devil* in *Faust*, and I thought him without equal in the *Corsican Brothers* until I saw MR. FECHTER, whose acting I think better. *Louis the Eleventh* is clearly his best character. His personal peculiarities here stand him in good stead, and much assist him in his making up a life-like picture of the part. Indeed I call his *Louis* a masterly performance, for the character is full of the most varying eccentricities and these in quick transition he most skilfully presents."

"MR. KEAN then is, I grant, a most painstaking actor, and in a certain sort of melodrama he is clever and artistic, and works out his conceptions with finish and good taste. But to call him, as some critics do, a 'great tragedian,' to term him 'this consummate artist,' when he plays in Shakespeare parts: to describe his *Hamlet* as a 'masterpiece of art,' performed 'under the influence of a continued inspiration,' and to say this 'vivid, soulful, and expressive' personation 'must be admitted to rank as high in the list of histrionic triumphs as any personation that was ever achieved in this or any other country'—such phrases, Sir, as these I consider to be clearly a burlesque of criticism, which should provoke our laughter only less than our regret. Actors are not usually troubled with weak stomachs, but it must tax the powers of a not ordinary digestion to swallow down such fulsome stuff as I have quoted, and one would fancy MR. KEAN must feel both sickened and disgusted by it. To call him a 'consummate actor' of high tragedy is just about as truthful as to point with admiration to his altitude of stature, to say he stands not less than six feet seven in his stockings, has the presence of Hyperion and a sweeter voice than Orpheus, and is more favoured in his person than any mortal man. Such a statement has indeed been well nigh ventured by some writers, one of whom commends him for his 'graceful bearing,' while another (who wrote doubtless with his tongue thrust in his cheek) says of him in his *Hamlet*, that he 'showed all the proficiency of the accomplished elocutionist.' Now, I hope I am not snob enough to ridicule a person for his physical defects; but I cannot consent to view as an 'accomplished elocutionist' a man from whose mouth the word 'money' comes with more the sound of 'putty,' and whose most emphatic utterance in deeply tragic passages is a tone that alternates between a gurgle and a gasp."

"As we don't get a 'great tragedian' to amuse us often nowadays, I may possibly next week add a postscript to this letter. In the interim send a prize-fighter to protect me from the critics, and believe me,

"Yours, defiant of their black looks,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A NOMINAL OBJECTION.

PERSONS who believe that there is something in a name may be strengthened in their faith by the following intelligence, which was brought from Trinidad by the last West Indian Mail:—

"The Governor experienced very great difficulty in procuring the services of gentlemen to assume the responsibilities of office, and was on the point of appealing to the country in the usual manner, when MR. SMITH, one of the members for St. Elizabeth, agreed to take office. He secured the services of the HON. GEORGE SOLOMON in the Assembly, and of BARON KETTELHOLDT in the Legislative Council, as colleagues."

Fortunate indeed must be the Minister who counts on the assistance of a SOLOMON; but as for BARON KETTELHOLDT, we fear his name implies the presence of hot water.

The Star of Italy.

ACCORDING to a telegram from Paris, the following statement occurs in two French papers:—

"We have received communications from several friends of GARIBOLDI, stating that he has not entered into engagements to act—at least in Hungary."

If the battle of Venetian emancipation is to be fought in Hungary or anywhere else, it is pretty sure that the chief actor on the stage of Italy will appear at the Theatre of War.

A Wonderful Resemblance between William Hazlitt and Reform Bill.

WHAT CHARLES LAMB said of HAZLITT's conversation may be applied with great justice to LORD JOHN'S Reform Bill. "It was charming in its way—nothing could be better for one who made a practice of never starting from any premises, and of never arriving at anything like a conclusion."



Augustus. "HAW! NEAT STYLE OF COB THAT, CHARLES!"

Charles. "YA-AS! SEVERE, AIN'T IT? YOU SEE I'M WEADING FOR EXAMINATION. A'VE GOT A DOOCED GOOD COACH, AND WITH A CLASSICAL PONT THINK A SHALL PULL THROUGH!"

HOW TO DRAW OUT A PERSON'S GRATITUDE.

At the last meeting of the London and South-Western, a gentleman stated that he was one of the passengers who had providentially escaped being killed in the accident of the 28th ult., "having been drawn out from the bottom of a smashed carriage." The gentleman did not attend to remonstrate, to blow up the company generally, to ask for damages, but "to thank the servants for their great care and attention." Well, gratitude does dwell at times, when it has any dwelling at all, in some of the strangest places!

If this enthusiast was so grateful for having escaped only with his life, we suppose that his gratitude would have known no bounds if he had been killed outright. We do not think, if we had been dragged "through the bottom of a smashed carriage," that our first impulse would have been to thank the servants of the company for "their great care and attention." Such kindness would be all the more appreciated on our parts, if it were a trifle less killing. In fact, the attention is of that overpowering nature that it knocks one completely over, and we do not think the best time to return thanks is when the breath has been all but taken out of your suffering body. We hope that the above enthusiastic gentleman (whom we almost feel inclined to call "buffer" from the very affectionate way in which he clings to the railway that has done him an injury) is, for his own sake, not a frequent traveller on our iron highways, or else we have our misgivings that his gratitude will often have occasion to be very severely put to the test. We confess that the first accident would about exhaust all the gratitude we should have in our offended *corpus*, so that we are afraid we should have little or none left for the second trial.

GOOD FOR TARES.

We see advertised a Reaping Machine. Of course, it is intended to come directly after the Sewing Machine?

A GOOD PLACE FOR A COOK.—The Dripping-Well of Knaresborough.

THE FINISHER OF BRITISH ART.

"HIN a Letter to the *Times* hon the Subjick of the british Gallery in palmal that imminent hartist MR. W. P. FRITH rites this ere, witch i cuts out o the paper:—

"Why, with a few exceptions, are the best artists of the country scared from Pall-Mall? The answer is easy. The management is in the hands of a secret and irresponsible committee. For years it has been sought to penetrate the mystery, but we are no nearer the solution than we were 20 years ago. The institution is supposed to be governed by directors who hang the pictures annually. Will any of them come forward and acknowledge the hanging of this season? Will the arranger unveil himself and clear up the mystery for us?"

"HIN anser to the Abuv.chalindge i've no esitasion in Cumin forad like a Mann. i Ung the Picters. They wos sentenced by the Proper Judges and I wos comunicutt with In the Usal way and got the Orfis to Do the Jobb. Hif i adn't a dunn it the Sherif wood ave ad to. And now wot's MR. FRITH got to say? E's got no call to complane of me; i Never ung im. I Plater myself ime as Good a judge of Angin as e is. i've eard and no doubt but wot e exels in Hexecution but in that Pint, thee I sez it as shouldn't i say there nare a Artist in the Rile acaddamy to compare with your umbel cervant

"CALCRAFT, J. K."

"** P.s. Scuse mistakes. i Haint much of a correspondent Avin few customers I ever troubles with a Line moar than Vunce.

"*Cannabis cotage Hempstead, Valentine's Day.*"

The Political Tabernacle.

THE comprehensive measure for the consolidation of Bankruptcy and Insolvency which SIR RICHARD BETHELL brought forward last year was too large to be grasped by the intellect of the House of Commons, and had to be abandoned. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL has now produced a smaller measure, which is excellent as far as it goes. Great Bethell encountered an amount of dissent which we hope will be conciliated by Little Bethell.



Old Lady's delight at seeing a full-grown lively Female Wasp on the 11th of February (vide the "Field"). She fancies it portends a Warm and Early Summer.—Every appearance of it at present.

[SUPPORT IN SICKNESS.

THE attention of the provident is due to a notification, announcing a

NEW FEATURE IN ASSURANCE.—10s. per week allowed in cases of sickness for every £100 assured in the PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION, London, or sickness allowance granted without assurance.

The Prudential Assurance Association is most advantageously situated. In the very heart of the City, and within an easy walk of Guildhall and the Mansion House, it lies quite in the way of the Corporation. How very convenient for gentlemen who have such good reason, and so much occasion, as the Aldermen and Common Councilmen have, for insuring themselves against sickness! Considering how freely they indulge in the pleasures of the civic table, they must see what a fine thing it is for them to be able to step into an Office, and for a trifle, secure an allowance of 10s. a-week whenever they are sick.

Mistaken Identity.

WE are authorised to state, that the Cabinet of Curiosities which is just now being advertised, has no connection with the Cabinet over which LORD PALMERSTON has the honour to preside. We may add, the curiosities in this, his Lordship's, Cabinet are most of them exhibited in their proper places, on what are in St. Stephens known as "Government nights."

WHAT THE ORACLE OF THE TUILERIES HAS JUST ANNOUNCED TO THE POPE.—*Die te Romanos vincere posse.*

WHAT OUR FRENCH FRIENDS THINK OF US.

THIS assertion has been hazarded by rash and daring writers, that Frenchmen as a rule know little about England: that, in spite of the increasing means of cheap and rapid intercourse, they do not take the trouble to inform themselves about us; that they still believe we live on raw beef steaks and "portare-bier," never trust ourselves abroad without a bulldog at our heels, and take our wives to Smithfield with halters round their necks, to dispose of them as slaves to the men who will bid highest for them. A guide to London, which was published for the use of the Orphéonistes, and which was honoured by *Sir Punch* with a notice in his columns, helped somewhat to support the bold assertion we have mentioned, and further confirmation has been recently afforded by a treatise on *Les Anglais, Londres, et l'Angleterre*, written by a Frenchman of whom we never heard, but who gets another Frenchman, whose name as a press-writer is thoroughly well known to us, to verify the truth of the statements in the book. As a reason for so doing, and as a recommendation of the work he thus endorses, M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN in introducing it observes—

"The English language not being very familiar in France, my countrymen may amuse, and at the same time instruct, themselves by studying England and the English in these pages, to which I give my cordial approval."

Amusement certainly there may be in the statements which are furnished; but as to their instructiveness, the less said perhaps the better. For instance, the French teacher who is patted on the back by MONSIEUR DE GIRARDIN, informs his countrymen, that more than half the British population is compelled to live by begging of the other half, an assertion which the columns of relief that have been advertised will be held no doubt to prove. And not less truthful is the statement, that the English as a rule know nothing of Fine Art; because their diet and their climate prohibit all such knowledge. As the author naively tells us:—

"The English are by nature averse to contemplation; they only care for roast beef, porter, and spirits; whereas it is essential to have that *je ne sais quoi* which we call grace, feeling, of which an Englishman has not the remotest conception: his climate, his coarse food, and black drink are utterly opposed to any mental refinement. In fact, to possess taste, it is necessary to possess soul, and a large soul; and the English possess nothing but appetite."

Without inquiring whether Frenchmen have in general large souls, it cannot be denied that they have most of them large stomachs; and if possession of these properties be inseparable with due appreciation of the Arts, it may be doubted if our neighbours be much better off than we are in this last respect. With regard to the coarse food

wherewith we satiate our appetite, perhaps it may be this which so degrades our taste. The raw beef steaks on which our gluttons gorge and gloat have a brutalising influence upon their dispositions, and incline them to a relish for the most disgusting sights. Bullbaiting and cockfighting are more than ever now our national amusements, and in the opinion of the author whom we cite, the time is not far distant when the Dying Gladiator will be added to the Astleyan attraction of wild beasts:—

"An Englishman requires to see his fellow creatures in danger in order to experience any emotion. The young girl who was devoured in presence of a full house at Astley's Theatre obtained a great success. During a whole fortnight she was the sole object of conversation in social circles and at the clubs. Those who had been so fortunate as to witness this extraordinary scene were heartily envied by their less fortunate brethren. To hear the bones of a poor girl crunched by a tiger! what a delicious excitement! I am certain that the day is not far distant when this aristocracy, worn out with ennui, will need such representations as men combating with wild beasts."

This return to Roman customs will doubtless find much favour in the eyes of our fair sex—if, at least this be a truthful picture of their habits:—

"At a dinner-party the ladies retire into another room, after having partaken very moderately of wine; and while the gentlemen are left to empty bottles of Port, Madeira, Claret, and Champagne (!), it is a constant habit among the ladies to empty bottles of brandy."

Indeed, now! Is it really! We thank you, good Monsieur, for teaching us that fact. Often and often have we wondered what on earth the ladies do when they retire from the dessert table, and, but that we hate eavesdropping, and have no wish to get our ears boxed, we should long ere this have followed them, and stooped down to the keyhole of the sanctum where they sit. Well, we several times have wondered what made their tongues so glib, and their general conversation so *spirituel* when we rejoined them. We more than once, poor fools! have imagined that their spirits were raised on our account, and have fancied them intoxicated by the pleasure of our presence. Alas! such vain delusions are no more to be indulged in. We now know on good authority that when the ladies leave the room it is to hold a spirit-séance; and that if their bright eyes sparkle at the sight of our approach, the cause is not a love for us, but an affection for the brandy-bottle.

Lord John's Finality.

As applied to the Reform Bill it is very like the finality of those interminable magazine stories, for you never arrive at any other end than—["To be continued in our next."]



"THE ITALIAN BOOT."

AN AWKWARD FIX.

FROM the *Springfield Journal*, the President Elect's organ, we learn with a certain dismay that—

"Mr. LINCOLN stands immovably on the Chicago platform, and he will neither acquiesce in, nor consult his friends to acquiesce in, any compromise that surrenders one iota of it."

This is an embarrassing attitude for any statesman to take. If MR. LINCOLN will not remove from the platform, we suppose the only way will be to carry him and the platform into the Capitol together. It will be rather awkward, though, if the floor of the House is not large enough to take in the platform! We have heard of members having such an attachment for their seats (like MR. HORSMAN, for instance,) that they cannot be made, or persuaded, to give them up; but for a senator openly to declare that his affection for a certain platform is so strong that nothing shall induce him to tear himself from it, is quite a new *locus standi* in the political world. The only possible compromise we see, when MR. LINCOLN and his platform are carried in triumph to Washington, is, to get the latter incorporated instantly with the Board of Administration, and then ABRAHAM can "stump" away as much as he likes on both.

There can be but little difficulty in this operation in a country where they move houses more easily than spiritualists move chairs or tables, so that an invalid, who is ordered a change of air, can be carried twenty miles into the country simply by giving his orders over-night, and without a single baby in the establishment being in the least disturbed by the arrangement, or as much as a creditor being cognisant of the move. If it is so easy there to transport an entire house without spilling even a drop of ink, it cannot surely require the power of a second *Aladdin* to carry a simple platform through the country, and to do it so steadily and effectively that MR. LINCOLN, on his arrival at the White House, shall be as immovable as ever, having traversed the United States, without having leant in the smallest way either to the north or the south.

WHY are the Game Laws the jolliest laws we have? Because their express object is to "keep the game alive."

A CHEST PROTECTOR.—One of CHURB's locks.

INSTEAD OF WHICH AND NOT ONLY.

EVERYBODY, of course, knows the story of the old country Justice, who addressed to a juvenile goose-stealer, in pronouncing sentence upon him, this remonstrance:—"Here, Sir, Providence has blessed you with talents and opportunities, instead of which you go stealing geese off a common!"

Was this celebrated magistrate a VILLIERS or a MONTAGUE?

The reason for this question will be discerned in a certain letter on the subject of *Essays and Reviews*, lately written by the BISHOP OF DURHAM, in reply to an address concerning those writings from the Archdeaconry of Lindisfarne. "It will," writes the Bishop, in that pastoral epistle, "be in great measure, by our Christian earnestness, and by our Scriptural teaching, that we should guard the unwary from being led into the paths of such dangerous speculations, and show our abhorrence of opinions which I from my heart consider not only to be detrimental to the best interests of morality, and derogatory to," here the Bishop uses words equivalent to scriptural revelation—"but which are so manifestly opposed to the truth as it is in"—here his Lordship names the Author of Christianity.

The orthodoxy or heterodoxy of *Essays and Reviews* is not now in question, and of course we are not going into theology, but may be permitted to express the supposition that the revelation which the BISHOP OF DURHAM mentions, and the truth which he names, are generally regarded amongst us as one and the same thing. If so, then that which is derogatory to the teaching must be opposed to the truth, and the Bishop's "not only" has a strong family likeness to the Justice's "instead of which." Save that "not only," in the above connection, beats "instead of which." For "instead of which" is merely a rather gaping ellipsis. "Instead of employing and exerting which," was what his Worship meant to say. But "not only" can

by no stretch of rhetorical licence be forced into harmony with the laws of thought and language.

If, indeed, the BISHOP OF DURHAM intended to contradistinguish the truth from the revelation, then the "not only" by which he indicated that intention was not only right but also requisite. But if he did not intend that, then the Bishop is referred to DR. BLAIR. He probably has read BLAIR'S Sermons; but BLAIR not only wrote sermons: he also wrote certain lectures on style. These the BISHOP OF DURHAM should read, and not only read them, but endeavour to comprehend them, and observe the instructions which they contain. His "not only," as it stands above, unexplained, is a caution to sinners, that is to say, a caution to writers who sin not only against the precepts of BLAIR, but also against the truth as it is in LINDLEY MURRAY. It is likewise a caution to saints—to those saints who are accustomed to use evangelical phraseology not only without understanding what it means, but without even considering what they themselves imagine it to mean. Such saints may be admonished by the example of the BISHOP OF DURHAM to mind how they employ serious forms of speech, lest they should unawares make a serious mistake, and a mistake which is not only serious but also ridiculous.

From a Correspondent.

CHICHESTER Spire, Reading Abbey, Lambeth Church, and sundry other ecclesiastical edifices have suffered by the extraordinary gale of the 20th. A Correspondent writes to us to say, that he thinks the ladies who assisted *Macbeth* into his difficulties have been at work, and have obeyed the permission to—

"Untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the Churches."

Our private opinion is, that our Correspondent is a Pump.

PAPAL ZOUAVES AND PETTICOATS.



LETTER from Rome thus recounts an exploit performed the other day by a detachment of Papal Zouaves, whilst those warriors, on their way to invade the territory of VICTOR EMMANUEL, were voyaging from Nazzano across the Tiber in a ferry-boat:—

"The Zouaves on crossing fired a volley at some poor countrywomen who were labouring in a field at some distance, and who took to flight in great terror, but fortunately uninjured, with the exception of one who had an ear shot off."

What terrible fellows are these Pontifical Zouaves! The females at whom they fired were probably most of them old women; the heroes no doubt would have preferred to take young girls alive. The Pope's braves spare neither age nor sex; no, not even when age and sex combine to deprecate their ferocity.

Having knocked off a woman's ear at a long shot, the gallant Zouaves attacked and took possession of a mill

adjoining the ferry, which there was nobody to defend. The enterprise of these Soldiers of the Cross—as embroidered on the Pope's shoes—was worthy of such crusaders. Their descent on the mill may remind the reader of a similar achievement performed by the famous Knight of La Mancha. Both the one affair and the other are illustrations of chivalry. The chivalry conspicuously manifest in *Don Quixote's* assault on the windmill, was, in the seizure

of the mill near the Tiber by the Papal Zouaves, conspicuous by its absence. If these soldiers are ordered to fire at women, their officers may be supposed to be desirous to acquire the reputation of lady-killers. We should like to know how they are getting on at the mill. Perhaps, however, they have got off by this time, as many as were able to escape from a body of assailants whom the fire which they had ventured to open on the countrywomen at work very likely drew down upon them. Those poor old women ran away; but probably their retreat was speedily followed by the advance of a troop of youthful and vigorous peasant lasses, armed with pitchforks, scissors, and other rural and domestic implements.

What then happened we may safely conjecture. The enraged Amazons precipitated themselves on the men who had fired at their grandmothers, stormed their position, and sent them flying—the one who shot a woman's ear off, perhaps, with a flea in his own. The Zouaves of the Pope who, on that occasion, had the honour of bleeding in the cause of his Holiness, carry, no doubt, the marks of the wounds they then received on that aspect of the body which they necessarily opposed to the prongs, forks, and skewers wherewith they were pursued by the girls they left behind them.

The Beauty of Early Rising.

Family Physician (who is a bit of an ABERNETHY in his way). "You may laugh at me as you like, Miss, but I tell you it is a positive fact, which you are at liberty to disprove, if you can—that, when Venus rose from the Sea, the rising took place the very first thing in the morning, or else she never would have been the Beauty she was!"

THE MYSTERIES OF TRADE.

In the intelligence from the Brazils, last week, we meet in one of the papers with the following curious paragraph:—

"Dry Germans opened at 59½ reals, but declined to 58 for half ox half cow, and 60 for ox, this quotation being merely nominal."

The above is a complete mystification. Of course, in our travelling experiences, we have met with many "dry Germans," but we little suspected that they ever formed an article of commerce. Besides, who would care about purchasing a "dry German"? Then the question arises, how do you dry a German? or does he dry himself in his own tobacco-smoke? After this comes the further mystery of his being "opened." It is rather undignified to talk in this way of a "dry German," as if he were no better than a dried haddock, or a cured herring, or a Teutonic mummy, that had had the accumulated dust and cobwebs of centuries upon him. However, we are so far pleased as to notice that "dry Germans" fetch so good a price in the dry-goods market. It is more than we should feel inclined to give for such a specimen of dried metaphysics and transcendentalistic Kantism.

Another puzzle that bewilders us still more is the revelation that your "dry German" is "half ox, half cow." We have heard of an Irish bull, and of a *Vache espagnole*, and of other curiosities belonging to the animal kingdom; but we must confess that such an ethnological specimen as a "dry German," that had the head of an ox and the tail of a cow, never, fortunately for us, crossed our scientific path before. We are so mystified that we must write to PROFESSOR OWEN on the subject, though it looks very suspiciously as though BARNUM, under a strong attack of animal spirits, had had a hand in stitching this new hybrid together for the enrichment of his New York Museum. We suppose that the "half ox" is a delicate compliment to the obstinacy of Prussia, and the "half cow" a graceful allusion to the calf-like attributes of Austria. However, our Foreign Office, that always evinces such a strong sympathy for German interests, should take the matter up. If slavery is abolished, why, we want to know, are "dry Germans" thus offered publicly for sale?

MOTTO FOR THE GENERAL CONVEYANCE AMALGAMATED OMNIBUS COMPANY.—"*Ep pluribus Unum.*"

BLANCMANGE.—Whitebait.

A PROPHECY OF MERLIN.

AMONG the curious black-letter prophecies which have been collected under the name of the famous Celtic Wizard MERLIN, is one which, in the opinion of many, strangely anticipates events which are passing under our own eyes in the Church of England. The prophecy runs:—

"*Wahanne that a route of Bishoppes shall be hounce
To liften uppe a booke by puttinge downe:
Wahanne that this Englonde sees a man turn bulle,
The whiche a Cowper by ge taile shall pulle,
And Recorde out of Recordes thursten fulle,
Thanne look for grievous windes . . . and prayen alle
That Englonde's Church see nat but naves to falle.*"

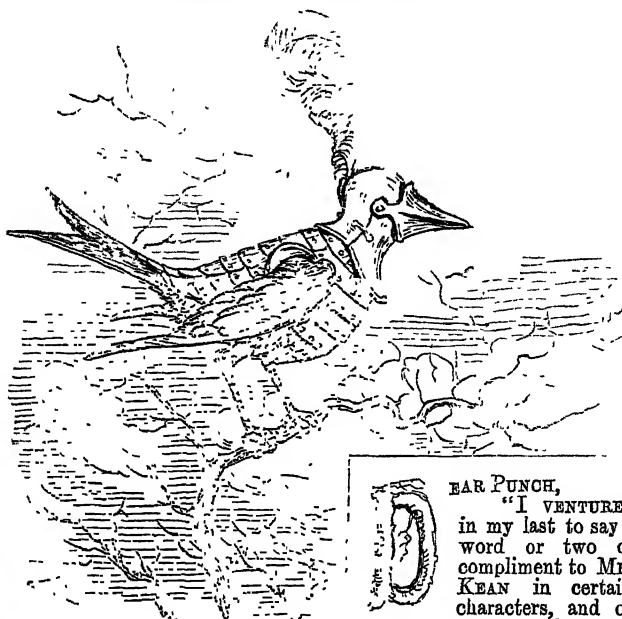
This prophecy has, we believe, been repeatedly brought to the notice of both our Episcopal and Cathedral body, but, of course, without attracting any attention. The last line has been laid hold of, by credulous people, as prophetic of the fall of Chichester Cathedral, the spire of which has come down upon the nave, while, in the earlier couplets, fanciful imaginations make out allusions to recent proceedings in relation to the *Essays and Reviews*, and the expulsion of an offensive pervert from a public office.

It would be well if the Church authorities, when they fall on anybody, would follow the example of the Church buildings, and come down on knaves only.

THE REAL EDITOR OF "NOTES AND QUERIES."

If asked, we should say it was not MR. TIMBS, nor MR. THOMS, but MR. MULLENS, who is the Solicitor to an Association of Bankers for the Prevention of Forgery, inasmuch as when there is the smallest doubt about a Note, it is always sent to him to be Queried. There is this peculiarity, too, in MR. MULLENS, that he does not take the slightest interest in the circulation of the curious documents that, as the recognised head of that difficult branch of literature, are placed in his hands every year for him to adjudicate whether they have the true stamp of genius upon them, or do not exactly come up to the mark. In fact, the less Notes that are Queries circulate, the better he is pleased.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH,

"I VENTURED in my last to say a word or two of compliment to MR. KEAN in certain characters, and of censure to the critics who persist in over-

praising him. No good and much harm, as I imagine, will result from the use of overstrained and indiscriminating eulogy. It is the business of a critic carefully to criticise, and not to blow the trumpet without having a good reason for it. I suppose we may presume that actors in some measure are guided by the press, and certainly the public is believed to put some trust in it. Now when an actor is so eulogised as MR. KEAN has been, other actors must be tempted to take him for their model; and as they find his acting indiscriminately lauded, of course the chances are, that they will copy his defects. The public it is true may correct them for so doing, but the public is in general a *race montomnière*, and apt to follow any one who likes to take the lead.

"I have granted that CHARLES KEAN is a good actor of some parts. But while I praise his *Louis the Eleventh*, I can see no reason to eulogise his *Hamlet*. It is I admit a painstaking performance, and shows clearly that great care and thought have been bestowed on it. But I am not therefore entitled to speak of it in raptures as a 'masterly conception,' and 'demanding all the genius of a great artist to work out.' A portion of the press has had the sense, I'm glad to see, to stand aloof from its contemporaries, and to abstain from joining in their constant cries of 'bravo!' and unvarying handclapping, and chorus of 'well done!' The *Examiner* distinguishes between the good and bad, and while giving the palm freely knows where to hold its hand. So too the *Athenæum* gives MR. KEAN due credit for his acting in a melodrama, but denies that he is capable of acting in high tragedy, or wherever there is aught of the poetic in his part. This surely is more truthful and in better sense and taste, than to smear him over with butter as a savage might his idol, and to put him on a pedestal as one above all praise. Dramatic art is injured and its prospects I think darkened, when an actor so confessedly imperfect as CHARLES KEAN is set before our eyes as a pattern of perfection, and puffed as a 'consummate artist' in high art. You may fancy I misquote, and deny that any critic can have used such fulsome phrases. But, with the exception of your own and the two that I have noticed, show me any paper that exposes his least fault; and is the inference not fair that he is held to be quite blameless, and nearer to perfection than mortal man can be? 'Lay it on thick, and some will surely stick!' This seems to have been the rule of late adopted by the critics, who have stupidly forgotten another sage old precept which should have cautioned them,

"Lest men believe your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view."

"It is not in nature that actors, any more than other people, should be perfect, and when a critic fails to point out their imperfections, we may properly account him to be unfit for his work. The influence of the press of course is weakened by such writers, for nobody of sense can put belief in their opinions. Such laudation as has lavishly been poured on MR. KEAN cannot long continue to be swallowed by the public; and one fancies that press praises are sarcasms disguised, and that its superlatives, so far from bidding us admire, are simply meant to make us laugh.

"Old Drury being the largest theatre in London, by way of contrast I have paid a visit to the smallest (in saying which, however, I should by rights except the Bijou, lately opened for French Plays for the first time in my memory, and now presenting to the public what is called an 'Entertainment,' of which I have my doubts if it be entertaining). I went there on the evening of Miss WILTON's return, and was pleasantly surprised by her acting in *Court Favour*. Many times she has amused me by her *naïveté* in burlesque, but I had never before seen her play a lady's part, and I can but give her credit for the way in which she did it. There are not too many ladies at present on the stage who can assume the graceful manner one looks for in a drawing-room; and I think that this young actress would do wisely to direct her studies to this end, instead of lowering herself by playing in burlesques, which have a tendency to vulgarise all who have to do with them. I need not tell you what relief I found in the neat writing and construction of *Court Favour*, after seeing the coarse stupid farce which had preceded it. Have authors lost the art of writing these neat pieces? for, judging by the appetite evinced the other evening, I don't think that the public at all has lost its relish for them. And, by the way, MR. SWANBOROUGH, why have you withdrawn the *Silver Wedding* from your play-bill? A pretty little piece it was, despite its somewhat prosy dialogue, and should have won some golden opinions were more people of my mind.

"There is a burlesque now at this theatre (as when, pray, is there not?), which the audience seemed to enjoy and laugh at more than I did, though I can hardly say exactly why it was I was not pleased. The piece is not ill played, and is written with such smartness that one's ears throughout are tingling with the bad jokes which are cracked at them. But perhaps the name of PLANCHÉ, which I had just before been reading in the play-bill, had recalled some pleasant memories of earlier burlesques, and on his rare model I think no one has improved.

"I must, however, own that I laughed more at *Cinderella* than I did at *Peter Wilkins*, for although the latter is called a 'comic' pantomime, it disposed me rather to despondency than mirth. Not that I am grown too old to laugh at a good pantomime—I hope and trust sincerely I never may be that; but I have not yet learned conformity with what appears to be the fashion of preferring gas and glitter to good foolery and fun.

"Next week I intend to see MR. FECHTER (rhymes with 'wretch stir,' MR. TUPPER, and not with 'nectar,' or with 'lectur'), and from what I hear of him in *Don César de Bazan*, I am given to believe that I shall have a treat. Meantime, Sir, you and he may depend on the assurance of the marked consideration of

"Your unbiassed Correspondent,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

ORDER FOR 'MOURNING.

Lord Chamberlain's Office, February 21, 1861.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN and Dramatic Censor has just been apprised of the removal of M. EUGÈNE SCRIBE from the sublunary scene. The LORD CHAMBERLAIN therefore suggests that British Dramatic Authors do forthwith put their BOYER'S Dictionaries into decent mourning. Gentlemen who have annexed the entire plot and dialogue of any of M. SCRIBE'S pieces will have their Dictionaries re-bound in black, while for authors who have simply "adapted," a temporary cover of black calico will suffice. Appropriators of fragments and epigrams from the same source will insert black bookmarks or strips of black ribbon. Half mourning to commence on Easter Monday with the holiday spectacles, and on SHAKSPEARE'S birthday the authors will go out of mourning.

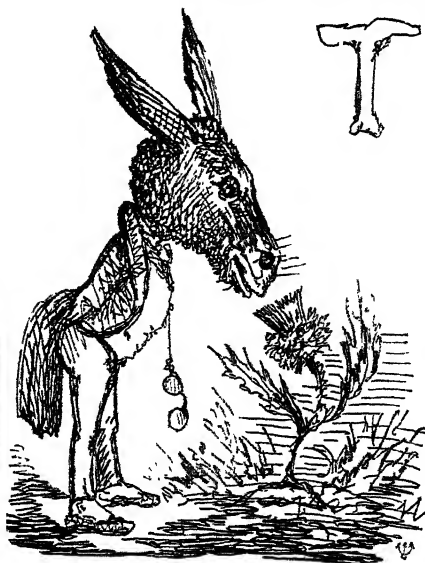
Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands.

In cold winter, when a horse's bit is full of frost, never put it (we are told) into his mouth without previously warming it. You shouldn't treat your husband with less kindness than you would your horse. Therefore, during the winter, put none but warm bits into the dear creature's mouth. Not to do so is very cruel, as it is very well known that the husband's mouth is much more sensitive in cold weather than at any other period of the year. It only makes him restive, and snappish, and spoils his temper, so much so that it is almost dangerous, at times, to go near him. Hence, whatever you do, avoid cold mutton.—*A Future Benedict.*

PEOPLE WHO SHOULDN'T LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES.

CONSIDERING the rascalities that have lately come to light among the stock-jobbing and stock-dealing community, both here and in Paris, it would seem to be quite time to cover up the Exchange, and the more completely the better. But surely it is the last building to make a glass house of, considering the stones that are daily thrown at it.

IF NOT A DONKEY, CERTAINLY A DUELLIST.



THE Americans and the English somewhat differ in their notions of the nature of a joke; else we should not see reported a remark such as the following, which was made the other evening in the House of Representatives by MR. CLEMENS, of Virginia:—

"He perceived from the official report that his colleague (MR. MARTIN) is reported to have expressed a wish that he (CLEMENS) should go on with his traitorous remarks. He understood that his colleague made some other observation which did not reach his ear. It was now for him to say at first, as well as at last, the position which he conceived it his duty to take in this national emergency was taken deliberately and with the expectation that he would

be subject to personal defamation. If his colleague's remark was intended to give offence he pardoned him, for the reason he was now labouring under a physical infirmity with a reeking wound received in a personal encounter. If his colleague had a like fracture in his thigh bone, and had been crippled for two-and-a-half years, he would find a bullet not a comfortable sensation. (Laughter.) He did not desire to be put in a caricature in *Punch* or *Vanity Fair*, as leaning on a cane with one hand and holding a pistol in the other. (Laughter.)"

The *Vanity Fair* here mentioned is a New York publication, and may, for aught we know, be capable of cutting such a joke as MR. CLEMENS deprecates. But that MR. C. should fancy *Mr. Punch* would stoop to do so, clearly shows in MR. C. a painful ignorance of *Punch*. If MR. C. desire enlightenment on this, and who shall say how many million other subjects? we recommend him to enrich his library forthwith by buying all the nine and thirty valuable volumes, which are about to be reissued from *Mr. Punch's* priceless press. By attentively perusing their world-benefitting contents, MR. CLEMENS may arrive at a more correct idea of what in *Mr. Punch's* judgment constitutes a joke; and he will find good ground for thinking that to make fun of a cripple, even though he be a duellist, would be a notion not at all to the taste of *Mr. Punch*.

Mr. Punch reflects with pride, that it was mainly by his efforts that duelling in England languished and died out. To achieve its wished-for end, he had recourse to many methods of attack: and when strong words and sarcasm were found at all to fail, he opened fire with ridicule, and dealt it its death-blow. From being pardoned, if not praised, as a fashionable failing, it came to be detested as a vulgar vice, and so went out of favour and ere long became extinct. But in all the laughs he raised against the notion of a duel being needful to one's "honour," *Punch* never caricatured the misfortune of a cripple, albeit every duellist he held to be a goose.

THE DÉBUT OF A NEW STATUE.

WE have been able to catch a glimpse of *Victory* at last. The Guards' Memorial has made its first appearance in public. It had been so often announced, and had so often disappointed us, that we had begun to look upon it as a base impostor, or rather as a capital one. It is really a statue after all, and no Bottle-Conjuror; it is a positive substantiality, and no impossible cram. There you have three Guardsmen as big as life, and every one of them a man of metal that has already stood fire, and would not mind doing it again. Whilst we are about it, we may as well state, that the metal in question is BELL-metal, which will account for the composition taking so much higher a tone than Metropolitan statues generally do.

Above these soldiers stands the figure of *Victory*; and, in point of execution, she is fairly entitled to carry off the palm—though, to speak literally, some one (but certainly not the DUKE OF YORK, for he never came within a finger's touch of *Victory*) has carried it off for her; for, though we looked into both her hands, we could not see a palm in either. On the contrary, she is carrying four crowns, like the *immortelles* that are sold outside a French cemetery. As there are only three soldiers below, we are puzzled to know for whom the fourth crown is intended. Is it for the EARL OF CARDIGAN? If so, it is a

great shame that his noble figure has not been introduced. There would have been room for him at the back, amongst that *bouquet* of guns. In truth, the effect might have been materially heightened by the Earl being made to look into the mouth of one of the cannons. It would be a touching reminiscence of Balaklava.

We do not altogether like the look of *Victory*. She is not so bright and smiling as we should wish to have seen her. She looks as if she had been rubbed all over with black lead. Has she been mourning in ashes for the few results that have grown out of the Crimean War? or has it been the fierceness of the fire that has given her that dingy, smoke-dried look?

The drapery is remarkably good; in truth, for the last few months we have been thinking that there was a great deal too much drapery about her, for it completely concealed the figure. The statue looks much better since it has thrown off that remarkably dirty duster, reminding us of those immense wrappers that they hang in front of the boxes the last thing at night in a theatre. As we are inside a playhouse, we may as well state, that we think *Victory* is stretching her arms out a little too much in the style of a theatrical king, muttering in Ellistonian pompousness, "Bless ye, my people!"

All things considered, we fancy the Guards' Memorial has made rather a happy *début*. If not a great success, it is far from being a failure. It is no worse, and perhaps it is a trifle better, than the many statuesque caricatures that, in the name of art, are supposed to adorn our much-abused London. The truth is, that the English sculptors have always displayed such a cruel affection for the Metropolis, that it has been quite a spoilt child with them.

"ART NOT THOU VILLIERS AND A MONTAGUE?"

The Living of Haughton-le-Skerne has a population of 1000, an income of £1,800. It borders on Darlington, with a population of 15,000, and an ecclesiastical income of £600, *tout compris*. The Bishop of Durham, (late the REV. MONTAGUE VILLIERS) was respectfully prayed by the Churchwardens of the Darlington parishes to take out of the superfluity of Haughton wherewithal to help satisfy the hunger of Darlington. The Bishop declared he had already given the fat rectory to his son-in-law, the REV. MR. CHEESE, who has been three years in orders.—*The Journals, passim*.

Oh, MONTAGUE VILLIERS—MONTAGUE VILLIERS!
Straightest and smoothest of Low-Church pillars,

Was it for this that SHAFTESBURY plucked you
From the Slough of Despond of a London cure,

In Durham's golden chair to induct you—
Piouslest—Preachingest—Purest of pure?

Was't that the first fat living which fell
Into those well-bred hands immaculate,

Your stripling son-in-law's luck should swell
And cause the churchwardens to ejaculate—

As this twenty-eight-year-old's name they spell—
"Our Bishop's really too anxious to please:

When we ask him for bread, he gives us CHEESE!"

Cheese! The mention of Cheese excites,

As a general rule, the notion of *mitres*;

But in Durham henceforth—say the Church's backbiters—

Folks will never see CHEESE without thinking of *mitres*.

Oh, Bishop! if praises of men you sought,

Which most of your kidney so tickle and please,—

If popularity you'd have caught,

You shouldn't have baited your trap with CHEESE.

To your CHEESE's merits you'll find a blindness,—

There'll be a bishopped* flavour in *him*,—

Be he made of the milk of human kindness,

Or the sourest and smallest sectarian skin.

This moral for all sucking Clergy I draw,

Beware of Episcopal fathers-in-law!

Here's one who to heart that moral should lay;

He'll not find Haughton a chapel-of-ease,

And be he what he may, the public will say,

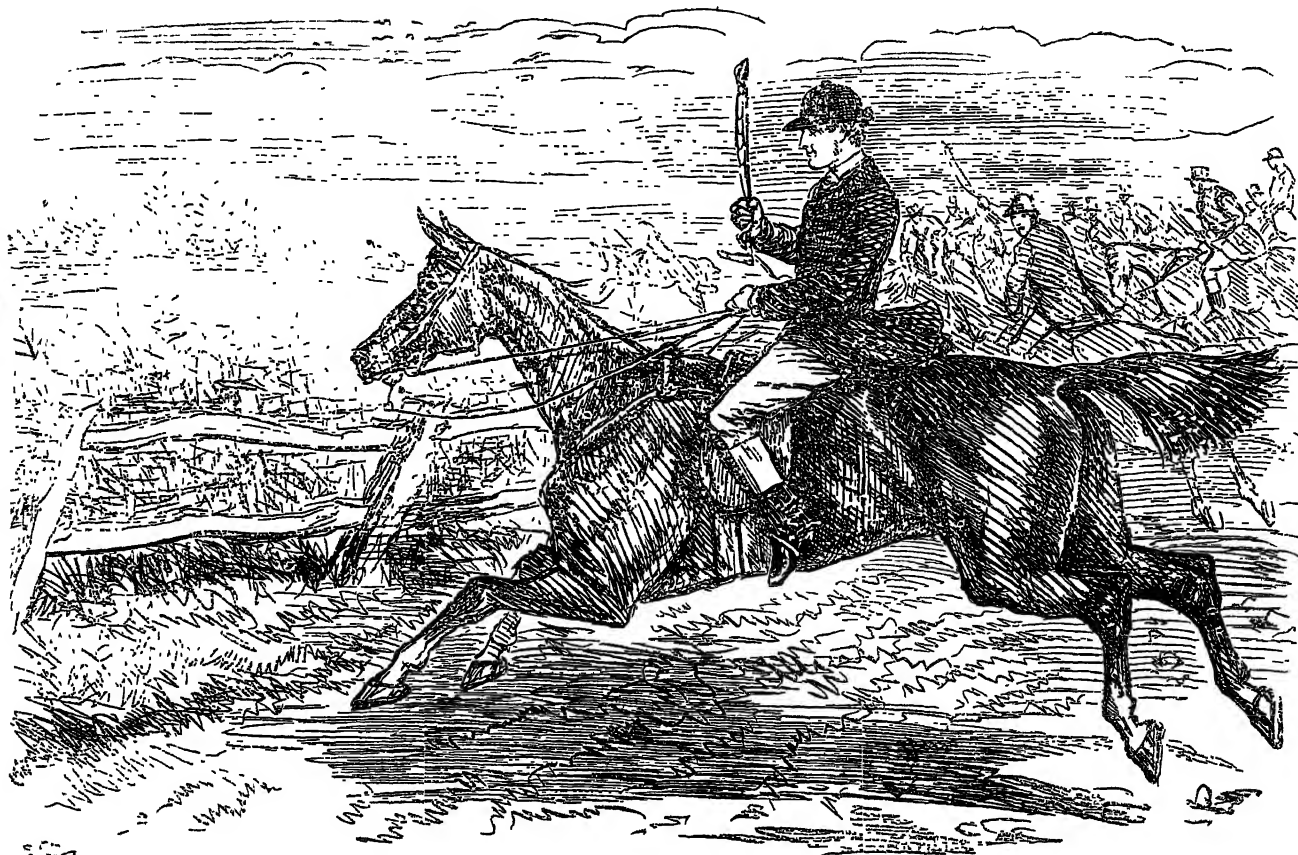
That your conduct is anything but the Cheese.

* In the Diocese of Durham boiled milk, which has been allowed to burn, is said to be "bishopped."

The Ring and the Cross.

MONSIEUR L. N. DE LA GUERONNIÈRE, in his Majesty's last pamphlet, writes, "Behind our Flag the Cross is always seen." MR. T. SATERS, reading this, pleasingly observed to MR. J. MACE, "He may well say that, JIM. Most of these here French fights is a cross." MR. MACE assented, with a gesture of much contempt for the French avowal.

PAINFUL BEREAVEMENT.—EUGÈNE SCRIBE is dead. The Members of our Dramatic Authors' Association are as well as can be expected!



First Undergraduate. "HI! FRANK! HERE'S A GATE!"

Second Undergraduate. "GATE! I DIDN'T PAY TWO GUINEAS TO GO THROUGH GATES, WITH SUCH LOVELY POSTS AND RAILS BEFORE ME!"

CRINOLINE AND ITS VICTIMS.

NOTWITHSTANDING all that *Punch* has said upon the subject, the accidents from Crinoline are, it would seem, upon the increase. Half a score at least have occurred through fire since Christmas, and several others we could cite have taken place from other causes. One of the last we saw reported was occasioned by a dress being caught up by a cabwheel, while the wearer was crossing a street at the West End. Here the victim was so fortunate as to escape with merely a bad fracture of her leg; but in most cases the sufferers have lost their life by their absurdity in wearing the wide dresses which are now accounted fashionable.

Now, unless there be a wish to decrease the population, it clearly is high time that such mishaps should be prevented. We cannot as a Christian people allow our wives and daughters to sacrifice themselves before the Juggernaut of Fashion, without labouring our utmost that the idol be displaced. As Parliament has no other Reform Bill on its hands, we think it would do well to pass a measure for reforming the wide dresses of the ladies, and for reducing their extravagant and perilous proportions. Dangerous they are, not merely to their wearers, but to any one who chances to come in contiguity. We ourselves being unhappily of genteel and slender stature, have more than once been brushed, like a cobweb, off the pavement, by the passing of a petticoat preposterous in width; and how many accidents have happened in ball-rooms and in boats, it would tire out all the wranglers in Cambridge to sum up.

"Excess of apparel" is no new thing to preach against. Plenty of homilies have, we know, been delivered on the subject, and Acts of Parliament have oftentimes been passed for the like end. A hundred and fifty years ago there was nearly the same outcry against hoops as there is now, and the *Punches* of the period—the *Spectator* and the *Tatler*—did good service in assisting to put the nuisance down. Whether Crinoline was worn in Classic ages we know not, but OVID tells us that—

"Pars minima est ipsa puella sui,"

and this seems strongly to confirm the supposition that it was. At any rate the nuisance, we have shown, is not a novel one; and we are

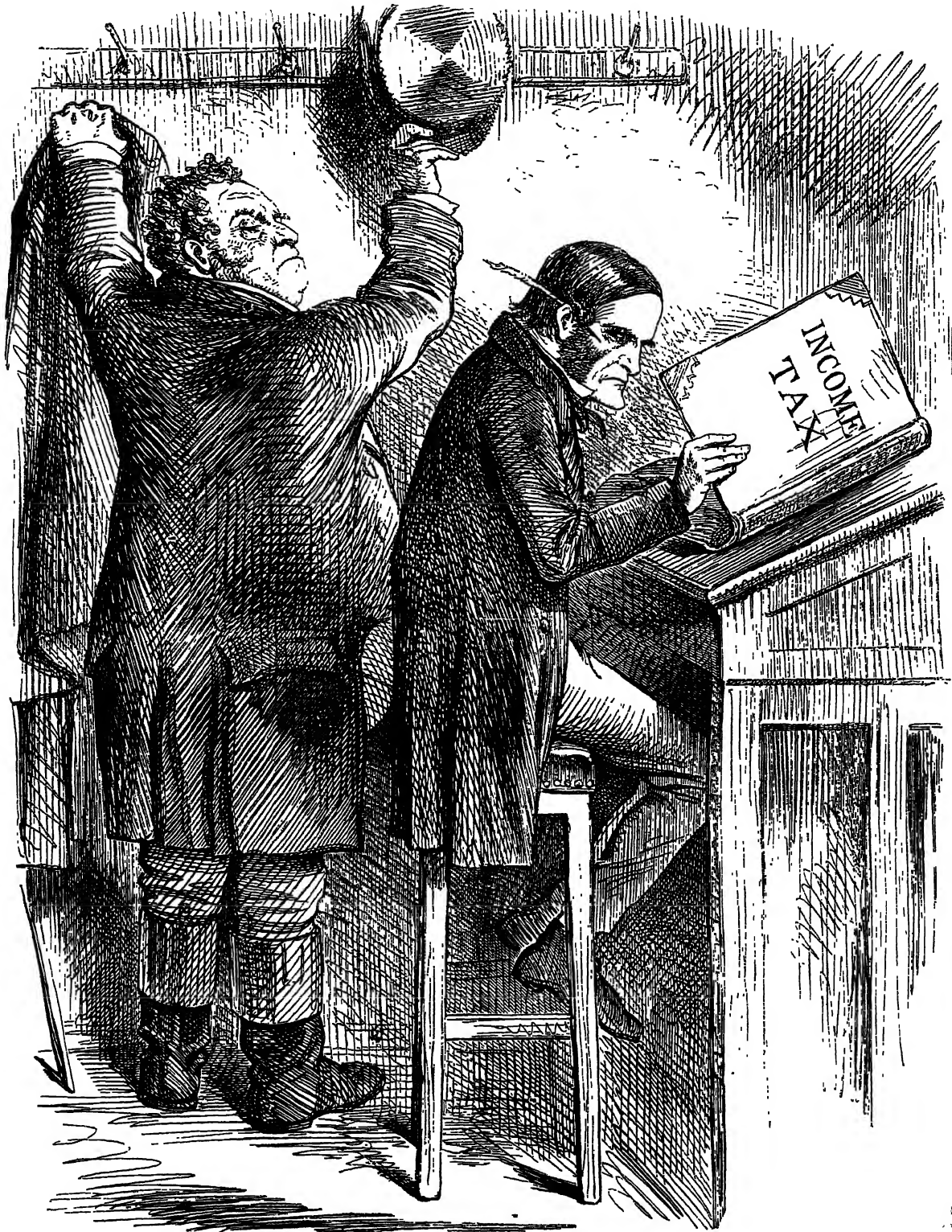
aware that in reverting to so old and stale a subject, we shall probably incur the wrath of many readers, who will sneeringly allege that we are hard up for a joke. But Crinoline is getting far too serious for joking. Broken legs and burning dresses are anything to our mind but provocative of jests. To petticoat government in moderation we submit, but we cannot go on suffering ourselves to be thrown down and trampled on, and run the risk of being run over whenever we walk out. We therefore hope that something will be done this session to place us on a safer footing than we have been, and to prevent our being swept about like rubbish in the streets. If there be any independent member in the House—we mean one who has neither wife nor family to fear—he would do the State some service by moving for a select committee on the subject, with the view of getting Government to take the matter up. As LORD PALMERSTON has long been a favourite with the ladies, perhaps his powers of persuasion would incline their ears to reason, although we are aware it is the last thing in the world that a woman likes to listen to, and one that few men have the art to make her really heed.

An Interlocutory Decision.

THERE'S a frantic dispute
And no end of a suit,
As to who shall have charge of the MARQUIS OF BUTE:
The deduction from which
Is that BUTE must be rich,
And the lawyers are sure to get plenty of Loot.

The Political Atmosphere in America.

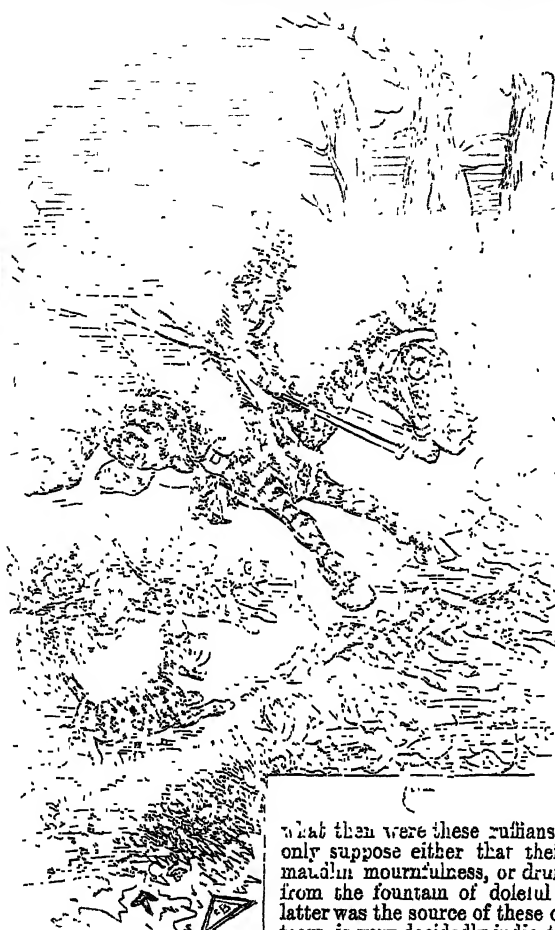
THE latest intelligence from New York tells us, that "a thick fog prevails." We fancy this "thick fog" prevails more or less all over the country. It is very clear, and it is the only thing that is clear, that politicians do not exactly see their way. However, let us hope, when the fog has cleared off, that the ground will be taken up by a speedy settlement of the Blacks.



LOOKING INTO THE ACCOUNTS.

JOHN BULL. "NOW, MY FRIEND, YOU TAKE A HOLIDAY FOR A SHORT TIME. I DON'T DOUBT YOUR HONESTY, BUT I WANT TO SEE HOW YOUR BOOKS STAND."

ALLIGATORS IN TEARS.



E see that 'Louisiana has seceded from the American Union in a manner equally disgusting and ridiculous. Despatches from Baton Rouge contain the particulars of this absurd proceeding. The debate in the Convention on the question of secession having closed, we are told, a vote was ordered, and:—

"The Galleries and boxes were intensely crowded, and a death-like silence prevailed on the call of the roll, many members were in tears."

Who were the weepers? A numerous minority in the Louisiana Convention, bewailing the folly which the majority was about to perpetrate? Not so; for the vote having been announced, the Ayes turned out to be 113, and the Nays 17. The weeping members were therefore Secessionists—Slaveowners, Slave-drivers—and about

what then were these ruffians blubbering? We can only suppose either that their tears were those of maiden mournfulness, or drunkenness, or proceeded from the fountain of doleful hypocrisy. That the latter was the source of these crocodiles' or alligators' tears, is very decidedly indicated by what follows:—

"CAPT. ALLEN then entered the Convention with a Pelican flag, accompanied by GOVERNOR MOORE and staff, and put the flag in the hands of the President, amid tremendous excitement. A solemn prayer was then offered, and a hundred guns fired."

Having agreed in an act of treason towards their common country, in pursuance of a brutal determination to persist in oppressing their fellow-men; having renounced their allegiance to the American Union, to the intent of persevering in the violation of their duty towards their neighbour, these snivelling professors of a rascally piety go down on their knees and pray. Hideous devotion! Praying and weeping as they were, surely every drop that trickled from their turned-up eyes down their snuffling noses, must have looked black in the light of Heaven. Angelic chemistry has perhaps turned those tears to jet, and keeps them for a curiosity. Unpleasant humbugs! The odour of their sanctimony grievously offends the moral nose.

The finishing touch to the character of these brutes is supplied by the following account of an atrocity narrated in a despatch dated at Washington:—

"Information was received by the Government this morning, from the Collector at New Orleans, stating that the barracks about two miles below New Orleans, now occupied as a Marine Hospital, were taken possession of on the 11th instant by CAPTAIN BRADFORD, of the State of Louisiana, in the name of the State of Louisiana. There were 216 invalids and convalescent patients in the hospital at the time it was seized. The collector of customs was required to immediately remove the patients who were convalescent, and those who were confined to their beds, as soon as practicable. This action is regarded by the Government as most outrageous and inhuman."

The hospital was seized, and the patients were turned out of it in order that it might be occupied as a barrack by the State troops of Louisiana, levied on behalf of slavery and rebellion. SECRETARY DIX denounces this deed as "an act of outrageous barbarity, disgraceful to any age or country." But what are the savage secessionist slaveowners of Louisiana but barbarians? Inhumanity after all is inhumanity, and equally with benevolence knows no distinction of colour. Mercilessness to black slaves is simply consistent with cruelty to white sufferers. The expulsion of the patients from the Marine Hospital is an achievement worthy of such soldiers as the troops of Louisiana. We hope it will prove their crowning exploit; for it is meet to be, and they are not very likely to distinguish themselves much by performing any other more creditable.

In one of the above extracts, a CAPTAIN ALLEN is described as doing a bit of pantomime with a "Pelican flag." The pelican depicted on this flag was perhaps what heralds call a "Pelican in her Piety;" a pelican pecking her breast to feed her young with the contents of her own veins and arteries. The piety of the

pelican, however, has no resemblance to that of the pietists of the Louisiana Convention. The pelican does not howl and cry, and pray for protection and preservation in injustice and wickedness. The pelican is said to bleed her own bosom; but the only blood ever shed by such fellows as those whose standard is the "Pelican flag," is that which is spilt in murderous brawls, or that which is drawn by cowhides from the lacerated human back.

HUBBARD'S APPEAL.

O GLADSTONE, born to affluence,
Hadst thou thy bread to earn,
Of rents from earnings, how immense
The difference thou wouldst learn!
Wert thou compelled by industry
To win each daily meal,
That which thy conscience fails to see,
Thy consciousness would feel.

With wife and children to support,
All beggared shouldst thou die;
Should thy employment e'er fall short,
The Workhouse in thine eye;
Thou wouldst perceive the truth, ignored,
By thee, a wealthy man,
Precarious income can't afford
What certain income can.

The tax that takes from both alike
Would move thy own disgust.
Thee, when it wronged thyself, 'twould strike
As monstrously unjust.
The difference thou wouldst comprehend,
Denied by fool and knave,
Between the means a man may spend,
And those he ought to save.

Great, when the savings, which should make
Provision for thine age,
The tax-collector came to take,
Would be thy manly rage!
Injustice, thou wouldst then discern,
Thy craft defied to flee;
And what would be thine own return,
Then, under Schedule D?

ECCLESIASTICAL SWAINS.

THE Rural Deans have taken a very prominent part in petitioning against the total abolition of Church-Rates. These little taxes appear to be quite an element in rural felicity. The fondness for them manifested by the Rural Deans invests them with a pleasing rurality. We connect them with flocks and herds. There are flocks of sheep, and there are flocks of geese. Sheep are sheared; geese are plucked: and the operations of sheep-shearing and goose-plucking are naturally associated with the levy of Church-Rates. There are herds of cattle, which suffer themselves to be milked, and their milk affords cream, out of which is made butter, wherewith the bread of fat pluralists is buttered on both sides. There are also herds of swine, that grunt and grumble, and may be supposed by Rural Deans to express dissent, but such dissenters represent rather a class of farmers who dissent from any and every doctrine which demands their money. All these rural ideas are associated with Church-Rates by reason that the cudgel has been so generally taken up for them by Rural Deans. If the Rural Deans were only Rural Bishops, the RIGHT REVEREND COLIN, and LUBIN, and CORDON, and other shepherds, might not only wield an oaken staff with a hook for crozier, by hook and crook, as it were, to maintain those ecclesiastical demands, but also sing the necessity of them in genuine pastorals. The Rural Deans should provide themselves with Pandean pipes, on which, if Church-Rates are abolished, they may suitably whistle for them.

THE MODERN CHESTERFIELD.

WHAT would you wish a tobaccoist on his birthday? Why you stupid, what could you wish him but "Many happy returns?"



SCENE.—PITT'S STATUE, HANOVER SQUARE.

STREET BOY. "M, D, double C C, We, I—What does that mean?"

STREET BOY, No. 2. "Why, one o' our Rooshan Victories this 'ere General won in the Crimea, stupid! Nobody can't pronounce the name."

AN EVIDENT MISPRINT.

Who could drink "a bottle of hay?" It would be precious dry stuff, we should imagine, that no one would think of touching, unless he had the constitution of a horse. Besides, where would you keep your stock? Not in the cellar, but in the hayloft, we suppose? or would one have to send down to the Haymarket, supposing any friend, who had a turn for dry humour, called for "a bottle of hay." As for ourselves, we do not believe in any such vintage as would require a pitchfork to open it instead of a corkscrew. We fancy it is a misprint. We suspect it was originally "a bottle of Ai," meaning the celebrated Champagne of that name; and that by some desperate Cockney continually bawling out, "Here, waiter, bring me another Bottle of Hai," the term gradually got corrupted into its present use. It is simply used in the form of chaff.

THE REAL ALCOHOLIC TEST.—Drunkenness.

A NEW VERSION OF MOTHER HUBBARD.

(Respectfully dedicated to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and the Select Committee, on Income-Tax.)

GOVERNOR HUBBARD
He left the Bank-cupboard
To pick with glib GLADSTONE a bone;
But the bone was so bare,—
So GLADSTONE did swear,—
That the House had best leave it alone.

He went into PALEY
To get him some prosing;
But when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE a dozing.

He went to Old COCKER
To get him some figures;
But when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE in sniggers.

He went to B. OSBORNE'S
To get him some jeers;
But when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE at sneers.

He went to the House
To get a Committee;
But when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE sans pity.

He went to the Schedules
To get a strong case;
But when he came back,
GLADSTONE still kept his face.

He went to the tea-room
To catch a cup flying;
And when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE white-lying.

He went to the Blue-books
To get a reply;
But when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE sky-high.

He went to the Lobby
To get a division;
And when he came back,
GLADSTONE grinned in derision.

He went to the table
To get him a tale;
And when he came back,
There was GLADSTONE quite pale.

For 'twas found when the votes
The tellers had reckoned,
That HUBBARD stood first,
And GLADSTONE stood second.

HUBBARD *he* made a court'sy,
GLADSTONE *he* made a bow;
HUBBARD said, "How d'ye feel?"
GLADSTONE answered, "Bow-wow!"

A Consuming Extravagance.

We know a friend of ours, a confirmed young RALEIGH, who, like Vesuvius, has always got either fire or smoke at his mouth; but he complains fearfully of the expense. He says smoking will burn a hole in a bank-note in no time: his only regret is, that a cigar does not, as soon as it is consumed, rise again like a Phoenix from its own ashes!

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TALENT.
—INSCRIPTION FOR THE REVERSE OF CERTAIN
INDIAN PRIZE MONEY.—Delhis are Dangerous.



SNOOKS HAS JOINED A MOUNTED CORPS.

Snooks. "SPLENDID CREECHUR—AIN'T HE? BLESS YOU, HE'S A PERFECT BROKE CHARGER. WAS IN THE HORSE GUARDS ONCE. YOU SHOULD SEE HIM IN HIS ACCOUTREMENTS. GOES IN HARNESS TOO, I BELIEVE!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

February 18, Monday. The Roll of the Lords has been made up, for the present Session, and it shows that our Upper Chamber contains, or rather ought to contain, 1 Prince, 1 King, 27 Dukes, 35 Marquises, 170 Earls, 31 Viscounts, and 162 Barons, altogether 457 Nobles. But it seems that, strong as the noble company is, it is "unfashionable to attend the House of Lords," and when the LORD CHANCELLOR took his seat to-night there were 7 Peers present. At no time were there more than 39 noble Articles furnishing the chamber. LORD PUNCH may take occasion to attend, one of these nights, and may have something to say about the absentees. The Select Vestry had nothing very interesting before it, except a little discussion on the short-comings of the other Select Vestry called the Board of Works, which REX THWAITES defended, in a letter of regal *hauteur*.

The Commons went to work in Committee on the Bankruptcy Bill, which was also discussed on other nights. Much progress was made. The grand feature of the Bill, the abolishing the difference in the position of the Trader and the Non-Trader, fills the world of non-traders with a non-unreasonable terror. A whole phalanx of lawyers declares that as the Bill stands, a man has but to shut up his house, and be off for a tour to Switzerland, without paying up his tailor (and who, *Mr. Punch* indignantly asks, pays his tailor in August, or at any other time, if he can help it?), and when that Swiss traveller returns home he will find himself a Bankrupt. The law must be a little modified, so as to prevent any such catastrophes. *Mr. Punch* suggests that if a Swell affixes an accurately spelt notice on his street-door, after the fashion in the Temple and other law colonies, saying—"Gone to the Pyramids. Return one of these days," such notice shall bar all proceedings under the new Act, and this practical suggestion is hereby placed at the disposal of SIR RICHARD. The Parochial Assessments Bill was read a Second Time, and MR. HENLEY said that the measure was beginning to excite some attention in the country. By the time it has passed, therefore, the country will, it is hoped, have awakened to a consideration of the

question whether the Bill was wanted or not. MR. HENLEY seemed alarmed at the power the Bill gives to county boards to order maps, because some counties might like their maps made on a very large scale indeed. But as, by the new Electro-Block process, *Mr. Punch* understands that an object no larger than VISCOUNT WILLIAMS's views can be expanded with the utmost facility until it is almost as great as *Mr. Punch's* own reputation, the cost of maps need not frighten MR. HENLEY.

Tuesday. This was a *dies notanda creatâ albâ*, or, at least, a large chalk-mark was made all down MR. GLADSTONE's back. MR. JOHN GELLIBRAND HUBBARD, Member for Buckingham, and a Conservative, boiled over about the Income-Tax. He brought forward a motion for a Select Committee to sit in judgment upon the Tax, and to inquire whether it could not be more equitably levied. MR. GLADSTONE, of course, being "a pot that is soon hot," also boiled over, on his own account, and resisted the motion, and was especially indignant at MR. HUBBARD's supporting the view that precarious incomes ought not to be taxed in the same way as those derived from fixed sources. MR. WHALLEY curiously proposed to assimilate the Tax to the Poor-Rate; but as we shall all be upon the Poor-Rate if taxation on the Gladstonian principle proceeds much further, this suggestion seems a mockery. MR. GELLIBRAND HUBBARD was not to be put down, and, on division, he beat the Ministers by 131 to 127; and MR. JOHN BULL, like a sensible commercial man, resolves to make his clerk GLADSTONE take a holiday, and meantime MR. BULL means to examine his own books for himself. The Tax will be gellibranded with the mark of infamy, and whether MR. GELLIBRAND likes jelly, brandy, or both together, he is hereby authorised to go and treat himself at the expense of *Mr. Punch*.

The Lords treated themselves to a China debate, originated by EARL GREY, who proved, to his own satisfaction, that everything, pacific or bellicose, which we have done in China, has been done wrongly, and LORD ELLENBOROUGH was much of the same opinion. LORD WODEHOUSE did the defensive for Government.

In the Commons, MR. LOCKE KING was allowed to introduce a Bill

for lowering the county franchise to £10, and MR. BAINES was allowed to bring in another Bill for lowering the borough franchise to £6. Now these two measures together make rather a large Reform Bill, and the conduct of Parliament in agreeing to have one whole Reform Bill, but taking it in two pieces, reminds Mr. Punch of a celebrated story by the late lamented REVEREND MR. STERNE. That clergyman (who, by the way, wrote better English than DR. VILLIERS, and other priests of the present day), relates that two holy nuns were driving a mule that ought to have drawn their vehicle from the convent to a certain shrine. But the mule, finding that he had only two gentle ladies behind him instead of a slashing swearing driver, basely stuck fast, and would not move. The young ladies tried every means to get him on in vain. At last it occurred to them that the beast had been in the habit of being urged on by bad language, and would not move unless a naughty word were used to him. Somehow, convent-bred though they were, the pretty creatures happened to know one naughty word, Mr. Punch does not know one, but it is suggested to him that it may have been "Devil." But of course the girls were not going to commit the sin of saying this, and a bright thought struck them. "Let us divide the word," said the holy CONSTANTIA to the holy EMILIA, "and then there will be no sin, as neither will have said the word." So "De," cried the sweet voice of EMILIA, "Vil," cried the sweet voice of CONSTANTIA, and on, let us hope, went the mule. Divide the word, says Parliament, let MR. KING say "Re," and let MR. BAINES say "Form," and on we go. However, though neither LORD PALMERSTON nor MR. DISRAELI showed fight, they gave no promise not to fight hereafter, and the PREMIER declared that this was not a time for action, but for "warring." Perhaps he is right, and if we wait for the waggon we shall all have a ride.

SIR MORTON PERO brought in a Bill for providing for the better interment of Dissenters. It was not opposed, and indeed we believe that in the excess of his liberality, MR. NEWDEGATE said that he should be happy to see them all buried. SIR M. PERO is building largely at Southend, which looks as if he had a design for burying his co-religionists alive.

Wednesday. Divers people in Southwark, sent by MR. LOCKE, a petition for Reform. Mr. Punch particularly recommends them to look at home, and make their own district decent before they begin to complain of other people. He had the misfortune to be in Southwark twice this week, and the foul state of the streets made him regret that he had permitted his friend MR. LAYARD to stand for a place where you stand ankle-deep in mud. And apropos of this, Mr. Punch observes that the REVEREND MR. SPURGEON has been alluding to Mr. P., and thanking him, respectfully enough, for putting in MR. LAYARD. This is all very well, but if Southwark thinks that because she did her duty on one occasion, she may neglect it afterwards, she is as much mistaken as ever was a slatternly maid-servant, who, because she is kind to the children, thinks that she may be saucy to her mistress, and take five-and-twenty minutes in fetching the supper beer. To-day MR. HADFIELD moved the Second Reading of a Bill for getting rid of the declaration which office-holders under the Crown have to make, namely that they will do nothing to injure the Church of England. MR. NEWDEGATE thought that this was a safeguard of the Church, but SIR G. LEWIS, who is not troubled with too much faith in superstitions, said that such a safe-guard was ideal and fanciful. Battle was given, and the Bill read a Second Time by 93 to 80. Who will move its strangulation in the Lords? The Dissenters are winning the tricks at the beginning of the game—a Bill for letting them in to manage schools that were endowed before Dissent was invented, was read a Second Time, by 164 to 157. MR. DILLWYN seemed to think that all such arrangements should follow the changes of opinion. "The blasphemy of one age is the religion of another," wrote a philosopher.

Thursday. LORD STRATHERDEN, son of the Chancellor, made a neat little reform speech, and a neat little Latin quotation, which has been heard of once or twice before, like his Papa's historical blunders.

In the Commons, a Catholic nobleman, who some time ago did society the good service of saving a rich heiress from a gang of greedy priests, did a less wise thing in asking LORD JOHN RUSSELL to interpose with the KING of ITALY in behalf of the scoundrels, who, hired by Rome, are still committing crimes in the South. LORD JOHN, with becoming indignation, told LORD EDWARD HOWARD that it was not the Sardinians who had practised cruelties in the late war, but that when ruffians were taken in arms, the best way to deal with them is the shortest. The rancour of the priest-party, just now, against Italian freedom, would be amusing were it not pitiable. But Italy may say to that crawling venomous party, in SHELLEY's words:—

"Well, if thou wilt—as 'tis thy destiny
Of trodden worms to writhe till they be dead,
Put forth thy might."

Friday. LORD HERBERT made a clean breast of it about the Tipperary Artillery. The fact was that he had seen some 800 fine fellows, and wanted to grab them for the Service. In his eagerness, he offered them what it was not in his power to give; and as soon as he found out the state of the case, he put an end to the bargain. How much

better this sort of frankness is than the usual military mystification and bluster. No doubt the toadies at the Horse Guards are quite indignant with the Secretary and the Duke for not telling some rigmorale story, with a bit of the *Army List*, and a quotation from the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in it, and winding up with a wish that, if noblemen are expected to do the work of the country, they might at least be freed from the impertinent control of civilians and anonymous writers in journals.

Heaps of small matters came up in the Commons, but Mr. Punch, on boiling them down, finds very little at the bottom of his saucepan. MR. MONCKTON MILNES obtained leave to bring in a Bill for allowing EDWIN to marry the sister of his departed ANGELINA, and as the persons have crotchets on the subject, it is proposed that a marriage before a registrar shall answer the purpose. MR. WALPOLE promised to oppose the Bill on rational grounds, and not with texts, which is something gained; and MR. SCULLY said that having obtained the opinion of the ladies of Ireland, which was against the Bill, he would, before the next reading, descend among the lower classes, and ascertain what they thought of the measure, an undertaking which gave great satisfaction to the House.

A GLUT OF HEROES.



SHIPWRECKS caused by the violent gales and storms that have been prevailing ever since the commencement of the year, afford too much confirmation to the proverb which says, that misfortunes never come single. But whilst those calamities have been coming in a crowd, they have been accompanied by a corresponding multitude of compensating facts. On the one hand, you cannot open a newspaper without being harrowed by an account of a shipwreck; on the other, without being gratified by the notice of an act of heroism, consisting in the rescue of shipwrecked sufferers, and performed in the face of imminent danger, by the crew of a life-boat. Great rogues turn up with a frequency which explains the popular comparison, "as thick as thieves." But

gallant fellows come out in greater numbers both simultaneously and in succession. "HEROISM" is even a commoner heading in the journals than "EMBEZZLEMENT" or "DEFALCATION." These remarks are intended to redound to the honour of the brave seamen who have furnished such ample occasion for them, and also to the credit of the National Life-boat Institution, which, in consideration of those tremendous gales of wind that the tight little vessels constructed by it are capable of weathering, must be acknowledged to deserve the utmost advantage it can derive from the most favourable puff.

A RATTLING GAME.

THE Americans continue pleasure with business in an admirable way. They appear completely to make a game of politics. With them, public life is a beautiful mixture of work and play. This is the way they have been amusing themselves lately in California:—

"California was strong for the Union. Their Assembly had failed to elect a President after 72 ballots."

If they had been playing a game of backgammon, these Californian M.P.s could not have rattled the box more merrily. The Assembly does not seem, however, to have gained much by its play, for the only result as yet of all its throwing for a President has simply been to throw him over. We have heard of the "Hero of a Hundred Fights;" but we think the above President, when he is elected—and he promises in time to be the "Hero of a Hundred Ballots"—will be even a greater Hero than he; for it is very clear, before he has gone safe through the fire, that he will have been exposed to an infinitely greater number of balls.

A NOTICE OF MOTION.—"All right! Go on, BILL!"—*Omnibus Conductor.*



NEW LEATHERS, TOO!

Jones (very particular man). "H'M! THIS COMES OF BRINGING DOWN A BOTTLE OF HUNTING VARNISH FOR A FRIEND!"

"A CONSUMMATION DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED."

ABOLITION of Church-Rates!

I wish we could get it—
But Church rating's a habit,
And who can upset it?

There's Broad-Church rates narrow,
High-Church rates Low brother—
The *Guardian* and *Record*,
Are rating each other.

There's Exeter Hall
Rates Turks, Papists and Jews;
Convocation is rating
Th' *Essays* and *Reviews*.

The Church rates the Chapel,
The Chapel the Church—
Till seekers for Truth
Get perplexed in the search.

And meas'ring the value
Of things by their rarity,
Cry "less of Church rating,
And more of Church charity."

Sir W. Goodenough Hayter, M.P.

The Right Man in the Right Place.

APROPPOS of the "Patronage Secretary," observed a scrupulous M.P. to BERNAL OSBORNE, "I can't understand how you contrive to fill up the place. One would think everybody would be either too good, or too bad for it."

"Exactly," said BERNAL. "That's precisely the reason HAYTER was the one man for the work. He was "good enough."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

FEBRUARY 25. Monday. The Census of the Lords states that there were seven of them present when JOHN LORD CAMPBELL took his seat, but *Mr. Punch's* threat has terrified the Peers, for at one time there were sixty-seven. This is better, but where were the others? LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE entered into the Syrian question, on which he wanted information, but LORD WODEHOUSE declined to give him any, on the ground that a Conference on the question was being held in Paris. He was, however, happy to say that the Turkish Government had been very energetic in punishing the Druses, though the Christians had shown themselves a little unworthy of the protection they had received, for as soon as the presence of troops had made them safe, they had massacred 136 persons, of whom 25 were women and 86 children. But the lay Christians were milk-and-water people, compared to the priesthood, the bishops having demanded the execution of 4,500 out of 11,000 Druses, and upon being requested to revise their little butcher's bill, had sent in a new claim for 1,200 lives. LORD WODEHOUSE urged, therefore, that it was difficult to meet the views of Oriental Christianity.

The Commons worked away at the Bankruptcy Bill, and some very sensible things were said by various people. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL strongly condemned the conduct of rascals who give unlimited credit to young men, and lead them into extravagance and profligacy, because one day they will come into property, and he explained that he had no idea of doing anything for such creditors. The merciful principle that when a man has given up all that he has to his creditors, he shall be free for a fresh start in life, unmolested by old claims, was strongly insisted on. The Committee had knocked off nearly 200 clauses before rising. The Bill for bestowing the forfeited seats was read a Second Time, MR. BAXTER claiming a Member for the Scottish Universities, MR. BENTINCK protesting against there being any more Metropolitan Members, who were an inconvenience to the House, MR. PEACOCK proposing that the new Members should be elected by the working classes, MR. BLACKBURN ridiculing Chelsea and Kensington as places where they grew only cauliflowers and asparagus, and various other Members contradicting and abusing one another. The carrying the Second Reading did not commit the House to the appropriation of the seats.

Tuesday. The BISHOP OF OXFORD moved the Second Readings of two Bills, designed for the protection of female purity among the humbler classes; but both Bills were pooh-poohed out of the House by the LORD CHANCELLOR, Keeper of the Queen's conscience, and by LORD GRANVILLE, President of the Council.

MR. TOM DUNCOMBE gave notice, that when the Census shall have been taken, he shall move the House upon the question of Retorm. Had not the Numerators better be told to append to the Census papers this question for the Head of the Family—"What is the opinion of yourself, MRS CAPUT, ARAMINTA, JULIA, CHARLES, TOMMY, and BABY upon the British Constitution?" SIR C. WOOD being asked, when the Delhi and Lucknow prize-money would be distributed, replied, "As soon as the Rolls have been sent from India." A very proper answer, as many of the poor soldiers are really in want of bread.

Cavalry and Artillery officers object to feed their horses, or rather want to saddle the country with the expense of feeding their chargers. The swell officers in the House of course severely intimated in the most throaty manner that it was a cust inf—something shame to make fellahs pay—a—a—eight-pence ha'penny a day for their horses; but MR. FREDERICK PEEL was unconvinced by throatiness, and reminded the gallant parties that they had been good enough to accept their commissions and pay upon the understanding that this deduction was to be made, and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE made some good fun at the expense of the poor Cavalry officers who wanted "relief" out of the money of the tax-payers. The House eliminated the horsey proposition by 213 to 56.

MR. HODGKINSON brought in a Bill for preventing Frivolous Defences to Actions for recovery of small debts. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL promised to see whether the measure were harmless. It seems rather foolish, for it proposes that a debtor shall not defend until he has made an affidavit that he has a good defence. A man who will make a fraudulent defence will generally make a false affidavit, and besides, if he happens to have any conscience, his attorney will remove his scruples by assuring him that the affidavit is mere matter of form, and indeed, more reasonably, by asking him how he knows whether a defence is or is not good in law. Why, judges defend the plea of "Not Guilty," on the ground that an ignorant criminal does not know whether he is properly charged. The measure seems to *Mr. Punch* as calculated to increase attorney's costs, and when he hears of a Bill of that kind he involuntarily bursts out into exquisite song, with words that MADAME VESTRIS as *Don Giovanni* used to deliver so brilliantly some years ago. *Mr. Punch* remembers the words, because in those days singers sang words, instead of making noises in imitation of musical instruments:—

"I saw by the wigs that so greasefully curled,
All down their lank cheeks, that they wanted a Fee,
And I said, if I had but a pound in the world,
Those demons of lawyers would take it from me."

MR. CAVE made an excellent speech on the Slave Trade, showing the failure of our endeavours to put it down, and urging that we ought to promote free immigration, especially from China, into the West India Colonies. LORDS JOHN RUSSELL and PALMERSTON were animated in their replies, and denounced both the American and the Spanish Government, LORD JOHN stating that in answer to the petulance of the former, he had assured MR. BUCHANAN that no diplomatic impertinences should prevent the English minister from protesting against humbug in the matter, and the PREMIER, characterising the conduct of Spain as profligate (*cheers*), shameless (*cheers*), and disgraceful bad faith (*cheers*). He did not think immigration was a matter for Government interference.

Wednesday is the Sunday of the House of Commons. That is, at this Morning Sitting questions of a religious character, or connected with ecclesiastical matters, are usually discussed. To-day came on the grand Church-Rate battle. Both sides had whipped uncommonly hard, but "the wisdom of kindness" was strongly illustrated. *Mr. Punch*, and very likely many millions of his readers, may have seen in the windows a print of two sweeps mounted on two jackasses, and racing. The loser is simply flogging, but the winner holds a few inches before his donkey's nose a bunch of tempting carrots, after which the creature struggles with an energy that defeats his coerced colleague. Well, the new Conservative Whip did his duty like a man, and brought up his rank and file exceedingly well; but the Liberal Whip had got the question fixed for a day in the evening of which 365 of his party were going to dine in honour of SIR WILLIAM HAYTER. So the carrots did the business, and after a short, smart debate, the best bits of which were an utterly irrelevant speech of MR. BRIGHT's against the selling the livings of live Parsons, and some curious discussions about the famous *Essays and Reviews*, SIR JOHN TRELAHNY carried the Second Reading of the Abolition Bill by 231 to 266, majority 15. Fifty more Members voted than came up to the same scratch last year; the Church party (GLADSTONE and FRED. PEARL voting with them) had thirty-two more votes than last year; ten Tories voted for the Bill, and ten Liberals against it, and the majority for the Bill, last year, was 9. These are the *Morning Star's* statistics, and anybody who likes to boil them up with the aforesaid carrots is welcome to the result.

The subsequent dinner to the ex-whip of nine years, SIR WILLIAM HAYTER, deserves to be mentioned in Parliamentary history. PAM took the Chair; there was present a Member for every day in the year; a splendid testimonial was given to the genial ex-political Secretary, who, it used to be said, looked, in the House, like NAPOLEON with a tight boot upon his mind; and the PREMIER made a capital speech, in which he attributed to SIR WILLIAM nearly all the virtues that, according to POPE, belonged to a divine of his days:—

"To Berkeley, every virtue under heaven."

Thursday. SANDYS—SANDYS? LORD PUNCH seems to remember the name. O—ts—ts—why, to be sure, MARCUS HILL! How are you, MARCUS? Show him where to sit, FOLEY—or you, SMITH—our boy,

LIVEDEN, we mean, as you have introduced him. Glad to see you, MARCUS! You'll have to learn to be bored, but not to-night, for DERBY's up.

A long speech from LORD DERBY, in which he dwelt, eloquently of course, upon the hardship inflicted on the labouring classes, by the perpetual cutting up of "low districts" in London, for the sake of making improvements. The wholesale demolitions contemplated by several railway companies furnished the immediate text. He also adverted to the way in which valuable public buildings were sacrificed for the same object, and specially mentioned the London Institution, which had been established by Act of Parliament, at a cost of £30,000, and contained a magnificent library, theatre, and reading-rooms, and had been for many years an invaluable boon to the inhabitants of Finsbury. This, with the pleasant circus, it was proposed to remove for the sake of a railway that was to come from places where nobody lived to places where nobody wanted to go. LORD SHAFTESBURY took the same side, and gave painful pictures of the odious and demoralising overcrowding of the dwellings of the poor, in consequence of the destruction of so many of their homes. LORD GRANVILLE made the usual stereotype answer, that the matter must be left to public opinion, that spending money did the poor good, that workmen ought to live out of town and come in by trains, but anyhow, Government could not interfere. *Mr. Punch* is, of course, with his Lordship, and will shortly introduce to the public a plan for making St. Paul's the central terminus of a railway system, whereby the rotunda and dome will be utilised. "WATERGATE, LILTON, and others deposited there may still remain at—! ha—! ha—!"; and, the building being consecrated, victims of accidents may at once receive interment without extra charge or trouble.

In the Commons, MR. CAIRD urged that as the last harvest had not been good, Ministers ought to be very economical, and in a Syrian debate MR. LAYARD made his first speech since his return, forcibly pointing out the impolicy of the mode in which Turkey is being treated, and the one-sided view which, for French purposes, Europe had been taught to take of the Lebanon disasters.

To-night and next night were held debates of real importance on our Admiralty system, which does not appear to have much mended since the day when PERYS recorded his having assisted at a Board, and added, "But, Lord, to see how like Pools we talked!" A Select Committee is to consider the whole system.

Friday. LORD NORMANBY delivered a long and feeble speech, full of gossip and chatter, against the new régime in Italy, and he proved two things; first, that his opinions on the subject are not worth a *baiooco*, and secondly, that the old fribble is immeasurably disgusted with a change which has transformed into a land of freemen and soldiers

"A land of singing and of dancing slaves"

The Commons *Conversazione* was very miscellaneous, but the only thing worth mention was a sort of comfortable impression gathered by *Mr. Punch*, rather than derived from any specific statement, that something really will be done some day towards Embanking the Thames.

CONFEDERATES AND UNITED STATESMEN.



THE Convention of the six seceding Southern States, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, assembled at Montgomery, Alabama, on the 9th ult., adopted a constitution of their own, which they have named "The Constitution for the Provisional Government of the Confederate States of America." The Southern Secessionists must be admitted to be blest with at least the philosophical virtue of self-knowledge. They term their new league the "Confederate States of America." Thus they call

themselves by what they doubtless feel to be their right name. They are confederates in the crime of upholding Slavery. A correct estimate of their moral position is manifest in that distinctive denomination of theirs, "Confederate States." This title is a beautiful antithesis to that of the United States of America. The more doggedly confederate slavemongers combine, the more firmly good republicans should unite.

"CORRUPT PRACTICES."

THE wife of an M.P. wishes devoutly that, "amongst the Parliamentary 'Corrupt Practices' that are to be reformed this Session, the practice of keeping such very late hours may be slightly modified." It is abominable, she contends, to see a Legislator, who should set a proper example to others, coming home with the milk, just as the children are getting up. As they meet him on the staircase, going up to bed, what can the little dears possibly think of their Papa? The first government of a man, who professes to be a good patriot, should be his own home; but how can he govern his home when he is absent from it both night and day? At the time that all other houses are closed, the House of Commons is the only one that keeps open; and she maintains that it isn't respectable. It ought never to close later than ten minutes after the Opera, and then a Member's wife could call for her husband and take him home.

A Good Licking.

THE height, or depth, of profane adulation was surely arrived at by the French Senate in the antithesis presented by the following extract from their address to their Imperial master:—

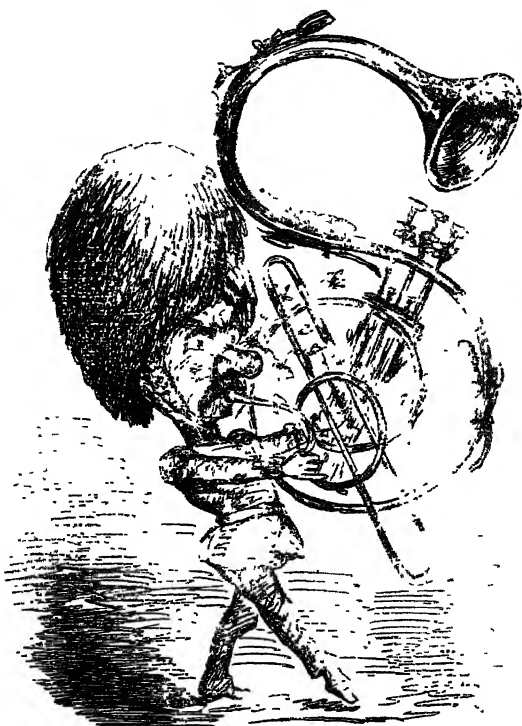
"It was a fine day that on which, in the centre of the restored Cathedral, were heard the *Te Deum* for the Lord, and the *Domine Salvum* for the EMPEROR."

LOUIS NAPOLEON smokes. In the presence of his Senators he will never want a spittoon.

THE PRICE OF CHEESE.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM will henceforth be styled The Right Reverend Father-in-LAW.

A SHAVE FOR THE SOLDIER.



UNJOINED is an announcement which has been made on the best authority:—

"THE GUARDS.—We hear it mentioned as most probable that MAJOR-GENERAL CRAWFORD, late of the Grenadier Guards, will succeed to the command of the Brigade of Guards which will be vacated by LORD ROBEY on the 1st of April next."

The First of April is a day on which unsuspecting juvenile innocence is wont to be despatched, by the practical jocularities of school-fellows, on errands for the purchase of those imaginary commodities, "strap-oil" and "pigeon's milk." It may be feared that the above-quoted paragraph is the invention of reckless waggery; and, with the wisdom which has been purchased by experience, the serious portion of the British Army will no doubt hesitate in accepting a statement representing important changes in the highest branches

REFORMING THE REFORMER.

(Improved from "Original Poems for Infant Minds.")

O, WHO'LL come and play Agitation with me,
My COBDEY has left me alone?
Industrious Working men, won't you be Free?
Let us get up a row of our own.

O no, MR. BRIGHT, Sir, we can't come indeed,
We've no time to idle away;
We've got all our dear little children to feed,
And can do it, we're happy to say.

Small Tradesmen, don't stick to beef, candles, and flour,
But kick up a row with me, do;
Those grubs will not fight for political power,
But say, thinking men, will not you?

O no, MR. BRIGHT, Sir, for do you not see
By our shops we're enabled to thrive;
The way to get on is to work like a bee,
And always be storing the hive.

Intelligent Middle-class, rise at the blast
Of the trumpet of Freedom I play:
I hope I shall find a disciple at last,
You are not so busy as they.

O no, MR. BRIGHT, Sir, we shan't come to you,
We're not made to cry but to labour;
We always have something or other to do—
If not for oneself, for a neighbour.

What then, they're all busy and happy but me,
And I'm bawling here like a dunce:
O then I'll be off to where Members should be,
And attend to my business at once.

[And, my dears, being a strong and clever boy, he ran down to his place of business, and helped to move and carry several things that were wanted in the House.]

of the service as destined to take place on the anniversary of All Fools.

NOSE AND EAR IN HARMONY.

THE following paragraph appears in a contemporary:—

"A NOVELTY IN IMITATIVE HARMONY.—After having introduced the Champagne Galop, the Kisses Polka, the Cattle Show Quadrille and other descriptive dance music, accompanied with appropriate sounds, M. MUSARD produced on Wednesday last, at St James's Hall, a Floral Valse, called "Sweet Briar," during which MR. RIMMEL, the well-known perfumer of the Strand, diffused the scent of that flower by means of the new process he has already employed for perfuming the Lyceum Theatre."

Thus, whilst the ears are regaled by M. MUSARD, MR. RIMMEL administers a corresponding treat to the nose. This is a great advance in dance music. BEETHOVEN might perhaps have indicated a particular perfume by some exquisite movement which would have inspired the same serenity and joy, or other delightful state, as that which the perfume induces on sensitive minds. But BEETHOVEN himself never, with all his genius, could have composed music simultaneously breathing the odour of sweet briar, and constituting a measure for the multitude to dance to. BEETHOVEN could never thus have mingled sweet briar with capers. Neither, probably, could even M. MUSARD without the aid of MR. RIMMEL. But if, whilst a waltz is being played, a scent-pot is opened, then by that means the connection of sound with sense is fully established, and we know precisely what the composition means besides tiddy-tam-tum, or whatever else it might signify expressed in speech.

A Sweet Briar Waltz, illustrated by the disengagement of real sweet briar, having been successfully produced, every species of scent appertaining to the toilet will soon be fitted with a dance-musical representative. Not to mention the necessary rose and the indispensable violet, we shall shortly recognise in every ball-room the aroma of the hop, and be made distinctly aware that youth and beauty are tee-and-heeling it to belescope.

However, dance music is not the only music that might be appropriately and advantageously perfumed. There are many popular airs that might be thereby rendered very gratifying to the olfactory nerves. For instance, there is "Drops of Brandy," there is the "Roast Beef of Old England." Culinary fragrance, and the bouquet of wines and spirits, (please some nostrils) more highly than the emanations of the sweetest flowers. Alimentary and Terpsichorean music might be combined. The Irish Stew Waltz would doubtless be a great success—the performance of the waltz being accompanied by the liberation of the fumes of the stew. It has long been objected to the lighter kinds of music, that they merely captivate the public ear. Now, being performed whilst they are played, they will also lead people by the nose.

Since writing the above observations, we have observed to us, that the

accompaniment to hunting songs might be so scented as to savour of the stable, to which many are partial. Also that when M. MUSARD at St James's Hall introduced the Cattle Show, MR. RIMMEL might have assisted him in expressing the idea of it. The breath of the cow is proverbially sweet. A useful caution might be conveyed in the odour of a quadrille, which might be called "The Crinoline," and whereof the olfactory illustration might be the smell of fire.

HAUSSE ET BAISSSE.

HAUSSE.

I SEE a Brass Colossus, thinly gilt,
Upon two feet of varnished clay up-built,
Holding a huge mud-bubble, where doth waver,
The iridescence of Imperial favour.

BAISSSE.

The gold upon the brass is rent and tarnished,
The lacquer cracks with which the clay was varnished,
A sudden cloud blots out the Imperial Iris,
The huge mud-bubble bursts, and MIRE'S mire is.

"An Abode of Earthly Bliss Admirably adapted for a Gentleman of Taste and Fortune."

It seems from the Police Reports that not less than 360 burglars and ticket-of-leave men are enjoying themselves in Manchester at this particular moment. That industrious town, with its azure sky and sweet pastoral walks, always struck us as the most charming spot in the world for a residence, and just now that it is so full of company, it must have still greater attractions than ever. We did think of going to Hastings, or Brighton, at this dull time of the year, just for a change of air and scene for three or four weeks, but shall decidedly give the preference now to Manchester.

Imperial Reverses.

WHEN LOUIS NAPOLEON put down the Red Republic, he was, according to the priest party, the "Saviour of Society." Now the BISHOP OF POITIERES calls him PONTIUS PILATE. According to that Prelate he is the Pilate of the Cretes. Only the other day the French clergy regarded him as the pilot who weathered the storm.



OFFICIOUS URCHIN RUSHES TO OPEN CARRIAGE-DOOR. JOHN AND THOMAS, TO USE THEIR OWN PHRASE, ARE "COMPLETELY NONPLUSSED!"

WILL HAYTER.

AIR—"Tom Moody."

You all knew WILL HAYTER, the Whipper-in, well,
From all whips of his time honest WILL bore the bell.
In cover how pleasant to see him at work,
A hot hound now rating, now pressing a shirk:
No young 'un e'er opened, with WILL near the wood,
But he'd challenge, and find reasons why, if he could:
Then, the pack at full cry, how inspiring his cheer,
When he led on the field, "Hark to PAM there, Hear, Hear!"
High! wind him—and cross him—
Now RUSSELL boy! Hear!"

One hundred and sixty, in blue and buff drest,
To present honest WILL's testimonial pressed.
The meet it was WILLIS's Rooms, where the board,
By the right sort was graced, 'neath the wing of my Lord.
WILL's Treasury hacks round the room did parade,
O'er each saddle a whip as his trophy was laid.
Ah, no more at his voice will those hacks go the pace,
Nor the lobbies re-echo Old WILL in the chace—
His "Question!"—now press him!
Divide—vide—divide!

Quoth WILL to his friends, when they'd drunk to his health,
"I may blush to find fame, who've still done good by stealth.
I rode up to my hounds and stuck close to their skirts,
But this plate and this dinner o'erbear my deserts.
When I'm given up for gone, this last favour I crave,
Just ring the division bell over my grave.
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead."
With a Hip, Hip, Hooray! Old WILL's patrons replied,
And as all were one mind, 'twas no use to Divide.
With a "Spoke! Oh—Oh!—Question!"
Divide—vide—Divide!"

SUPERNATURAL SWINDLE.

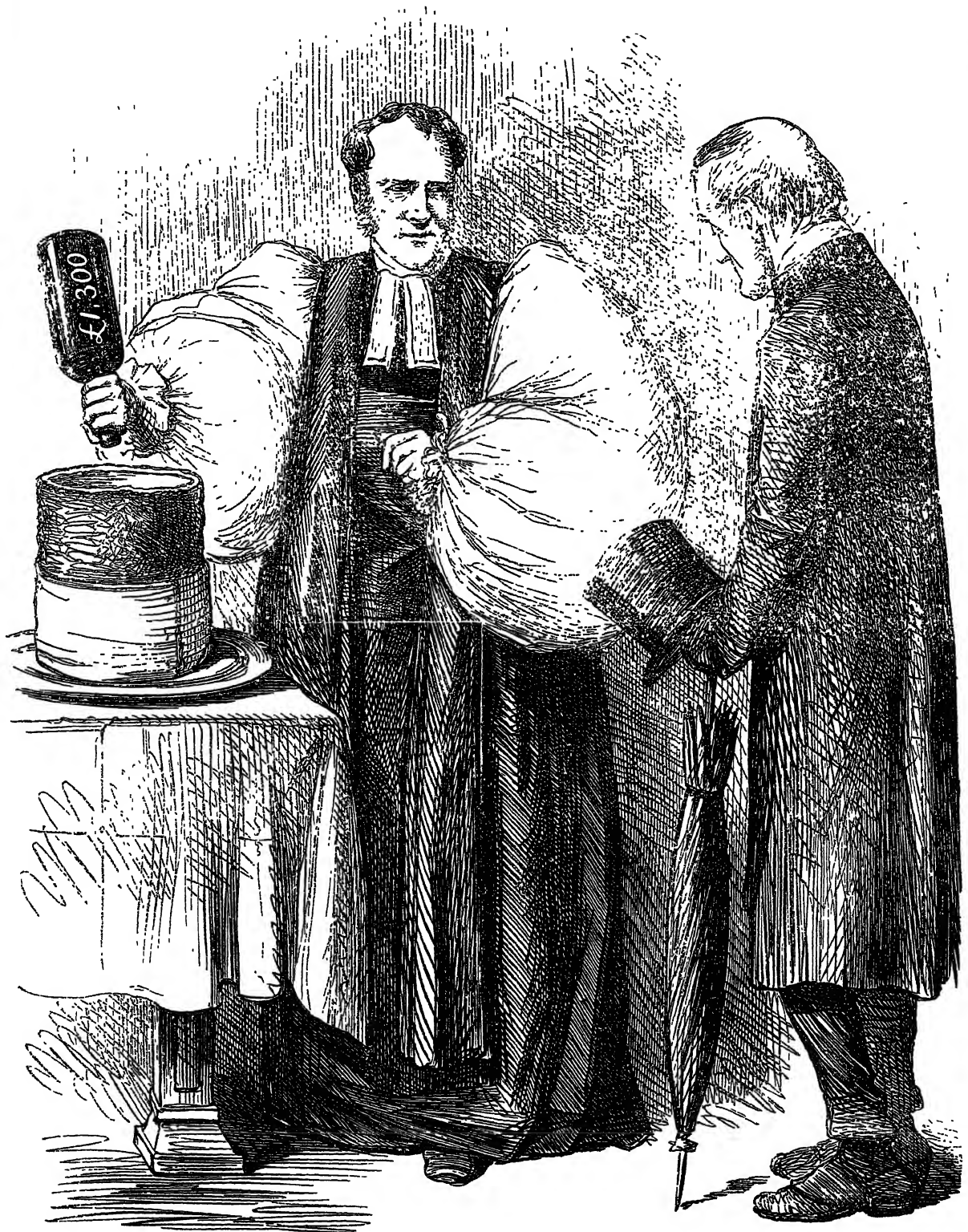
ACCORDING to the *Unita Italiana* of Genoa, several Pontifical soldiers, having been made prisoners, had arrived in that port. These fellows were all provided with a paper inscribed with the following words:—

"Reserve Corps of the Holy See; 100 years of plenary indulgence to whoever takes arms against the excommunicated King. Signed: CARDINAL DE ANGELIS."

Of course, a century of plenary indulgence could hardly be enjoyed in this world, and must be taken to mean an advantage to be conferred in the other; remission, for so long, of purgatorial pains. In short, the indulgence, if it were not a mere humbug, would entitle the holder to a discharge from the prison of purgatory, so many years before, in the regular way, his term of imprisonment would expire. Thus the warrant of release above described, which the Pontifical soldiers were furnished with, was a spiritual ticket-of-leave. The POPE's troops being largely composed of brigands and banditti, were no doubt qualified in every respect, except amendment of life, to be not only spiritually, but also, in a natural sense, ticket-of-leave men. As to CARDINAL DE ANGELIS, whose signature was appended to the foregoing note of redemption from future punishment, he may call himself DE ANGELIS, but he must consider himself to be far above all the Angels. Yet the Cardinal is only the POPE's deputy, so that the altitude assumed for His Holiness is still greater than that pretended to by his Eminence. When an old priest, to induce cut-throats to fight against an "excommunicated King," bribes the rascals with cheques on the Bank of Divine Justice, to be presented in the other world, the altitude that he has attained to is evidently that of absurdity or swindling.

CRÈME DE LA CRÈME.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the REV. EDWARD CHEESE—the distinguished son-in-law of the BISHOP of DURHAM, and the new incumbent of Haughton le Skerne—is of humble origin. We are assured that he is of a very old family in Cheshire.



THE DURHAM CHEESE.

BISHOP (TO NEEDY CLERGYMAN). "I AM EXCEEDINGLY SORRY, DEAR BROTHER IN THE CHURCH, BUT YOU SEE I HAVE NOT A DROP LEFT FOR YOU. I HAVE POURED IT ALL INTO MY CHEESE."

THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF JOSEPH HUME.

I SING, I sing, of good times over,
When we lived in peace, if not in clover,
Were free from alarm as to what the French meant,
And the popular cry was for Retrenchment;
When, instead of paying for new defences,
We tried to cut down all such expenses,
And, in the estimates' construction,
Economists compelled Reduction.

Sing hey, sing ho, in sorrow and gloom,
For the good old days of JOSEPH HUME!

When France was not than England stronger,
And we thought that war would be no longer;
When the Millennium we expected,
And our Army and Navy alike neglected;
Talked of swords into ploughshares turning,
And gunpowder only for pastime burning,
In fir-works, or on stubble or heather,
And lions and lambs lying down together.

Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When young men thought they acted wise in
Cultivating Arts, and Arms despising;
When—ah, how much folks were mistaken!—
Martial studies were forsaken.
But swords and bayonets in these days are
Furbished, sharp as needle and razor,
Soldiers and sailors all hard drilling
For practice in the art of killing.

Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When old Brown Bess her purpose suited,
The Queen of Weapons then reputed,
The Rifles were a mere Brigade then,
Because we thought of little but trade then;
But now each man has his Enfield Rifle,
And that, alone, doesn't cost a trifle;
Then Armstrong guns, and shells, and mortars
We must provide to guard all quarters.

Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When men would have been accounted dreamers
Who talked of a fleet of war screw-steamers,
When we, by wooden walls defended,
Against attack, on wood depended.
But now we find we must environ
Our isle with vessels cased in iron,
With iron walls must be surrounded,
That iron costing tin unbounded.

Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

When self-protection asked but flannel;
But now that steam has bridged the Channel,
Each freeborn Briton has occasion
To hold his own against invasion;
So Volunteers have formed, are forming,
Like bees—with stings about them—swarming:
That is the cheapest way to do it;
But times are changed, and how we rue it!

Sing hey, sing ho! &c.

Naval Etiquette.

THE stern of the *Black Prince*, the new iron-cased screw frigate just launched, is unprotected by armour. It is almost as the heel of *ACHILLES*; but not quite. The *Black Prince* is vulnerable in the stern. Unfortunately she is also vulnerable in the stem. She has no helmet, which is worse than being undefended about the helm. There, indeed, a British frigate is no more in need of fortification than a British soldier or sailor. Our gallant fellows have their hearts in the right places, and never would require to wear breastplates on the wrong. What if the *Black Prince* is bare behind? A vessel of the British navy never shows an enemy her stern.

AN OLD OFFENDER.

At a late meeting of the Geological Society a valuable paper was read on "Flints in the Drift." An old gentleman who was present on that occasion remarked, that he did not see the drift of the learned lecturer's observations.

"A CIRCULAR NOTE."—The first Circular Note, we should think, must have been a Round Robin.

A REDUCED HIGHNESS.

THE *Journal de Monaco* publishes the subjoined imposing announce-ment:—

"On the 2nd of February a treaty was signed at Paris, by which his Most Serene Highness the PRINCE of MONACO cedes the communes of Mentone and Roquebrune to his Majesty the EMPEROR of the FRENCH."

Even before the cession of the abovenamed communes, which the potentate of whose dominions they formed part has sold to LOUIS NAPOLEON for £160,000, and a consideration of certain private property in land, the principedom of Monaco was about the smallest in the world. It is now beautifully less than ever it was, and its Prince has become a sovereign of significance smaller than that very limited amount that he had been previously invested with. It does therefore seem cruelly ironical to describe such a Princelet as his Most Serene Highness. Serene, to be sure, he may be, even in the superlative degree, and his habitual serenity may have been much increased by the sum of money which has made him so much richer than he was before. The diminution of his domain will perhaps have enabled him to see now right over the whole of it from one spot, and to reflect, with stricter truth and more heartfelt complacency, that he is monarch of all he surveys. But to give this little Prince the title of Highness is to mock the lowness of his princely stature. So diminutive a Royal personage had better be styled his Most Serene Exiguity. He was already the TOM THUMB of European Royalty, and he now comes out as a mannikin who has decreased from the standard of a dwarf. The EMPEROR of the FRENCH will soon, perhaps, present him with a pair of Napoleon boots, into one of which he will get, and sink out of sight, in that manner hiding his diminished head.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN PUNISHMENT.

THE country is warmly to be congratulated on the great decrease of criminal convictions which late years have exhibited, particularly in the North of England. Owing to the praiseworthy economy of Government, the allowance to witnesses attending Assizes has been reduced to a sum which is about three times less than the wages which a workman in tolerably good employment at Manchester, for example, would earn by his labour. By waiting a week, perhaps, about a Court to give evidence when his case came on, he would lose the difference, amounting, for him, to a tremendous sacrifice. Prosecutions, as well as convictions, are consequently diminishing at a fast rate, to the no small saving of charge upon the County rates. Individuals may suffer from depredations committed in the belief that crime will go unpunished, but other individuals, in declining to subserve the ends of justice, secure themselves from suffering severe pecuniary imposition. Injustice being thus avoided, answers the purpose of economy. Some people are not robbed if other people are. When the insufficiency with which witnesses deprived of their work are paid, is compared with the extravagance wherewith "compensation" is granted to legal practitioners reformed out of business, it is obvious that the frugality exercised towards the witnesses must have a peculiar object. This, doubtless, is the prevention of overcrowding in our gaols and hulks, and the means adopted to secure that end are proving very effectual. Let us hope that the impunity of offenders who defy prosecution will never occasion the ordinary courts of assize to be superseded by the tribunal of MR. JUSTICE LYNCH.

A TAKING FASHION.

IT is extraordinary what thieves owe to the fashions. This is their last debt, and one that they are never likely to repay, unless made to do so by the strong hand of justice:—

"A noted French pickpocket, upon his arrest, declared his opinion that Crinoline affords better opportunities for practising thefts on the unwary than any style of dress previously worn. Being worn loosely away from the lady, ample opportunity is afforded to cut the dress and get at the purse without detection."

We are not surprised, however, at its favouring the propensity of thieves, when we know that Crinoline itself is, in the generality of cases, strongly attached to steel. It may be called the perfect pick of the fashion.

Two French Idols.

THE Senate NAPOLEON exalts on a line,
Where if two names could stand, they would both be divine;
And a Bishop, affecting fanatical airs,
To PONTIUS PILATE the EMPEROR compares.
The abuse and the incense alike are profane,
But wisdom the Toadies alone would retain;
And give the Fanatic abundance of praise,
If NAPOLEON is PILATE, what shall be the POPE?



PROPOSED NEW STYLE OF WHISK-AR.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THE question What is a Pantomime? the other day was mooted in one of the Police Courts; and though authors, actors, and managers were summoned, nobody seemed to know exactly how to answer it. One experienced witness stated that a pantomime should properly have 'something of a plot;' and being pressed for explanation of this perplexing phrase, he said that if two persons fell in love and then ~~imprisoned~~ the Serpentine, their case would constitute the 'something' that was needful for a 'plot.' Another thought that Pantomimes 'should have a simple plot, lovers thwarted first by demons and then rescued by good fairies;' in which opinion, *Mr. Punch*, I thoroughly concur; only I would add that, when the rescuing takes place, the change of harlequin and columbine should be the work of the good fairy, while that of pantaloons and clown should be effected by the bad one: the latter couple being sent to plague the lovers in their progress to the Beauteous Bowers of Bliss.

"But whatever were their notions as to what might be held properly to constitute a plot, all the witnesses agreed, that in the Pantomimes this season the writing has been quite a secondary matter, the stage effects and scenery being deemed by far the first. Now, without boring the ears of your intelligent readers with sighs and groans about the good old Pantomime times, I must just state my firm conviction, that the Public like to laugh when they go to see a Pantomime, and relish foolery and fun far more than finery and flare. If half the money that is lavished on the Transformation Scene were devoted to procuring better authorship and acting, I think the public would be vastly gainers by the change, and that the Managers in like measure would profit by it. However gorgeous it may be, of course a scene remains the same, and I think, that as a rule, one only cares to see it once: whereas I fancy one would go a dozen times or more to see the ever varying fun of a Grimaldi. But while a Pantomime is treated merely as a peg whereon to hang some splendid scenery, both the author and the actor are slighted and discouraged. The blaze of gas eclipses the sparkle of their wit, and their invention is destroyed by the thought that no one cares for it.

"Having done my duty by seeing our 'great tragedian,' I have since been taking my pleasure by going where I pleased. But before I give you an account of my late rambles, I must congratulate you and the British nation generally on the fact, that MR. KEAN has deferred his trip to Yankeealand, and will appear in town next winter for a few more final nights. Old Drury is announced as the scene of his *reentrée*; that is, if Old Drury have not tumbled down betweenwhiles. Of this mishap, however, I confess I have some fear; for, according to the critics, the foundations of the house are getting sadly shaky. One of

them remarked at the performance of the *Gamester* that his (the Great Tragedian's) 'intensity of passion caused the audience to thrill with sympathy, and the house fairly shook with the applause which he called forth.' Now if a part so flat and heavy as the *Gamester* could do this, what must have been the effect of such a ranting roaring character as COLLEY CIBBER's *Richard*! and how thankful should the renters of the theatre all feel that its already shaken walls were not brought down about their ears!

"Without the slightest wish to make an odious comparison, may I not just venture the auricular confession of how my ears delighted in the sweet voice of Miss PYNE, after what had been poured into them at the house so nearly opposite? And without giving offence to my good friend MR. BULL, or being thought to hint a sneer at the advance of British art, may I not also own that AUBER is to my mind not quite yet excelled by BALFE, and that, pleasant as *Bianca* undoubtedly may be, the charms of the *Black Domino* to my taste are more palatable? Such light creamy sparkling music cheers one up as briskly as a glass of good champagne, and gives one no more fear that one will get a headache by it. It will be the public's fault if the opera should not draw; for I think that, on the whole, it is put better on the stage than I have ever yet here seen it. I may add, the English Version fits the music well enough; though I don't think, MR. CHORLEY, that a Housekeeper 'of the period' need have been made to talk of some fair girl as 'that young party.'

"Another ramble that I made was into the Lyceum, where I found myself exported to the Porte St. Martin. Clever they are, no doubt, but I own I don't enjoy these blood and thunder pieces. When I go to a theatre I like to be amused, and I don't want to see extracts from the *Newgate Calendar*. Moreover, probability is always sacrificed to stage effect, in a way that to a practical plain English mind is most distressing. In the *House by Notre Dame* lawyer's clerks and murderers clamber over garden walls with needless hurry and agility, when unlocked garden-gates invitingly lie open to them. Whatever it may be, the comic waiting-maid is always mistress of the situation, and is not merely the confidante but mistress of her mistress. It is by her permission only that her 'young lady' makes love, and either encourages to hope, or drives her lover to distraction. Nor ought any one stare to see the waiting-maid turn flowerseller without a syllable of notice, and then again be servant with no word of explanation, or cause for re-appearance, except to rush into the arms of the comic lawyer's clerk, and when the curtain falls to drop a curtsy at the footlights.

"With regard to the burlesque, you remember BYRON's criticism:—

"I saw the Crystabel:
Very well"

"To this I need add nothing further, unless that the last scene (a placid lake of looking-glass, with lilies cropping out of it) was in the blending of colours, really very pretty, and appealed by way of novelty to more senses than one, the nose as well as the eyes being assailed for admiration.

"I have not space this week to speak of MR. FECHTER (I beg your pardon, MR. TUPPER, the name does *not* rhyme with "wretch stir;" in fact, there's no word in our language with which it really does rhyme). I can only say *Don Caesar* was never looked and acted so well as he is now, and folks who are not fools will not miss the chance of seeing him.

"Yours, until the middle of next week,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"P.S. Since writing the above, I find that I am censured by one of your contemporaries for describing a new farce as being 'coarse and stupid,' and for praising as a contrast the neatness of an older piece. The writer grants me his confession that the farce may be a stupid one, but he denies that (in his opinion) it is coarse, that being, he says, a matter of 'fact,' and not of 'taste;' as though a critic and a costermonger saw with the same eyes, and coarseness were a thing viewed in the same light by them both. The farce, moreover, he defends because it is 'original,' whereas the other piece he thinks is quite unworthy of one's praise, simply from the fact of its translation from the French. Well, I don't intend to squabble, but I'm not disposed to grant that original vulgarity is more to be commended than second-hand good taste."

Acoustic Philanthropy.

MR. CHARLES KEAN announces that circumstances induce him to forego his visit to America. This does much honour to his good feeling, as in the present condition of the Republic nothing could be more undesirable there than a voice of discord.

ART IN ITALY.

WE read that Gaëta is reduced almost to a mass of stones. The next grand work, by St. Mark! may be a new edition of the "Stones of Venice." It is not improbable that GARIBALDI may have a hand in the execution of such a work.

A SMASH FOR THE ENCORE SWINDLE.



E were never more inclined to cry out Bravo! to a singer than when, in the notice of the first night of the *Amber Witch*, the pen of the *Times* Critic, among other things, informed us that—

"The house was enthusiastic in its demonstrations of approval; the applause was incessant, and many pieces were re-demanded; but the singers, in emulation of the example recently set by Mr. SMITH REEVES, invariably and respectfully declined the same."

Often as *Mr. Punch* has inveighed against the swindle of extorting an *encore*, it delights him to discover that his words, as usual, are bearing goodly fruit, and that the evil he has denounced is beginning to be extirpated. If singers will but follow the lead of Mr. REEVES, and "invariably decline the honour (!)" of *encores*, there will soon be an end put to the practice of demanding them. It is as unfair to require the repetition of a piece as it

and "Angcore!" are not such good musicians as BEETHOVEN or BAIFF; and even if they were, they have no right to disturb the works of those composers, by getting certain passages repeated at their pleasure, when others of the audience may be annoyed by hearing them.

However, from what passed the other evening at Her Majesty's, it is clear to *Mr. Punch* that the *encore* days are numbered, and that another year or two will see them at an end. If singers will but set their faces against the custom, it will be useless for *claqueurs* to try to give it countenance. When it ceases to succeed, the swindle will die out, and nobody of sense will regret that it has done so. Selfish snobs may still go on insisting on *encores*, and second-rate performers may take such calls for compliments, and stupidly comply with them; but *Mr. Punch* feels sure that no true gentleman or artist will long uphold a practice which all thoughtful minds condemn, and which is clearly not less unjust than it is injurious.

A Species of Lion that is Extremely Scarce.

THE new sculpture-room at the National Gallery is to be about four times the size of the old one. Let us hope that its proportions will be able to show off to the best advantage those four lions of SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, which are intended to decorate the base of the Nelson Column. It is just probable that they may be completed by the period of the opening of the Royal Academy. We must with pain confess, that England has, as yet, done very little, and has taken a rare long time in doing it, in the way of lionising its greatest naval hero.

would be to ask twice for the change of a bank-note, or, after receiving a shillingsworth of buns, to demand another dozen because they were such good ones. Moreover, music suffers by the practice of *encores*; and for the interest of art, performers should decline them. When a composer wishes any strain to be heard twice, he puts the sign "*da capo*," and secures its repetition. To repeat it when not marked so, is to meddle with his work, and very possibly to injure the effect that he intended. Now SMITH and BROWN, who bawl out, "Bravo!"

BRAVO! EASTERN COUNTIES!

FOR the interests of humanity *Punch* has so often found it necessary to pitch into the directors of the Eastern Counties Railway, that he feels the more delighted to award to them the *kudos* which by the statement following he is justified in giving:—

"EASTERN COUNTIES.—It appears that the directors of this Company, at their last meeting, determined to adopt a system of communication between the guard and engine-driver of a train. This will, in the first instance, be applied to express and fast trains, with a view however to its extension to ordinary trains."

The idea of a "fast" train upon the Eastern Counties Railway is a notion which has never yet occurred to *Mr. Punch*, who is accustomed to submit, when he travels by that line, to an "Express" that stops five times in less than forty miles, and is therefore to his mind a very "ordinary" train. How long the parliamentary is doing the like distance, *Mr. Punch* has never taken the trouble to inquire; but, judging by comparison with other lines he knows, it can hardly be far short of some six hours on the road. But though it cannot be "the pace that kills" upon the Eastern Counties, the accidents that happen there have now and then proved fatal; and perhaps nothing will tend to decrease their chance of frequency, so much as the extremely simple course which is proposed. *Mr. Punch*, who is a not infrequent traveller on the line, must feel of course a personal interest in the matter; and although his precious person is abundantly insured, he cannot but rejoice that his corporeal risk is lessened, and that his *Judy* may feel easier in her mind than she has done, whenever he trusts his carcass to the Eastern Counties' care.

Mr. Punch would therefore in the fulness of his joy, and in his desire to give full credit where the same is fairly due, commend to other boards the example he has quoted, and advise them in the like manner to earn his thanks and praise. As ninety-nine per cent. of the accidents that happen might be prevented were more labour and more vigilance employed, and were there not too often a cheese-paring of expense, it clearly is high time to call a spade a spade, and speak of RAILWAY MANSLAUGHTER by its only proper name. Were there no endangerment of human life and limb, directors might be justified in counting up the costs and chances of an accident, and proving that it paid them to incur the risk, rather than to take expensive measures to diminish it. This would clearly be excusable, were loss of property the only loss that could ensue; but it ceases to be pardonable when there is chance of loss of life. *Mr. Punch* would hold directors responsible in person for the persons of all passengers entrusted to their care; and if

this were so, depend on it invention would be taxed for means whereby all railway risk should be prevented, as far as it be humanly permitted so to do. As a step in the right direction, the step of the direction of the long-blamed Eastern Counties appears to *Mr. Punch* to be worthy of his praise; and with the stimulus of this reward before their eyes, surely other boards will lose no time in following this course.

A REGULAR FOX CLUB DINNER.

At the Testimonial Banquet which, with a Table Ornament, was given the other day to SIR W. G. HAYTER, the toast of the evening having been proposed by the Noble PREMIER, who occupied the chair, an honourable gentleman present, in the absence of any professional vocalist, volunteered to oblige the company with a song appropriate to the occasion, unaccountably not reported. The parliamentary enthusiast broke out in the good old hunting-strain:—

"You all knew Tom MOODY, the whipper-in, well!"

It was expected that the roof which covered the assembly would have come down upon their heads, so violently was it shaken by the laughter and shouts of "Yoicks!" and "Tally-ho!" and "Hear, hear!" wherewith the honourable Member's performance was accompanied by the political foxhunters.

Abuse for Argument.

THOSE *Essays and Reviews*
How idle to abuse
In terms of vague unmeaning condemnation:
Do you think the people look
For your censure of the book?
No, ye Bishops, but expect your refutation.

Naval Fashions.

STEEL corsets are beginning to be worn by frigates, but do not, in the last novelty, come up to the bows in front or descend quite to the other extremity. The sides are pierced with holes for the arms, forming a stylish openwork. Canvas is less employed than formerly, which, during the prevalence of March winds, is not to be regretted.



COTTON LORD ("coming" the Noble Patron). "*Haw—I was indooced to buy a little Picture of yours, the other day, Stodge, haw—*"
 ARTIST (who does not seem to see it). "*Lucky Fellow!!*"

THE BERKELEY PEERAGE.

JUDGMENT.

THE Law Lords have given judgment in this case, which *Mr. Punch* has taken under his especial patronage, on account of the funny plea on which his friend the Old Sailor of Berkeley demanded a Peerage.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR said that SIR MAURICE BERKELEY, brother of the late exemplary LORD FITZHARDINGE, and as brave and dashing a sailor as ever lived, had taken into his old head, that because he had got Berkeley Castle, he ought to be a Peer, having some notion that castles and coronets went together. He, the LORD CHANCELLOR, was not going to enter into an historical essay upon the BERKELEYS, for by some accident or other, his historical efforts were not generally thought so valuable as he himself knew them to be. But he would proceed to the painful duty of informing the Old Sailor, that if he particularly wanted a coronet, he must try after it in some other way. It was not for the LORD CHANCELLOR to point out that way, though he himself, having professed the most democratic principles, and nevertheless having got two coronets into his family, might be supposed an authority upon the subject. He had only to apprise SIR MAURICE that his endeavour to "cut out" a peerage as he cut out the enemy's schooner in 1830—

SIR MAURICE BERKELEY requested the noble Lord and lubber to await there. It was 1803.

THE LORD CHANCELLOR thought that it was hardly worth while to interrupt him on a trifling misarrangement of figures. The Old Sailor must be content with his laurels, and with having been publicly thanked by the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH—MARLBOROUGH was it?—no, WELLINGTON. Besides, he had been a sort of Lord, a Lord of the Admiralty, which was a good deal better than nothing. The judgment was, that SIR MAURICE had not made out his claim.

LORD ST. LEONARDS concurred, for once, with the CHANCELLOR, though of course the reasons which the latter had given for his judgment, if reasons they might be called, were, as usual, utterly futile. The legal reason why the claim of SIR MAURICE must be rejected was, that he had failed to show the discontinuance of the outstanding term contin-

gent upon the enfecffment of the non-entailed *cessio bonorum pour autre vie* after the conveyance *de droit* under the charter-party of EDWARD THE THIRD had merged the *laches* in a general tenancy by the courtesy with cross remainders over.

SIR MAURICE BERKELEY said that it made a fellow's lee-scuppers run over, to hear a cove coil and belay such High Dutch lingo.

LORD CRANWORTH said that he did not suppose his learned friends cared very much whether he concurred with them or not, but he was entirely of their opinion, and thought that it would be a bad precedent to confer a peerage upon a gentleman merely because he possessed an old house in which one of the British sovereigns had been killed.

SIR MAURICE BERKELEY said, that if that lubber meant to insinuate that he who had eat his sovereign's junk—

THE LORD CHANCELLOR must interpose. Eat a junk. Come, come—they could not swallow that. He had himself seen a junk in the river Thames, and though he did not profess to understand nautical matters, if a man asserted that he could eat such a thing as that, he, the CHANCELLOR, must reluctantly classify him among those who did not attach due value to accurate representation of circumstances.

SIR MAURICE BERKELEY said that the CHANCELLOR was a sea-lawyer, and he only wished he had had him on board the *Thunderer*. What he meant to say was, that he had been in the QUEEN's service, or the King's, which was all the same, leastways different, all his life, and he should like to hear anybody say he wasn't loyal. His dear eyes!

LORD WENSLEYDALE had had such a squeak for his own coronet that he felt natural pity for an unsuccessful claimant. He had not heard the arguments in the case, but quite concurred with his learned friends.

SIR MAURICE BERKELEY intimated his irremovable conviction that they were all a pack of humbugs, and he should speak to the QUEEN, bless her! on the subject. He then departed, furiously sending a quid of tobacco into the left eye of the CHANCELLOR, as a valediction.

A GREAT IMPROVEMENT ON THE OLD SAYING OF "TAKING COALS TO NEWCASTLE."—Carrying Milk to Cowses.]

A VERY CONSUMING HABIT.—NESSUS'S Shirt.



SHOP!

"How much an Ouch, by Tear?"

A FELLOW FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

A PHOTOGRAPHER might have obtained a fine portrait of a hypocrite by taking the likeness of the author of the subjoined letter as he appeared in the act of writing it:—

"To the Editor of the 'Morning Post.'"

"SIR,—It may be doubtful whether it is expedient to take legal steps against the essayists, considering the delays, difficulties, and expense of such proceedings; but there can be no doubt at all that, as one of the authors of this book, which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of all the Bishops as opposed to the doctrines of the Church of England, is one of HER MAJESTY'S Chaplains, that it is the duty of the responsible Ministers of the Crown to recommend HER MAJESTY, as head of the Church, to remove this author, DR. TEMPLE, from that office and dignity.

"I am, Sir, yours obediently,

"University Club, March 4."

"A LAY CHRISTIAN."

There can be no doubt that DR. TEMPLE is the author of a very objectionable article. His Essay on *The Education of the World* is at once imaginative and prosy. What worse could be said of any sermon? Indeed this Essay was originally a sermon. As such, says the *Saturday Review*, "it was actually preached, without giving the slightest offence, before the University of Oxford." The University of Oxford can stand a speculative discourse of no practical tendency and no theoretical importance. So, of course that learned body could see no offence in the sermon which DR. TEMPLE preached, and has since published, on the education of the world. There was no offence whatever in it beyond the demerits of immateriality, prolixity, and dryness. It contains no poison—except somewhat which partakes of the nature of opium, but is not so strong—say, as it were, syrup of poppies. Gentle dulness would have admired it had it been published in a separate form; gentle dulness would have liked this serious treatise just as, conversely, gentle dulness ever loves a joke. Doubtless many a Christian Young Man's Association, taking the abovenamed Essay by itself, would have listened to it as a lecture, or read it amongst them-

selves, for mutual improvement, with great delight, and a sense at least of considerable edification.

How then can "A Lay Christian," or any other Christian, request the Government to dismiss DR. TEMPLE from the post of HER MAJESTY'S Chaplain? It seems impossible to say. Private and personal motive, vindictive feeling, might prompt such a request on the part of an enemy of DR. TEMPLE'S; somebody who is no Christian at all. Irate hypocrisy might inspire a contemptible snob with the suggestion of arbitrarily cashiering the victim of an accusation which it is impossible legally to sustain. Actuated by these sentiments, a mean malignant fellow might be capable of sneaking into a corner of the University Club, and there writing the letter to which these observations are annexed. As that letter is anonymous, it is the greater pity that a photograph was not taken of its author whilst engaged in its composition. For a photograph of that individual could possibly have been taken, although the despicable humbug was working to injure DR. TEMPLE in the dark.

A Rash Assertion.

THE *Tablet* says that the KING OF NAPLES is suffering punishment for the sins committed by his ancestors in contending with the Jesuits and withstanding the POPE. Of course the *Tablet* knows that apparently FRANCIS THE SECOND lost his crown in consequence of having pursued a policy too extremely the reverse of anti-Jesuitical and anti-Popish. The proximate cause of his deposition was his subservience to the priesthood and the papacy. The successors of heretical sovereigns are not likely to be encouraged by the example of the KING OF NAPLES to return to obedience to the Holy See. It would be wise to be quite certain that FRANCIS is suffering for the sins which he has renounced before making the assertion that such is the case, an assertion which if incorrect is also injudicious.

SIR G. BOWYER'S GAMMON.

"As to GARIBALDI, he was a gallant soldier, and throughout these transactions had shown himself single-minded, having at last returned to Caprea, as poor as when he left it."—(SIR G. BOWYER—*Gammon!* Laughter.)—*Debate in the House of Commons, Thursday, March 7.*

A FOEMAN of the POPE scorn pelf,
And turn his back on Mammon!
Not plunder to enrich himself!—
Well BOWYER may cry "Gammon!"

That faithful son of Holy Church,
O'er Papal wrongs still grieving,
Has other matters to employ
His rare powers of believing.

He can believe the rule of Rome
In Temporal things a blessing:
He can believe it's good for sheep,
To welcome wolves' caressing:

Believe that PIO NONO'S wise,
That ANTONELLI'S truthful;
That Naples sighs to welcome back
Her FRANCIS, meek and ruthless;

That Roman freedom is a fact,
And Naples' fetters fiction:
That being gagged and caged and whacked,
Is Papal benediction;

Beliefs like these—not taking count
Of feats by saints and martyrs,
Wrought to force faith on Heretics,
Jews, Infidels, and Tartars:

Saint Januarius's blood,
Loretto's flying mansion—
Must needs tax gullet of belief
Whatever its expansion!

That a poor gullet so abused,
Such mouthfuls forced to swallow,
Should close 'gainst simple truth is what
We might expect to follow.

The juggler who bolts swords may well
Of sore throat be complaining—
Nothing like swallowing camels,
At gnats to set one straining.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



HE 4th of March, Monday. A deceased Member of the House of Lords, we refer to BARON BYRON, observes—

"We learn from HORACE, HOMER sometimes nods, We know without him 'MUL-GRAVE' sometimes wakes,"

and when BARON PUNCH inserts "MULGRAVE" instead of the name rather slipperily introduced by the author of *Don Juan*, he does so because the dactyl NORMANBY would mull the line. To-night the peer whose second title is thus poetically used, departed from his usual habit of being unwise, and brought the case of MR. TURNBULL before the Lords. He complained of LORD PALMERSTON, for not having supported this Government officer, when persecuted. Now everybody knows that throwing overboard (we

beg any yachting Lord's pardon for using the word) a subordinate is the last fault with which the gallant PAM is chargeable, but he is thought to have what he called at the HAYTER dinner an Outside Conscience in matters of theology, and this Outside Conscience is known as LORD SHAFFERSBURY, bishop-manufacturer, Exeter Hall, W.C. In the *FRANKLIN* matter, the PREMIER seems to have been guided by his O. C., who is connected with something called the Protestant Alliance. The O. C. defended his Protestants for distrusting MR. TURNBULL (who, as a convert to Popery is a good deal more Popish than most born-Catholics), but it is also due to the O. C. to add, that he spoke like a gentleman touching MR. TURNBULL's scholarship and general character. But it seems to be thought that it would be impossible for him to avoid trying to give an anti-Protestant colour to his summaries of the Records. LORD DERBY could not resist the pleasure of making some smart sarcasms at LORD PALMERSTON's expense, and moreover adverted to the proverbially irritable character of Literary Men. It is possible that literary men may be irritable, when their whole lives are passed in examining either ancient or modern history, and in perpetually discovering that the most important interests of millions have been entrusted to and mismanaged by pert aristocrats or shallow demagogues. LORD LANSDOWNE thought that MR. TURNBULL was wrong to resign, and the Lords by 41 to 15 voted that they would not be further bored with the subject.

Some persons who call themselves the Ballot Society made a complaint, through MR. TOM DUNCOMBE, that a lot of circulars which they alleged they had posted to the electors of Ripon had not been delivered, and they implied that the papers had been suppressed. But as they were unable to mention the name of a single person to whom a paper had been sent, and who had not received it, MR. FREDERICK PEARL intimated his disbelief in the story.

MR. GLADSTONE explained an invention of his for giving Exchequer Bills a character of steadiness, by assimilating them to Bank-notes. *Mr. Punch* would like to test the value of this discovery, and GLADSTONE had better call and leave a thousand or two of his Bills at 85, Fleet Street. He then proposed to go into Committee of Supply, whereupon

An Italian debate began, and raged to-night and on Thursday. MR. PEARCE HENNESSY abused the Government for having favoured Piedmont, and he deplored the helpless position of England, who had alienated herself from the Austrians and Russians, and therefore would be without their aid in case of an invasion by the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH. MR. LAYARD made a spirited speech on the other side, and dashed, like a Nineveh Bull with a steam-engine inside him, upon the advocates of the Ultramontanists. He drew an elaborate picture of the wicked misgovernment of the POPE, and told appalling stories of the cruelties of the Austrians in Italy. SIR GEORGE BOWYER said exactly what CARDINAL WISEMAN would have liked him to say, and the debate was adjourned. It was resumed on the Thursday by MR. EDWIN JAMES, who walked severely into MR. HENNESSY, and paid a glowing tribute to GARIBALDI. SIR ROBERT PEARL exulted in the freedom of Italy; but the speech of the night was MR. GLADSTONE's, who vehemently attacked the "execrable" system of the Papal Government, and thought that it required less courage to stand under a bombardment than to rise in a free assembly and advocate the tyrannies that had been put down in Italy: the cheering at this declaration made his

concluding words inaudible. MR. MAGUIRE stated of his own knowledge that Providence was watching over the POPE, and MR. ROEBUCK—yes, MR. JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK—took an Austrian view of the question, and thought that we ought to cultivate the friendship of Austria, in order to repress France. LORD JOHN RUSSELL did not believe that there had ever been a Government so "abominable" as that of the EX-KING OF NAPLES, and expressed his belief that his own policy had been a national one, and was approved by the country. MR. WHITE made his usual noises, and added that MR. ROEBUCK had been won over by converse with Archduchesses in the "gilded saloons" of Vienna, and also had returned thence with a lucrative contract in his pocket. With this bit of petty personality closed the English debate on the most magnificent events of modern history.

Tuesday. LORD CAMERON moved the Second Reading of a very tiny Bill for extending the jurisdiction of the Court of Admiralty. *Appropos* of the word *ADMIRALTY*—which is an offensive word just now—there has been a curious political comedy, or rather farce, played during the week. A Committee on the Admiralty system was appointed, and one of the principal witnesses would have been SIR BALDWIN WALKER, who, when surveyor of the Navy, is supposed to have learned an immense quantity of things which it might be highly advantageous to the public, and highly inconvenient to officials and others, to bring out in examination. SIR BALDWIN is found to have bolted, in a very fast ship, and the Government, urged by Members to catch him, sent the slowest old tub in the Navy, for that purpose. Whereat people laugh, and when LORD CLARENCE PAGET lays his hand on his heart, and like Clown in the pantomimes declares that upon his honour it's all correct, people laugh again, which is exceedingly rude.

KOSSUTH is having Hungarian bank-notes engraven here, and the Austrian Ambassador desires to prevent a process which betides no good to the Empire. SIR RICHARD BETHELL says that the act is illegal, but that there is no hope of obtaining a conviction, so LORD JOHN will not interfere, but politely intimates to the Austrians that our Court of Chancery is heartily at their service. So they apply to VICE-CHANCELLOR STUART for an injunction against the printer of the notes, MR. DAY.

The Hop people made a determined effort to get rid of the duty on hops, but MR. BRIGHT declined to aid in any attempt to remove a duty until the Commons had asserted their dignity and caused the paper tax to be remitted; MR. GLADSTONE allowed that the Hop Duty system was bad, but so were a great many other things, and why, he wanted to know, was the Hop interest to be holpen first, and MR. DISRAELI objected to any sacrifice of revenue, while we are in our present state, that of a deficiency, supplied by a "temporary" imposition. It is pleasant to hear the phrase applied to the abominable Income-Tax, but though there is no doubt of its being an imposition, its temporary character is not so clear. The Hop men were beaten by 202 to 110, and did not seem much consoled by *Mr. Punch's* mentioning to them, when the numbers were announced, that he had just had a despatch from Warsaw, and though the Hops were down, the Poles were up.

SIR JOHN ELPHINSTONE then beat the Government, by 102 to 97 on a motion for a Committee to inquire into the system of promotion and pay in the Navy. The authorities growled, and said that such things encouraged naval officers to come bothering with their grievances, but the House did not seem to see it in that light. We should like to examine JACK himself as to the whole Navy system, and ask him why, in his judgment our Fleet costs so much, only we fear that he would be disrespectful and say that it wasn't us fightin' beggars but them thinkin' beggars that cost the money, or some such vulgarity.

Wednesday—The House's Sunday—was devoted to a rather mild debate on the Church Rate Abolition Bill, which went through Committee.

Thursday. LORD BATH wanted to know something about the Syrian occupation, and what Government thought of the evident concert between Russia and France in the matter. LORD WODEHOUSE declined to say anything. LORD DERBY elicited the fact that in a treaty we are making with France for handing over prisoners who escape from Cayenne into British Guiana, we except political prisoners, and as few others are sent to Cayenne, one does not see the particular use of the treaty. Suppose, however, that a political prisoner, trying to escape, polished off a gendarme—should we apply the rule sought to be set up in the case of ANDERSON, the negro, who by the way has been liberated in Canada, on a technical error in the writ of commitment?

MAJOR GAVIN, formerly in the Lancers, seems to think that MAJOR YELVERTON, bigamist, is not the sort of person who should hold Her Majesty's commission. CAPTAIN ARCHDALE, formerly an Enniskillen Dragoon, thinks that nothing should be said on the subject at present. The authorities suspend MAJOR YELVERTON from military duties until the case shall be completely disposed of.

Friday. The Church-Rate Bill is to stand over till June. MR. SHELDON wanted to abolish the duty on fire-insurance. This was a far less patriotic course than that which was adopted by his illustrious ancestor, who refused to assent to the adjournment of the House

when his theatre, Drury Lane, was on fire. The proposal was rejected by 133 to 49. But MR. GLADSTONE had no great cause for exultation, for the next thing the House did was to appoint MR. GELLIBRAND HUBBARD's Committee on the Income-Tax.

Neither wise nor yet witty
Is every Committee:
Nous verrons, which, Wiscount, implies "we shall see,"
But we think, from each lad's tone,
The grim MR. GLADSTONE
Will have to look sharp after dear Schedule D.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



T the risk of losing caste, dear *Punch*, by being seen in Islington, I the other evening visited a place which in my younger days was known to people as the Eagle, and by its *habitus* was called more familiarly the Bird. But as the present is an age for nominal development, the house is now more grandly named the Royal Grecian Theatre; a title which might lead one to expect to see a tragedy of *ÆSCHYLUS* presented, or to hear the songs of the *Birds* of *ARISTOPHANES* (birds of what ill omen to how many lazy students!) sung in all the purity of the ancient Greek. The only bird, however, that was brought before my notice was in a pantomime entitled *The Blue Bird of Paradise*, which, to myself and other visitors arriving at half-price (this

privilege is here extended only to the stalls) constituted all the entertainment of the night. Had I but entered somewhat earlier—but that dry port of old BRESWINE's is sadly hard to leave—I could have penned you a description of *Orlando the Outlaw*, or the *Orphanless Outcast*, or whatever else were the name of the first piece. This, the bill informed me, began at half-past six, yet I am bound to own, the audience did not seem at all fatigued by it. On the contrary, indeed, the house showed, like the Commons, great ability for sitting; and when finally it rose, a few minutes before midnight, there was not that haste to get away, as though from something tiresome, which I have often lately noticed in more fashionable theatres.

"I am aware that I may possibly be charged with vulgar tastes, but I must own that I laughed more at the Royal Grecian pantomime than I have done at those performed at many another royal house. I was however sorry to find that the opening partook largely of the nature of burlesque (I can't tell you how I hate these pantomimic hybrids which to my mind spoil both breeds) and it saddened me still more to have to gaze at a magnificent Transformation Scene, which taxed one's patience terribly while being bit by bit revealed. I think the audience like myself felt it rather a relief when the Clown's business began, and their long strained staring ended. The Clown too was as good a one as I have seen this year, and did not, like too many, let the acrobatic element quite supersede the comic. The way he did his stealing was much more ludicrous and artful than I have lately witnessed, and deserves my hearty thanks for the hearty laughs he won from me. Clowns too often steal a thing as though it were their own, and they had lawful right to take it. They forget too that a Clown, however clever he may be, is essentially a fool; and has not wit enough to know that a hot-poker will burn him when he tries to pocket it. The audience at the Eagle—I beg pardon, MR. CONQUEST, I mean the Royal Grecian—seemed quite alive to this. The loudest laughter won from them was when the Clown, after endeavouring to pounce a monstrous codfish, strutted away unconscious of having left the head and shoulders sticking out, thereby attracting Nemesis in the shape of a policeman.

"As an additional attraction to the City Road just now, there is the fattest harlequin I think I ever saw. As I am myself somewhat approaching to his size, and know what are the pangs of losing a good figure, I scarce can tell if he more moved me to pity or applause by his corpulent gyrations. Moreover, worthy of no small admiration was *Prince Pigmy*, 'once known as *Humpty Dumpty*,' the bill politely tells me; thus correcting the cacography I oftentimes have practised,

of spelling those two last names with a 'ty' instead of 'dy.' The way in which this gentleman, whose legs were doubled under him, hopped and skipped about, and sang that wondrous song *The Cure* with all its acrobat accompaniment, was, as a voice behind me said, 'as good as seeing a sparrer,' by which last noun the bird was meant and not the pupil of a prizefighter. I must add that there was much less vulgar slang in this *Blue Bird* than in most of the more Western burlesques that I have witnessed: and with only one exception, so far as I remained to see (I mean where Clown lifts up his petticoat and says something to Pantaloon, who as *Jack in the Green*, is standing underneath him), there is in word or gesture nought unsavoury or coarse. Considering that the Gallery is nightly filled at fourpence each, and that only sixpence is demanded at the Pit, I think this is a noticeable feature of the theatre, and might be copied with advantage at houses higher-priced.

"The bringing out of a new comedy, with a new actress for the first time seen in a new part, deserves a better place for notice than the fag end of a letter: but I must just state my firm conviction, that the *Duke in Difficulties* certainly will draw, although the plot is partly second-hand, nor is the writing quite first-rate. There is, however, plenty of amusement in the piece, and it affords a pleasant means for Mrs. STERLING to appear in concert with her daughter, preserving that relation in the part which she presents. The audience highly relished the allusions to this fact, which indeed supplied a novel interest to the piece. Miss STERLING has bright eyes, and a pleasing voice and manner, and will I think become a favourite with persons of good taste. It is a rare pleasure to see something fresh upon the stage, and this her girlish artlessness agreeably supplies. I hope soon to see her again, and say the word of praise her mother's acting merits, although I think the play affords her hardly enough scope.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

A WORD OF ADVICE TO THE BISHOPS.

DENOUNCE Essayists and Reviewers,
Hang, quarter, gag or shoot them—
Excellent plans—provided that
You first of all refute them.

By all means let the Hangman burn
Their awful book to ashes,
But don't expect to settle thus
Their heterodox hashes.

Some heresies are so ingrained,
E'en burning won't remove them,
A shorter and an easier way
You'll find it—to disprove them.

Be this, right reverends, your revenge,
For souls the best of cure—
Essay Essayists to upset,
And to review Reviewers.

PRAY PITY THE POOR POPE.

A JOURNAL with a name which we had rather write than endeavour to pronounce, we mean the *Oesterreichische Zeitung*, has informed us that—

"FRANCIS THE SECOND is determined to stay at Rome as long as the POPE remains there."

Misfortune, we are told, acquaints men with strange bedfellows, and some of them are not less strange than they are unpleasant. The POPE has long been on a bed of anything but roses, but surely BOMBALINO's advent must add another thorn to it. It is the last feather that breaks the camel's back, and his Holiness must find his weight of troubles quite unbearable, now that he is burdened with the presence of young FRANCIS. We own we have not yet felt much compassion for the POPE, but this last blow is so terrible that it commands our deepest sympathy. The absence of the French, who keep his Holiness upon his throne, could hardly be more painful than the presence of his visitor. Certainly if anything can drive the POPE from Rome it must be the sight of the juvenile ex-tyrant; and we shall not be surprised to hear his Holiness is packing up, and that a three-pair back near Leicester Square is ready for him. Why, it would almost be enough to drive *Punch* out of Fleet Street to know he had that brute, young BOMBA, for a neighbour.

The Music of Parliament.

THE County of Cork has returned MR. LEADER, Protestant Tory landlord, by the large majority of 3,400. MR. GEORGE BOWYER has hitherto led the Pope's Brass Band alone, but now his duties, apparently, are to be shared by a Protestant leader.



"SOUR GRAPES."

OPPOSITION C&D (after an unsuccessful struggle for the stout Fare). "Ya h! Take your fat 'un!"

CLERICAL REFORM AND ECONOMY.

In an article recommending an increase of the English Episcopate, a contemporary asks:—

"Whether it is desirable to improve the tone and powers as well as increase the numbers of these working clergy?"

As there exists a society for providing the clerical poor with cast-off clothes, the labour-market of the Church must, one would think, be rather overstocked. Apparently there is a sad want of employment for Curates, who might chant, "We've got no work to do;" and the fat pluralists might re-echo the burden of their song by way of antiphon, in a major key. It seems hardly, therefore, desirable to increase the numbers of the Working Clergy, unless by setting idle Deans and Cathedral Canons to work.

The powers of the Working Clergy might be advantageously increased by the supply of the necessitous portion of them with sufficient food and drink, which could perhaps be derived from the larders and cellars of those round and reverend gentlemen who hold what SIDNEY SMITH used to call the prizes of the Church—a sort of prize which the aspirant to a shovel hat, of course, regards as the prize of his high calling.

The tone of too many of the Working Clergy, in preaching and reading, is so objectionable that its improvement is very much to be desired indeed. It is not to be distinguished from that of the lower order of Methodist parsons—a melancholy mouthing and moaning, aggravated sometimes by a snuffle. If this tone could be exchanged for the natural and unaffected accents of serious thought and earnest argument, therein would be effected a great ecclesiastical reform.

In the following remarks, from the same pen as the foregoing, an undeniable truth is stated:—

"The question of funds is no doubt difficult. But it is not necessary that the new bishops should have £5,000 a year until they are called to the House of Lords. Half that income would amply suffice as long as the bishop was out of Parliament."

It is certainly by no means necessary that a simple bishop should have £5000 a year. There is much doubt whether the primitive bishops had so much in the world,—that is, this world: their wealth being

supposed to have been chiefly invested in the other. A bishop not obliged to maintain the dignity of a peerage, could, doubtless, very well contrive to rough it on £2500 a year. Enjoying such an income, indeed, a prelate of moderate hunger, thirst, and other wants, might be very well imagined to be a jolly bishop. Half of that sum, as the stipend of a bishopric, would perhaps be sufficient to make many a poor and meritorious clergyman, with his wife and family, happy.

FINE OLD GIRLS.

THE moralising wet blankets who try to make young persons of both sexes uncomfortable by continual lamentation on the fugitive character of feminine charms, will find a refutation of their melancholy philosophy in the subjoined extract from the "Fashions for March" in *Le Follet*:—

"Velvet, though very effective, is only deemed suitable for elderly ladies."

The proof of the pudding is in the eating; the proof of the velvet must lie in the wearing. As velvet is only deemed suitable for elderly ladies, the presumption is, that velvet is worn by elderly ladies only. Then the appearance which elderly ladies present in velvet is the only proof of its effectiveness. But velvet is very effective. Here, then, are elderly ladies wearing dresses which are very effective, notwithstanding the wearers' time of life. Effective, in the serious language of milliners, means having the power of attracting admiration, and not that of exciting mirth. We are to understand that elderly ladies in velvet create the same sort of sensation as that which their juniors dress with a view to creating. In short, according to the *Follet*, elderly ladies in velvet look pretty, or at least handsome. This consideration may encourage the younger portion of the softer sex to dismiss all unpleasant suggestions as to the ravages of time, and indulge the pleasing confidence that Loveliness, in future, will outgrow muslin only to bloom perennially in velvet.

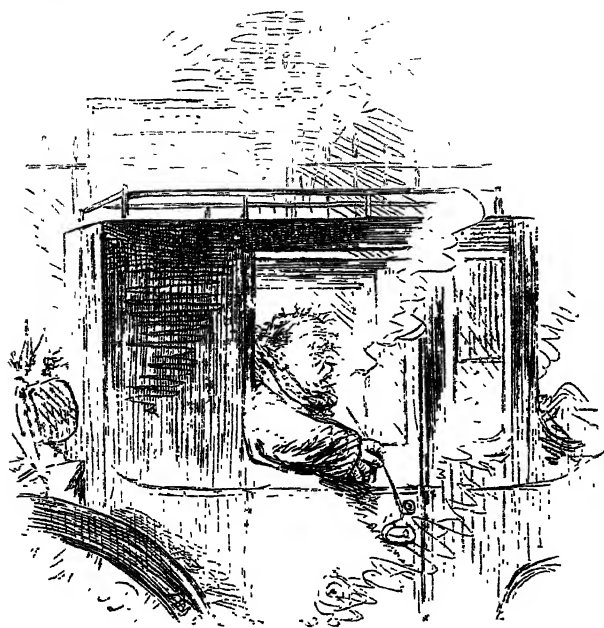
WHICH of our servants is most likely to steal the eggs?—The cook, who (*cuckoo*) is notorious for that species of larceny!



JACK'S "NAVY ESTIMATE."

MR. BULL. "DEAR, BLESS ME! WHAT A PRICE I PAY FOR MY NAVY!"

JACK. "AX PARDON, YER 'ONOUR, TAIN'T ALONG O' WE FIGHTIN' BEGGARS, IT'S THEM THINKIN' BEGGARS."



A SKETCH FROM NATURE.

(MORE'S THE PITY.)

PRELATES AT PLAY, OR PROLUSIONES
EPISCOPALES.

THE Upper House of Convocation was waiting the other day for the commencement of business. Waiting for business is almost as dull as waiting for dinner. "What shall we do to beguile this horrid pause?" inquired saponaceous OXON of mellifluous CANTERBURY.

"Suppose," exclaimed the mild wisdom of CANTERBURY, "we tried our hands at a round of episcopal epigrams?"

The Bench stood aghast. They were not prepared for so playful a proposal from so grave and elevated a quarter.

"Epigrams?" doubtfully faltered evangelical RIFON, "Does your Grace think that form of composition quite compatible with our functions?"

"Strictly—strictly," broke in scholastic LONDON, YORK, and LICHFIELD, in a breath. "There are the BROWN'S medals for Epigrams at Cambridge," continued LONDON, "VAUGHAN won them in his second and third years. Oh—not the least objection to Epigrams."

"No more than to editing Greek plays," muttered pædagogic MANCHESTER.

"Or to writing histories of Greece and translating SCHLEIERMÄCHER," murmured modest ST. DAVID'S.

"At least it will keep our hands out of mischief," suggested orthodox HEREFORD.

"Epigrams, Epigrams! by all means," chorussed the Episcopal choir.

"Only give us a subject!" exclaimed ambitious SODOR AND MAN, anxious to distinguish himself in an entirely new field.

"What do you say to our brother of DURHAM, and his latest exercise of his episcopal patronage?" playfully suggested the venerable Primate, administering a waggish poke in the ribs to smooth-visaged MONTAGUE DUNELM.

M. DUNELM coloured, coughed, but seeing that the proposal was hailed with acclamations, refrained from objection—merely interpolating—"Of course—any little family jokes on such a subject will go no further."

"Oh! Honour bright!" exclaimed with one voice the Right Reverend Fathers.

But alas, they reckoned without their *Punch*.

His little bird, who is fond of flying about the Jerusalem Chamber, when Convocation is sitting, had winged his saucy way thither, and sat perched above the chair of CANTERBURY while the Epigrams were concocting.

Hardly had saponaceous OXFORD, who was appointed Prælector, completed his task of collecting the crumbs of wit which had dropped from the Episcopal Bench, when *Punch's* little bird, swooping down, bore off the batch from SAMUEL'S slippery fingers, amidst a general

howl of Episcopal disappointment. The Bishops were baulked of their laugh, but the public are the gainers by it. It is not often that Bishops trifle—except on serious subjects; still seldomer that they deign to exchange the dark dredging box, from which they besprinkle Essayists and Reviewers with pungent and bitter *Odium Theologicum*, for the Classic cyathus flavoured with Attic salt. In this case it is hardly necessary to add, that their wit is all the keener, as it is exercised at the expense of a Brother on the Bench.

But now to examine the Episcopal performances.

LONGLEY—as befits an ex-master of Harrow—is classical. He heads his double-barrelled effort with classical mottoes:—

"Pinguis et ingratus premeretur caseus urbi."—*Virgil*.

"Prophetic VIRGIL—thus may DURHAM groan—
I've pressed my cheese upon a thankless town."

"Τυρός δ' οὐ λείπει μ' οὐτ' ἐν θέρει οὐτ' ἐν ὀπάρῃ
Οὐ χειμῶνος ἀρῶν.—"—*Theocritus*.

To the Churchwardens of Haughton.

My friends, you're blessed like the Sicilian swain,
You've got a cheese, you ne'er will lose again.

Then "Vires acquirens eundo," he dashes off a Latin version of No. II.

"Quale fuit Siculo juveni est tibi munus, amice,
Caseus in tempus, caseus, omne tibi est."

BISHOP THIRLWALL, our little bird remarked, seemed to suffer a good deal in the throes of production. It is lamentable to think that after covering nearly a quire of foolscap with abortive efforts, that mountain of erudition produced nothing better, or more elaborate than the following "*ridiculus mus*":—

"Complain, indeed! what lucky men are these!

They asked a mite, and they have got a cheese!"

BISHOP PHILPOT (not POTTS), says our little bird, long protested against entering the lists in any such profane competition. But at last, evil communications corrupting his good manners, even WORCESTER'S immaculate and anti-jocular spirit seems to have been infected with playfulness. He has struck off the following:—

"Apollon was mighty in doctrine we're told,
When doctrine was sound in the good days of old—
But there's doctrine more *miley* in SHAFTESBURY'S sees,
For it's bred by Corruption and comes from a *Cheese*."

It is perhaps lucky, considering to whom WORCESTER owes his pre-ferment to the Bench, and the peculiar fervour of his Evangelical opinions, that this epigram did not get wind at the meeting. It might have compromised him, politically and theologically. Under the wing of *Punch*, he is safe from the *Record* and LORD SHAFTESBURY.

SAMUEL OF OXFORD has hit off the following neat brace of quatrains. They read as if written *currente calamo*, with characteristic glibness:—

"The Churchwarden's Petition.

"Prithee, my Lord, from your new *Cheese*,
Some scanty parings take,
And our poor Pastor's bread therewith
More palatable make."

"The Bishop's Reply.

"Said VILLIERS, nothing can be spared
For these three pious men:
The *Cheese* that's with my daughter paired,
Must not be *pared* again."

Who would have divined the calm and apparently costive GRAHAME in the following Tom-Moorish effusion?

"'Twixt a dealer in Stilton and VILLIERS prelatie,
One might think a comparison ne'er could be made;
The one is pure, pious and aristocratic,
The other's a grocer, and lives by his trade.

But lately at Durham, that fattest of sees,
To say which is the *grosser* some trouble is giving:
The first, p'raps, a living may get out of *cheese*,
While the last, as we see, gets *cheese* into a living."

Not bad for a Bishop, we must say, though somewhat crabbed. But "*Nemo repente fuit lepidissimus*," GRAHAME may be expected to improve. We are almost ashamed to print the last of these Episcopal prolusiones. We regret to say it is from the pen of the newly-appointed BISHOP OF CARLISLE, from whom very different things might have been expected:—

"The fear of famine sure hath seized
The richest of our English sees,

When DURHAM's Bishop we behold,
Accumulating *Dams-on Cheese*."

It is fortunate for BISHOP WALDEGRAVE's chances of future preferment that this profane joke was not actually cracked in the ears of the precise Primate. Besides, what would LORD SHAFTESBURY have said! As we have already observed, he doesn't read *Punch*, so there is no fear of his seeing the unseemly joke in our pages, and we do not make a practice of denouncing, like the *Record's* Correspondent. But we would recommend WALDEGRAVE to be cautious.



A DIP IN THE LUCKY BAG.

THE CRY OF POLAND.

OUR sympathy with the oppressed Poles, and our admiration for the boldness of the patriotic petition which they have presented to the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, must not blind us to the oddity of an expression occurring in a passage of that document, which, having stated the wrongs, and described the unhappy condition of Poland, thus concludes:—

"All this state of things has forcibly reduced this people only to make its voice heard by the cry of its victims, and thus it never ceases to offer up a holocaust."

So remarkable a word as "holocaust" can hardly be supposed to have been meant for a translation of "sacrifice;" must be taken as having been transferred derivatively from the original. The appeal of a noble people ought not to suggest a conundrum; yet who, reading the above extract, can fail to be struck with the perception, that a people, in making its voice heard by crying out, offers not a holocaust, but only a hollong? In the exclamations of a nation the "holo" may be heard, but no one can possibly distinguish the "caust."

TOMPKINS'S TELEGRAMS.

CHELSEA and Kensington are unanimous in their demand for fusion. Hammersmith has preferred a request to be included in the Bund.

An altercation occurred yesterday between two costermongers in the Bayswater Road.

Complications have arisen in Cheapside from the vehicles coming to a dead lock.

Agar-Town is tranquil.

Order reigns in St. George's in the East.

The Teetotallers have made a demonstration. Their rallying cry is "Aldgate Pump!"

The marriage of MR. BAKER to Miss BRIGES was celebrated on the 11th, at St. Dunstan's. The Beadle attended in full official costume. He was received with shouts of laughter, and hoorays.

An animated debate on general politics came off in the Marylebone Vestry. JONES declared his adhesion to WILLIAMS.

Impassioned were addressed to all the speakers.

The solidarity of the parochial Union is affirmed. Marylebone is resolved to maintain her autonomy.

RENASCENTUR.

(From the *Saturday Purview*.)

No legitimate amusement should be denied even to an Irish rabble, and Zeus forbid that we should ask an Irish Chief Justice to be decent enough to restrain a mob from yelling at witnesses whose careful evidence or gentlemanly exterior displeases the conscientious and refined dwellers by the Puddle. Nor, when a man who is unhappy enough to be entitled to write himself "Honourable" comes under the unfavourable notice of the gentlemen and scholars of our Penny Press, would we suggest to those Aristarchs an abstinence from a single jibe, a sacrifice to a single rule of grammar. The HON. MAJOR SILVERTON is lawful prey to the Dublin gallery and the London literary man. It would be impertinent to point out that the same Dublin audience which made the Common Pleas resound with virtuous indignation at the avowals of the aristocratic Lovelace probably adjourned to the galleries of the Dublin theatre, and bestowed equally discriminating and valuable applause upon the *Archer*, or *Wildair*, who in the evening, vaunted, in far more objectionable language, far worse deeds than those of the Avonmore cadet. It would be equally impertinent to inquire into the family histories of such of the Penny Critics as have known a grandfather; or to ask them whether their own household stories enable them to supply examples of the virtue which they vehemently demand from the haughty aristocrat. But inasmuch as we regret to observe that, in treating this foolish SILVERTON case, certain writers who have not acquired their views of English life from studies among the shirtless rabble of a gallery, or from the teachings of the swipecy Gamaliels of the slap-bang shop, are inclined to join in the anti-SILVERTON clamour, might we deferentially ask those gentlemen, before they again put pen into ink, to listen calmly, and even tolerantly, to the conversation which they hear in society, and then, instead of penning conventional strictures upon this impassioned Major, to consider whether there is anything in the trial that really calls for animadversion. Never mind virtuous platitudes and democratic howls, all very proper in their places, but look at the facts in the light of common sense. MAJOR SILVERTON finds, or thinks, that thanks to the laws of his country, he can repudiate an alliance with a poor lady, of whom he is tired, and can contract an alliance with a rich lady, of whom he supposes he shall not get tired. Is it not better for society (to use the cant of the day) that two persons who like one another, and have the means of making their *entourage* happy, should be united, than that two persons of whom one at least is distasteful to the other, and neither of whom have a shilling, should remain, not in wedlock, but in juxta-position? As for the remarks of the badgered defendant, made under the incessant and irritating fire of a set of Irish bullies, judge them as severely as you will, but judge them fairly. He was indiscreet enough to avow that in the absence of "gentle" blood, he did not consider a social injury to a female so severe as it would be if her family, like his own, bore *Renascentur* on its shield. Dreadfully feudal, no doubt, Paterfamilias. But when your interesting son, flashy young BOBBY, entangles himself in a love affair, and promises to marry somebody whom you have not in your eye for him, let us hear how you or your attorney will talk when the match is to be broken off. Is the lady Miss CAROLINE CRINOLINE, of Bedford Row? You will, dear Paterfamilias, be as respectful and considerate as possible, and strive to get back the letters and the pearl ring, rather on the ground that the boy is wild and not good enough for her, than because you object to the lady. Or is the female Miss SARGENT, his sister's milliner? Well, you will not be very harsh, but MR. TAPES will go to her with £100, and order her to set up in Edinburgh or Dublin, unless she wishes her landlord, to whom she has mortgaged the house, to do on the 25th proximo what will be rather disagreeable. But, O Paterfamilias, red with indignation at the SILVERTON avowal, is the woman pretty POLLY HOPKINS, your lady's maid? Is it she who has tried to entice your BOBBY into a *mesalliance*? How soon will you have her boxes in a cab at the door, and herself sobbing in the hall as she kisses Baby for the last time? Yet you want to hang MAJOR SILVERTON for seeing a difference between gentle and Manchester blood. Are you a humbug, Paterfamilias? We defend nobody, we never defend anything, but despite a howling Dublin gallery and a virtuous London press, let us say *judicium parium, aut lex terre*.

Nothing like Learning.

"WHAT a lot of money MOUNSEER SCRIBE made by his plays," said the Viscount to SIR PLYMOUTH SOUND. "He didn't make it by his plays," replied the Member for Brighton, "he says in his motto *Inde Fortuna*, which means that he made his fortune in Indy." "Oh!" said the Viscount.

THE FAIR SEX AND THE CENSUS.



RAY, Ladies, have you made your minds up as to what age you intend to be for the next ten years? Because the Seventh of April, dears, is drawing sadly nigh at hand, and you had better be prepared to answer this momentous question. It would be awkward to be taken by surprise at the last moment, and to let the truth slip out in the presence of a maid-servant, from whom you have for months, perhaps, been carefully concealing it. Of course we should not dream of charging you with planning how to shirk the fact, and send in false returns, any more than we could think you'd wear false ringlets in your hair, or grow false roses on your cheeks. But accidents will happen in the best regulated households, and avoid them as one may there will always be mistakes.

Moreover, some ladies are apt, by the mere weakness of their sex, to let their inclinations get the better of their actions, so that their hands are often guided by their hearts, instead of being biased by the judgment of their heads. Thus it happens when a Census sheet is set before her, Lovely Woman makes (unconsciously, of course) a wrong return, and states what she would wish to be instead of what she is. We have known ladies in this way so completely lose their natural control over their limbs, as to let themselves record the somewhat startling information that they are several years younger than they were ten years

ago; while many a "little sister," who, when the Census was last taken was reported as eighteen, has only reached in the past decade the ripe age of twenty-one. Nay, in a case which we can vouch for as having come under our notice, a lady called herself but two years only older than her daughter, and such was her bewilderment at being asked her age, she could not be persuaded she had made any mistake.

Arising, as they do, from causes which are quite beyond all feminine control, we would not class these errors as intentional deceptions, nor say too harsh a word to the fair ones who commit them. On the contrary, we hold that to ask ladies their ages is a most unmanly act, which no woman of spirit for an instant should submit to.* As for censuring the fair sex for not making fair returns, the idea is too preposterous for anyone to cherish. When attacked on her weak point, a woman becomes powerless, and does she knows not what to escape the blow that threatens her. Aim a Census paper at her, and she sinks at once, half paralysed with fear lest her true age should be revealed by it. In a state almost insensible, she enters her return; but, as its absurdity very often shows, she has clearly not the right use of her senses in so doing. One can hardly, therefore, blame her for the folly she commits—which, indeed, is the more foolish inasmuch as it is futile. As every birth throughout the kingdom is annually registered, it simply is not possible to hide one's real age, so as to be clear of the danger of detection; and how foolish one would look if one were found out, and then fined (which one is liable to be), we leave to ladies who read *Punch*, and would not like to see their names there, to endeavour to imagine.

* We are full of slippers, ladies, but we don't mind having skates or cricket-shoes for this.—*Punch*.

THE SLAVE TRADE AND THE STATES.

THE questions, Who supports the Slave Trade? and How is it that England has failed as yet to crush it? being brought the other evening before the House of Commons, LORD PALMERSTON proceeded, with his usual outspokenness when foreign matters are concerned, to clap the saddle of opprobrium on the back of the right horse. According to the evidence he briefly cited and summed up, the Spaniards are the chief delinquents in the matter, though BROTHER JONATHAN is very far from being held quite guiltless. On the former of the culprits his Lordship passed his sentence in the following severe terms:—

"When we come to speak of Spain it is impossible to express too strongly one's sense of indignation at the profligate, shameless, and disgraceful bad faith with which the Spanish nation have acted in reference to the treaties concluded with England on this matter. (*Hear, hear.*) As far back as 1817, the Spanish Government bound themselves to put an end to the slave trade, and received £400,000 as compensation to those who might be sufferers by this change of policy. In 1835, after the Government of England had mainly contributed by its assistance and protection to the establishment of a free Constitution in Spain, we asked as the only acknowledgment of our services, that Spain would conclude with us a treaty by which machinery should be established by mutual right of search, mixed commissions, and the like, by which the engagement of 1817 might be rendered fully applicable, and an effectual end put to that slave trade which Spain still carried on, and which she was bound to abolish. We obtained our request. The memory of the services we had rendered her being still fresh in the recollection of Spain, she consented to make such a treaty, and, if it had been fairly carried out, the Spanish slave trade would have been as much abolished as that of Brazil. (*Hear, hear.*)"

"Profligate, shameless, and disgraceful,"—these are not very palatable adjectives to swallow, especially when coupled with the substantive noun "har," which is implied by the expression "violation of good faith." The Don can hardly be a man of such proud stomach as he was, if he digests without a qualm the hard words which are here hurled at him. But that we know he owes us far too much to quarrel with us, we might really almost fear that our giving him the lie might be made a *casus belli*.

Having polished off the Don, the PREMIER next proceeded to pitch into BROTHER JONATHAN; tempering his chastisement with an expression of "regret," as one who paused between his blows to make them felt more poignantly:—

"I regret to say that the people of this country have not received from the Government of the United States that assistance which we were entitled to expect from a Government of free men. They are bound by treaty to co-operate with England for the suppression of the slave trade by stationing a certain amount of naval force upon the Coast of Africa. That engagement has been more or less fulfilled from

time to time, but the American Government have prevented British cruisers from meddling with ships sailing under the American flag, except at their risk and peril."

Another piece of his fraternal mind his Lordship thus gave BROTHER JONATHAN:—

"My noble friend made not long ago a proposal to the American Government which, if they had really been disposed to co-operate with us in the suppression of the slave trade, I think they ought to have accepted. We and the American Government stand upon a different footing in one important respect. By the Act of 1845 a British cruiser taking a vessel engaged in the slave trade without papers and without any indication of nationality is entitled to have it condemned by a British Court of Admiralty. The Americans have not that power by their laws, and therefore when an American cruiser meets a ship even laden with slaves, but without any proof of nationality, she is unable to do anything, because if she were to take the slaver into an American port there is no American law by which a ship not American could be condemned for the crime of engaging in the slave trade. What happened on the coast of Cuba? When a slaver filled with slaves met an American cruiser she threw her papers overboard, destroyed all proof of her nationality, and so fooled and baffled the enemy. When she met a British cruiser she became an American ship, produced her papers, and, though filled with slaves, defied our people to touch her. Well, my noble friend proposed to the American Government that British and American cruisers should always sail in couples, so that when they met a slaver, if she had destroyed the proofs of her nationality, the British cruiser might take her, while, on the other hand, if she showed American papers and colours, she might be seized by the American cruiser. (*Hear, hear, and a laugh.*) Our proposal was declined, and therefore, as far as that method of putting down the slave trade in Cuba is concerned, we have been defeated."

On hearing this, we calculate, the thoughts of BROTHER JONATHAN may take somewhat of this shape:—"Wal, stranger, guess as heow yar PREMIER have a smooth edge toe his tongue, and haave given us a lick on it as smart more nor than the rough 'un. By sayin' as we doesn't lend a hand toe put down Slavery further than we're forced, he sorter seems to 'sinuate that our feelins is in favour of it. Y' see the old 'coon doesn't speak to us so sharp as toe the Spaniard, 'cause he knows we're more thin-skinned, and when a lancet'll draw blood why thar's no need to use a bowie-knife. But when he says we're 'bound by treaty to co-operate with England,' and then shows heow we sneak out of it whenever we've the chance, I kinder calc'late he puts us on the same shelf as the Don, and means us toe in-fer as heow we're tarred with the same stick. Wal, we air A great people, but our dander's easy riz, and it aint allys easy toe be actin' the magnanimous. So I reckon as yar PREMIER had best keep himself at home, and not come visitin' the States, unless so be he haave a taste for tar and feather. Our bhoys air all fired hot when their steam is fairly up, and just neow they're so explosive that a spark may make 'em dangerous. So, except he haave a likin' toe be Lynched, I calc'late the old hoss had best not cross the millpond."



YOKEL. "Figure of Victory, is it? Be she a Pl'ying at Quoit, Sir?"

SYMPATHY.

BY A SWELL.

THAT Dublin mawidge twial—haw!
Most chawming histowy to wead!
Paw fellah! what a hawwid baw!
A cwuel case faw him indeed!
A should not care faw wawing mobs,
And having all the Fwess at one;
Because they're such a set of snobs;
And wawtuous indignation's fun.

These nine days' wondaws soon elapse,
What I should feel is being in,
By Jove! faw bigamy pawwhaps;
At any wate faw lots of tin.
I do admiaw the fellow's pluck,
Who, deeming manufactuas mud,
Owns he don't pay the common wuck
The same wespsect as gentle blood.

It may tawn out all wight at last,—
Most awnestly A hope it may;
And he, when all the wow is past,
Will be LIAD AVONMAW some day.
But still, whoevaw feels, hencefawth,
Inclined to do that sawt of thing,
He'd better not go too faw Nawth,
Naw tampaw with a wedding wing.

Kites and the Spread Eagle.

It is argued that the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has no case against Kossuth for printing notes to circulate in Hungary, because all such notes are mere waste paper. FRANCIS-JOSEPH, however, may truly reply that Kossuth's paper is at least as good as his own. So much justice there may be in the Imperial complaint; though the pretence on whose behalf it has been put forward is flimsy.

WHY is the Income-Tax like burying the collector?
Because it's the *last* duty we pay him.

A TRIBUTE TO NORMANBY.

NORMANBY, NORMANBY, what's the matter?
No bee in your bonnet?—then Who's your Hatter,
Commissioned to build you a Cardinal's Hat?
Otherwise what is your Lordship at?

You've become, within the last few years,
The BOWYER, my Lord, of the House of Peers,
I beg Bowyer's pardon—SIR GEORGE, no offence!
BOWYER's premises granted, he talks some sense.

The KING OF NAPLES and POPE must render
Much thanks to you as their chief defender;
Giving you credit for what you intend,
Though whispering, "Save us from our friend."

As holding the papal party's brief,
Should any one of them come to grief,
You make him your client—o'er him fling
The protection of a goose's wing.

Priestcraft and tyranny thus to uphold,
Yourself, old NORMANBY, why have you sold?
That you have become one of LOYOLA's crew?
NORMANBY, NORMANBY, can it be true?

Has his Holiness granted you hose of red,
And a scarlet broadbrimmer to grace your head?
Your Eminence rather should stand on a stool,
In the cap which crowns the Unwise at school.

A Very Fast Walker.

It is a remarkable fact that the ships dispatched by the Admiralty to recall an Admiral required to give evidence on Admiralty mismanagement, chased him in vain. Equally remarkable is the coincidence between that fact and the gallant Admiral's name. What Admiral was it who was not to be found when he was sought so anxiously? The necessary reply is—WALKER!

AN EXTRAVAGANT SCOT.



IN the paper which we presume *Lady Macduff*, was reading when so disagreeably interrupted by the emissaries of *King Macbeth*, we mean the *Fife Herald*, we find this:—

"During the valentine season, a young gentleman, in the neighbourhood of Dunfermline, received a valentine from Glasgow, in the shape of a real donkey, all alive and kicking. It came by rail, and cost him 18s. for carriage—double the worth of his valentine. The point of the joke is, that the fortunate receiver is one of the mounted Volunteers."

This seems a dreary joke, but the Fife people know best. The only wonder is, that it did not occur to an economical Scotchman that he might have made his joke much cheaper. The sender should have taken a third class ticket and visited the other—the joke would have been exactly the same, as the Dunfermline Volunteer would equally have received a donkey.

Very Proper.

THAT is an extremely disagreeable story about an Englishman being worried by a Bear at Berne. It is, however, thought to be a *canard*, but Government intend to send MR. EDWARD ELIAS to inquire into the matter.



EMPHATIC!

Boy (to Nurse). "WHAT DID YOU SAY 'MADE HER ILL'?"

Nurse. "'ARK AT YOU, HALFRED! I DIDN'T SAY, 'MADE 'ER HILL'; I SAID, 'SHE LIVED AT MAIDA 'ILL'!"

A BLOW FROM ACROSS THE WATER.

IN the speech that ABE LINCOLN made at Washington from the balcony of PILLARD'S Hotel (we call it PILLARD, for we had our portmanteau broken open there, and innumerable sovereigns extracted therefrom), he told the multitude that the Government did not "intend to split hairs to deprive them of their rights." Was this allusion to "splitting hairs" a sarcastic blow aimed at GLADSTONE, who has a kind of copyright in that particular way of dividing his arguments? We should say that "splitting rails" was much more in ABRAHAM'S line. JUDGE DOUGLAS says that LINCOLN is so clever at that kind of handiwork, that it was he who first introduced the split into the Union. Of course, this isn't true, and JUDGE DOUGLAS knows it isn't true; but it only proves how far the malevolence of partisanship will carry some people.

All Souls' Saved.

THE judgment pronounced on behalf of the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY in the case of All Souls' College, Oxford, will oblige the Warden and Senior Fellows of that seat of learning to elect candidates for its fellowships in future, on the simple grounds of their intellectual distinction and moral fitness, instead of choosing them principally on account of their aristocratic connections and bearing. In short, the effect of this decision, if it is not evaded, will be to prevent the gentlemen in question from converting All Souls' into All Swells'.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 11, Monday. LORD CLANRICARDE wished to know a good deal about Indian affairs, but the Government declined to oblige him. Mr. Punch fears that we shall soon hear a little more about Indian affairs than is pleasant, and perhaps the Government think that sufficient for the day is the weevil thereof, as the sailors say knocking their biscuits. The CHANCELLOR obtained a Committee to consider who are really entitled to come before SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, about which there is much doubt, SIR CRESSWELL, for instance, having incontinently walked the YELVERTONS out of his court, declaring that he had nothing to say to them. This was unlucky, as we might have had all that remarkable trial performed at Westminster, and MR. EDWIN JAMES might have received the cheers with which the House of Commons greeted the victorious WHITESIDE on his resuming his seat. LORD DERBY sticks to his text about the houses of the working classes, and insisted on its being made an instruction to the Lords' Railway Committee to report how many people any new scheme would turn out of house and home, and whether provision ought not to be made for the accommodation of the expelled.

To-night LORD CLARENCE PAGET brought in the Navy Estimates. Mr. Punch begs to put the matter uncommonly short. If BRITANNIA wants to rule the waves, she must pay for the honour. The Balance Sheet of Balance of Power stands thus:—

THEM FOREIGNERS.

FRANCE has . . . 267 vessels afloat.
 And an army of 600,000 soldiers.
 And is seizing on every position which, in war, will aid her to smash our commerce.
 RUSSIA has . . . 9 line of battle ships.
 " . . . 17 frigates.
 SPAIN has . . . 2 line of battle ships.
 " . . . 12 frigates.
 ITALY has . . . 1 line of battle ship.
 " . . . 18 frigates.

MRS. BRITANNIA.

ENGLAND has . . . 505 vessels afloat.
 And an army of . . . 67 building.
 (Without counting those in India, who would swell the number to 212,773.)

And as France has about five times the military force, and is doing everything to bring up her naval force to ours, and as all the other powers may join against us, Mrs. BRITANNIA must make up her mind to spend her money.

The above lucid statement shows the entire case at a glance. There was a debate, of course, and on Thursday, when MR. T. G. BARING brought on the Army Estimates, there was another debate. The

money wanted for the Navy was £12,029,475, being a decrease of £800,000 from last year's estimate; and the money wanted for the Army was £14,606,751, being a decrease of £185,000 from last year's estimate. The state of Army and Navy was explained to be highly satisfactory; MR. BRIGHT abused the House and the Ministers, and the Services; and LORD PALMERSTON declared, point blank, that France's policy had for some time been to increase her strength, so as to be a match for us, and the only way to keep peace with her was to make ourselves as strong as possible. Well, if PAM says this about his friend the EMPEROR, we must accept the situation, and the better educated among us must comfort ourselves by quoting Latin about *si vis pacem*—which, Wiscount, does not mean a Peaceful Citizen, though that is a very good shot for you.

Tuesday. MR. TOM DUNCOMBE moved a little resolution to the effect that we ought to have a Reform Bill. Him and his clap-net did SIR GEORGE LEWIS demolish; and MR. BRIGHT, the type of the Unrefined Radical, having somewhat curtly explained to MR. TOM, the type of the Refined Radical, that the proposition was perfectly useless, MR. DUNCOMBE withdrew the motion. Next did SIR GEORGE put down MR. SLANEY, who wanted a Committee to consider how to improve the dwellings of the working classes. Then did MR. GIBSON squash MR. BENTINCK, who wants the Government to interfere for the prevention of railway accidents. Fourthly, did LORD JOHN RUSSELL set upon COLONEL SYKES, who had grievances about the Chinese War. LORD PALMERSTON obliterated SIR JAMES ELPHINSTONE, absorbing that party's little Navy Promotion Committee into the big Admiralty Committee, and there was a smart debate upon the names of Members to be appointed on the latter. The Government were quite victorious to-night.

MR. LYON brought in a Bill for the Voluntary Disgavelling of lands. The Wiscount, hearing the announcement, very naturally asked, why a person couldn't take gravel off his lands without an Act of Parliament, but it was courteously explained to him that the word was not dis-gravelling, but dis-gavelling, and that Gaveld was a tenure of Anglo-Saxon origin, and that lands so held by a man who dies without a will go to all the sons equally, and if there are, luckily, no bothering boys, to all the girls. He was further told that all lands in Kent are "presumed" to be of this tenure until the contrary is proved, and that disgavelling means the arranging that the lands shall descend according to the ordinary rule of law. The Wiscount was delighted at this acquisition of legal lore, whereupon his instructor was foolish enough to confuse his mind by telling him all about

another queer tenure called Borough-English, and its history, the result of which was, that in informing his friend MR. WHITE, of Brighton, of his discoveries, the unfortunate nobleman stated that when a man bequeathed lands in Kent his youngest son was divided into equal parts, and buried in a gravel pit. So much for tasting only, instead of drinking deep of the Flavian Spring.

Wednesday. The Opposition was quite victorious to-day. MR. LOCKE KING moved the Second Reading of his Bill for reducing the County Franchise to £10, and a long debate followed. Government did not want the Bill to pass, but being, of course, Reformers by profession, were obliged to speak and vote for it, a state of things which was pointed out rather clearly than civilly by MR. BERNAL OSBORNE. LORD JOHN RUSSELL indulged himself in an historical essay on all Reforms that had ever been heard of, described the Chandos clause (the £50 franchise) to have been "a subtle poison introduced into the blood of the Constitution," and pitched rather awkwardly into a detail of LORD DERBY'S Reform Bill. MR. DISRAELI was all alive, and of course pounced upon the weak part of his antagonist's speech, and complimented him upon his "extremely delicate reticence" in having never before revealed the secret of his objection to the Conservative Reform Bill. The "previous question" was moved, and MR. LOCKE KING and his reluctant allies, the Ministers, were defeated by 248 to 220. Checkmate to KING.

The House then began a little fight upon a Bill for allowing all persons who object to Oaths to make affirmations instead, but six o'clock stopped the strife.

Thursday. LORD LYTTLTON has a Bill for making it easier to split up dioceses, and set up new Bishops, and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal had a couple of hours talk over it, and it was read a Second Time by 27 to 23.

This was the Army night, as aforesaid. For particulars, see above

balance sheet. No Errors Excepted, as *Mr. Punch* never makes any.

Government introduced a Bill about the City Coal and Wine-Tax. It is proposed that both taxes, altogether Thirteen Pence, shall be continued for ten years, but Ninepence of them to be paid into a fund for metropolitan improvements, including Thames Embankment. The tax at present extends twenty miles; but it is in future to be confined to the police district. The arrangement is better than the existing swindle, but inasmuch as the improvement of London, and especially of the river, is a boon to all England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and the Isle of Man, *Punch* does not see why London is to bear all the expense. It is like painting, cleaning, glazing, and oilclothing the hall of a lodging-house, and then charging the entire expense on the parlour-floor lodgers, as if the drawing-rooms, and even the stingy gentleman in the two-pair back did not gain respectability by the outlay.

Friday. LORD WODEHOUSE said that the account of the Polish disturbances, as published, was tolerably correct. *Mr. Punch* is happy to read that the Serf-Emancipating Emperor is too wise and too humane to let loose his soldiers upon the Poles, and appears inclined to act generously. LORD CRANWORTH has moved the Second Reading of the smallest Law Reform Bill ever heard of. It enacts that in certain cases, an attorney's clerk, or law stationer, need not take his scissors and make the usual fancy scollop called "an indenture." LORD CAMPBELL scoffed mightily at such bosh, but let it pass. The Lords rose very early, probably to go away and read the last volume of LORD MACAULAY'S *History*, just issued. If so, they acted more wisely than is their wont.

The Budget is fixed for the 11th of April. The Miscellany of to-night was various, but not interesting. MR. GIBSON brought in a Bill for improving Harbours, which ALDERMAN SIDNEY said was much wanted, for the last time he took tea in a harbour the spiders fell into his cup uncommon.

A CASEOUS NOTION OF COMFORT.



UNCOMMON is the pleasure with which we extract the subjoined announcement from the *Express*:-

"The REV. EDWARD CHEESE, son-in-law of the BISHOP OF DURHAM, was inducted into the rectory of Haughton-le-Skerne on Friday night. The REV. J. D. EADE, vicar of Aycliffe, and about twenty parishioners were present. The rector, after the ceremony of induction, went round and shook hands with his new friends, expressing his conviction that 'he should find the parish a very comfortable one.'"

No doubt a sufficiently reasonable conviction. Moderate work and ample pay are material elements of comfort. A parish which combines those advantages must be very unhealthy or barbarous to be uncomfortable. A contented mind is a continual feast, and the income of Haughton-le-Skerne ought at least to be capable of insuring that blessing, unless ague or typhus or some other form of zymotic disease is endemic there, or the inhabitants are savages who annoy their missionary. If the parish is salubrious, and the people are civilised, the Rector must be very unhappily constituted to be otherwise than comfortable. MR. CHEESE would be ill-tempered indeed to quarrel with his bread and butter, the butter being spread so thick as it is at Haughton-le-Skerne. Cheese and butter are natural allies; and MR. CHEESE'S preferment may be considered as their re-union. Let us hope that the spiritual richness of the Durham Cheese will warrant the high price that has been put thereon, and justify a Bishop's patronage. Why should not this Cheese become a caseous monument of piety and preaching as well as of preferment? In that case we shall have to hear that the reverend incumbent of Haughton-le-Skerne has discovered himself to have been a prophet in expressing the not unlikely conviction that he should find that sphere of usefulness a very

comfortable one. We recommend MR. CHEESE to preserve all the jokes that have been made, and severe things that have been said, at his expense. When he shall have vindicated his lucrative position by his successful ministry, he will then be enabled to look those attacks over occasionally after dinner, whilst sipping his glass of sound old port, and the recollection of them will enhance the comfort of the parish which he so naturally expects to find very comfortable.

YOICKS, YOUR REVERENCE!

JUST now that ecclesiastical hypocrisy is uncommonly rampant, it is quite pleasing to be able to quote any evidence of straightforwardness existing amongst the clerical body. There is, doubtless, among our English divines a party, however small, to whom the subjoined hand-bill will appeal as persons, or parsons, whom it may concern:-

To be Sold, with a prospect of Early Possession,

THE NEXT PRESENTATION TO A RECTORY,

In the most beautiful and picturesque part of North Devon, close to the Meets of the Devon and Somerset Stag and Fox Hounds. Population 800.

A Newly-built Parsonage-House, and about 58 Acres of Good Glebe.

CLEAR YEARLY INCOME ABOUT £200.

For further Particulars, and to treat for the purchase, apply to MESSRS. ———, &c. &c.

The above may be abused for a simoniacal advertisement. If it is such, the simony is all above board. It is not a sneaking simony. It does not cant about the cure of souls, and a sphere of usefulness; it does not mention souls at all; says only "Population 800;" a population whose souls are probably, as the soul of their Rector is expected to be, in the hunting-field. It honestly offers a good thing to a man in orders, who would like to be a gentleman farmer and fox-hunter. But where spirituality is so little in question, simony is a hard word to apply to the sale of a living. The rectory of £200 a year, situate in the most beautiful and picturesque part of North Devon, may not suit those of the Clergy who frequent May Meetings at Exeter Hall, but it will fit others who will do just as much good by riding to the Meets of the Devon and Somerset Fox-hounds, enjoying healthy recreation instead of unhealthy excitement.

The "Prospect of early possession," held out as a motive for the purchase of this piece of preferment, must not be too hastily concluded to mean that the present Incumbent is old, or paralytic, or consumptive, or affected with a disease of the heart, or predisposed to apoplexy. Still less can it be supposed to intimate that he is dying of hard work in preaching and ministering to his three hundred parishioners. It may be merely intended to signify that he is a fox-hunting parson, and, as such, liable, any day of the week, except Sunday, to break his neck.

WALKER'S WARBLER.

THE BALLAD OF ADMIRAL WALKER.

Now all you bold reformers of the Admiral-i-tie,
And all you gallant Admirals come listen unto me,
It's of a doleful history I am about to tell,
About bold ADMIRAL WALKER and the fate that him befell.

'Twas in Admiralty dry-dock bold WALKER he did lie,
All at his red tape moorings a-stranded high and dry,
With a quill at his mast head, a flag of foolscap at his fore,
And my Lords a firin' minute-guns outside his office-door.

"Now clear your ship for action," my Lords their signal flew—
And WALKER he looked bounceable as he'd been lookin' blue,
"Up anchor, lads, and load your guns, my hearts of oak," says he,
"My Lords they have giv'n orders to face the enemy."

But soon bold WALKER looked more blue than he had looked afore
When the Dockyard Committee down on his quarter bore,
A pepperin' of his topsides with questions hot and hot,
And their sea-lawyer-questions a-pourin' in, like shot.

They raked him and they hulled him, and hit 'twixt wind and tide:
His tiller-ropes was shot away, his helm went yavin' wide;
And down come his top-hammer, and deadened so his way,
That damaged and disabled a sheer hulk there he lay.

Then up and spoke bold WALKER, "I'm blest," he says, says he,
"If in a game o' bowls like this again they ketches me,
I'd face the French and Rooshians, if they was one to ten,
But the shot of a Committee I'll never face again."

"Refit your ship for action!" again the signal flew,
"Two more Committees bearin' down upon my Lords and you!
It's DUNCOMBE that bold pirate, and ELPHINSTONE also;
Spite of my Lords they've sworn to take the Admiralty in tow."

Then it's up and spoke bold WALKER, "Blow'd if I do!" says he.
"You fight your ships ashore," he says, "I'll fight your ships at sea."

And down to Portsmouth Dockyard he takes a special train,
And aboard o' the *Narcissus* his flag hoists at the main.

"Now catch me, if you can," says he, "the wind great guns it blows;

But I'd rather brave the tempest—the worst o' that I knows—
Than face Committee's broadsides, the figures and the jaw,
Paid out by them sea-lawyers, with their lingo and their law."

Bold DUNCOMBE stood upon the deck, his spy-glass to his eye,
"Now, where's stout ADMIRAL WALKER?—I cannot him espy."
And ELPHINSTONE looked larboard, and starboard too looked he,
But nothing of bold WALKER could either of them see.

And "WALKER! WALKER! WALKER!" my Lords began to cry,
But those sons of guns of Echoes only "WALKER" did reply.
They telegraphed to Portsmouth, but telegraphs was vain,
They sent slow steamers arter, which they all came back again

And nobody has clapp'd an eye on WALKER since the day
That out o' Portsmouth Dockyard the *Narcissus* steamed away.
The wind it blew a gale ahead, but WALKER didn't mind,
Along o' them Committees that was kickin' him behind.

And still he's somewhere cruisin' in the Channel chops we know—
Like the Flyin' Dutchman, stunsails set, aloft and eke alo:
But blest if into Portsmouth bold WALKER steams again,
While there's Committees to be met, and figures to explain.

LOUD CRIES OF "WALKER."

On the "Railway Accidents" Debate, MR. JACKSON surprised us
by stating:—

"The fact is, the whole railway world is at sea."

Well, we should have thought the sea was about the last place the
railway world would have thought of going to. Whatever can they
want there? Has Science overcome the great difficulty of laying down
rails upon waves? At all events, they would have no lack of what is
called "rolling stock." However, since the railway world *is* at sea,
perhaps they would not mind, in the event of their falling in with SIR
BALDWIN WALKER, stopping him, and telling him to come back
immediately, as he is wanted at home. This act of kindness will save
the Admiralty a deal of unnecessary trouble in sending slow ships to
run after a fast one.

THE CRUISE OF THE ADMIRAL.

BY AN ADMIRALTY POET.

How gallantly, how pleasantly, he boundeth o'er the sea!
From fears of close Committee rooms our Admiral is free:
You see he knows a thing or two we wish kept snugly dark,
So we've started off the Admiral, and cry God speed his bark!

'Tis terrible to think from him what awkward truths might come,
What tongues he might untie which now are fortunately dumb;
I would not speak with levity, yet own I feel a doubt
If even the Big Ship would hold the cats he could let out.

'Tis he can tell what jobs are done beneath the naval rose,
Can tell how 'tis the men don't come, and how the money goes:
'Tis he can say of all our fleet what ships are bad or good,
And how, though iron's proved the thing, we still keep using wood.

'Tis he knows all our dockyards, and the cost of their delays:
How bran new ships are turned to hulks, and rot in Hamoaze:
How clever schemes get pooh-poohed by some pert official pup,
And trial ships so oft break down, and then get broken up.

He knows how many millions in repairs we yearly waste,
And how old tubs are tinkered up with most expensive haste:
He knows of all our gunboat fleet how few there are of use,
How many paddies now won't work, how many screws are loose.

Were he before Committee brought, what tales he might unfold!
How articles just paid for, as "old stores" are daily sold:
The failures of our architects, and what their cost he'd tell,
And how a ship that ought to sail too often proves a sell.

He'd tell how in our dockyards, when there's urgent work on hand,
There'd come one day a telegram the job to countermand:
Next week would bring an order to destroy what had been done,
And ere the month was out the work would be anew begun.

They'd ask why ships are fitted out, and when in perfect trim
Recalled, and all their hands paid off, for merest Whitehall whim;
Such questions might give rise perhaps to some unpleasant talk,
So we said—His name is WALKER, and away he'd better walk!

We manned our fastest ship for him, the fleetest of the fleet:
Then came the cry to call him back: with cheers the cry we greet.
"Oh yes, be sure we'll fetch him here—What ho! for sea prepare!"
And forth the tardy tortoise starts to catch the flying hare.

So gallantly and gaily may the good ship onward fly,
That bears away our Admiral from the House its hue and cry:
And when the storm of rude remarks that threatens now is o'er,
We'll welcome our brave Admiral home to his native shore.

"Walker is one who Walks."—Johnson.

SIR BALDWIN WALKER, says the *Times*, "has been Surveyor of the
Navy ever since SIR ROBERT PEELE's time." Now, "Surveyor," says
the Dictionary, is a synonym for "overseer," and of this word JOHN-
SON gives the meaning "one who overlooks." Referring to WALKER
—the writer not the admiral—we find this definition of the substantive
confirmed: and we doubt not that SIR BALDWIN, were he brought
before Committee (of which there seems to be not the slightest chance
at present) would show that it had been his business not so much
quite to look over as to overlook.

What Affectation!

HERE'S the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA making a tremendous fuss
because some one has been forging 100,000,000 notes on his Imperial
Treasury! We have no patience with such affected nonsense. Just
as if so small a number as 100,000,000 Austrian bank-notes could be of
the slightest value at any time to anybody! The Emperor has more
humour in him than we gave him credit for, and that is about the
extent of the credit we should feel inclined to give him under his
present reduced circumstances.

POOR AUSTRIA!

THE Venetians take their revenge against the Austrian bank-notes
that are attempted to be forced upon them by stamping upon every
one that comes into their hands the words of the print-illustrious
Sentinel to NAPOLEON:—"On ne passe pas ici."



GONE AWAY!

Old Coachman. "NOW, MISS ELLEN! MISS ELLEN! YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR PA SAID! YOU WAS TO TAKE THE GREATEST CARE OF JOEY!"—

Miss Ellen. "SO I WILL, ROBERT! AND THAT'S WHY I AM TAKING HIM OFF THE NASTY HARD ROAD, POOR THING!"

"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR."

An International Duet.

LOUIS.

"COME, MR. BULL, your purse is full,
Let's have a friendly game:
See, here I play you my *La Gloire*,
Now what's the card you name?"

JOHN.

"I play my *Warrior*, a good card,
And one I'll freely back:
Then follow suit with my *Black Prince*,
The king of all the pack.

"And so for every card you play,
You'll find that I'll play two:
My purse is heavy, as you say—
Who'll tire first, I or you?"

"Your little game, my foreign friend,
Is one that two can play:
And he will be most sure to win
Who can the longest pay.

"But is it wise to waste our time
(Nor is that loss the chief),
In games that can do neither good,
And may bring both to grief?

"Throw up your cards, I'll throw up mine,
And cease this fruitless labour:
There's better work for each to do
Than Beggaring his Neighbour!"

SPIRITUALISM AND QUARTER-DAY.

As one of those four periods of the year at which rent is supposed to be paid, but is very frequently not paid, is now coming on, many persons who, unfortunately, are not in a position of ability to make that payment, may be getting anxious about their furniture, lest it should be distrained by the landlord. Under these circumstances, would it be possible, by the aid of a medium, to impart to tables a permanent faculty of tipping and rapping—implant a motive power in chairs and stools, and inspire coffers and chests of drawers with an energetic agency? Because, if an execution were put into a house wherein all the furniture had been so spiritualised as to knock, and tilt, and walk about, and rock to and fro, and creak and crack, and otherwise behave itself as though actuated by intelligence, the sheriff's officer would be frightened away from the house. The broker would decline having anything to do with the bewitched goods and chattels. Among moveables constantly in voluntary motion around him, and making all manner of noises, the fellow in charge of them would feel himself too uncomfortable to remain. He would speedily obey the intimations conveyed by them in rapping out messages which he would interpret as unmistakeable requests to be off. The atmosphere of the sticks would be too hot to hold the Man in Possession, who would discover them to be the subjects of a possession prior to his own; effects possessed by emissaries of a personage worse than even his own employer.

Notice of Motion.

MR. PUNCH, to move that, with a view to save the public time and allow legislation to proceed, yet nevertheless to enable Honourable Members fond of talking to ask all manner of questions and make no end of speeches on the affairs of Europe, and other topics foreign to British interests, and to the purpose of Parliament, the whole Business of the Nation be referred to a Select Committee.



"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOUR."

PAM. "IS NOT YOUR MAJESTY TIRED OF THIS FOOLISH GAME?"

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"HAVING the honour to be your 'Roving Correspondent,' I naturally feel it my duty to keep up my erratic character as much as possible. I have recounted to you my experience of various places from ancient Rome to Modern Athens, and, later, have not allowed the paltry consideration of cab-hire to interfere with my Metropolitan peregrinations in search of a text. But the question is now, in what direction to proceed. Shall I take counsel of the Muses—bid them saddle me Pegasus with all possible dispatch? Alack! Clio will no more come at my summons than MRS. KINAHAN, my laundress, who allowed me to ring seventeen times this morning before she answered the bell; and as for Pegasus, I can scarcely afford to keep a cob. There was a humbler and more familiar winged creature to whom we appealed in early days. The form of invocation was, as far as I recollect:—

"Goosey, goosey, gander,
Whither shall I wander?
Up-stairs, down-stairs,
In my lady's cham—."

"Psha! The rhyme is manifestly incorrect, and besides any roving of such an exclusively domestic nature would soon become a dreary pilgrimage which I doubt if you would care to chronicle.

"Do you take my allegory? London is a fruitful subject and in the season (I speak as a mere worldling, you know), few places are so charming as a residence, but we all like to leave it now and then, and when the last speech has been made in that Parliament which has but just assembled, when half the blinds in Belgrave Square are enveloped in brown paper, away will scud MONS. JONES, SIGNOR BROWN, and HERR ROBINSON to the Continent. I know their haunts. I have seen JONES for instance, at Château Rouge, in Paris, attempting to dance, and I give you my word, he signally failed. I could make you die with laughter by imitating poor ROBINSON and the appalling grimaces which he made over a dish of sauerkraut in the *Baierischerhof*, Munich. As for BROWN, if any gentleman should be inclined to regard him as a mythical personage, I beg leave to offer my testimony to the contrary, for he lives within a sixpenny fare of my chambers now, and his son (VANDYKE) shared a studio with me lately in Rome. Rome! why does my pen falter at that word? Was it not from the Eternal City that I first had the pleasure of addressing you? I hinted that I was at a loss for a subject. What if I were to 'try back'? Italy is just now the great centre of European interest. *Punch*, on the other hand, is the great organ of public opinion. Rome is, or is to be, the great capital of Italy; and I—I am your humble servant. *Ergo*, Rome shall be my subject."

"Rome. Why did I go there? what route did I take? and how did I spend my time on the banks of the Tiber? these, methinks are questions which I might answer in a few letters that should be both amusing and instructive— Well, perhaps I may say instructive too; for, rely on it, I shall treat of some matters which you will not find in MURRAY'S *Handbook*, and which neither NIEBUHR nor NIBBY have discussed.

"So, with your leave, I will make bold at once to enter on

"JACK EASEL'S JOURNAL.

"I had just sold my first historical picture (you will find it described in the *Royal Academy Exhibition Catalogue* (No. 5099),—viz., *Conon rebuilding the Long Walls at Athens*, B.C. 393,—when my old friend DICK DEWBERRY, of Trin. Coll., Cam., looked me up at my humble studio in Soho.

"DICK, after having been twice plucked (and bearing that calamity on each occasion with wonderful resignation), had been up for his degree a third time, and had just pulled through. So, before entering on his legal studies at the Temple, the youth had urged on his Papa, MR. D. (of that well-known firm DEWBERRY, DUMPS & DEWBERRY), the experience of a little foreign travel. The old gentleman, who has a great notion of the benefits to be derived from 'seeing the world,' 'expanding the intellect,' &c., &c., assented to the proposition with his usual good-nature, and out of his own library gave DICK, ALISON'S *History of Europe* (large edition); GIBBON'S *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* (do. do. complete); FORSYTH'S *Italy*; SMITH'S *Greek and Roman Antiquities*; together with DR. LEMPRIERE'S *Classical* (and invaluable) *Dictionary*; without which celebrated works, as MR. DEWBERRY, SEN. (himself an old Carthusian, and Honorary Fourth at Oxford) justly remarked, no one possessing an average stock of intelligence can possibly enjoy travelling in Italy.

"I had quitted Eastminster School a couple of years before DICK, but we had both been fagged and licked at that time-honoured seminary together, and were in fact old chums; so that, being in very good spirits about the sale of my picture, and having worked very steadily for three months previously, D. D. did not find much difficulty in persuading me

* We confess that we do not quite follow our friend's course of argument. His premises are plain enough, but their relation seems a little obscure. However, it is just possible he may be right in his deduction, and, to say the truth, we happen to have mislaid our WHATELY.

to join him—and, over a modest little dinner at the Chanticleer, we agreed to start on the following Monday, and after staying a few weeks at Porto Franco, to make straight for Rome, where I intended to paint and TOM to read: the Eternal City being—to quote again the words of MR. DEWBERRY—an inexhaustible mine of artistic and classical interest.

"To you, my dear *Punch*, who have no doubt made the very same journey yourself, I will not recount all the various little incidents which happened on the road. Novel writers and lady journalists have chronicled such from time immemorial, and to my mind the frequent recurrence of the same species of anecdote has become rather a bore. To SAM SAUNTER or PEREGRINE SMITH who read these pages over their coffee at the Cigar Divan, or after dinner at the Pallas Minerva Club—what boots it, I say, to these gentlemen, to be told how rough the weather was in crossing the Channel, or what were our first impressions on landing at Boulogne? Old CAPSICOMBE sipping his claret at the 'Wanderers' could tell you a host of anecdotes more entertaining than that stupid one which D. D. repeats to this day, about the tipsy Irishman going into the lady's cabin on board the *Baron Nosey*, or the embarrassing mistake which the steward made in consequence of LADY PRISM'S bad French. Those *blasé* old clubsters have experienced such passages, and gone through similar scenes a hundred times, and take no more notice of them in print than of a country cousin in Pall Mall, or a charity sermon at St. Grimes's. So we will, if you please, make short work of the journey, and indeed scarcely anything happened in it worth recording, save that at Boulogne that scapegrace, MASTER DICK, confided to the care of the *chef garçon* at the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, (until his return) most of the calf bound tomes which his fond father had recommended to his attention, in order to make room for some ingenious French Romances more suited to his taste; and that an unpleasant little affair occurred at the well-known Botanical and Natural History Gardens of Mabilly in Paris (after DICK's second bottle of Chablis), when some *gens d'armes* officiously interfered, and thus delayed us a few days longer than we had intended to remain in that famous city.

"We slept a night at Dijon, where I am ashamed to say I quite forgot to ask for the celebrated mustard, which my old French master BÂFREUR (he has never forgiven me) so particularly charged me to remember, and taking the steamboat at Chalons, where I made a little sketch and an enormous dinner, we went down the Soane and Rhone very pleasantly to Marseilles, and the next day embarked on board the *Crache-feu* (CAPTAIN BOWLES) for Porto Franco, having paid our fare in the 'aft,' including dinner, with as much of that quality of wine, very properly called ordinary, as we could drink at a sitting. Enough, however, they say is as good as a feast, and since this letter is sufficiently long already, you shall hear more of that banquet in my next.

"Faithfully yours,

"JACK EASEL."

THE REFORM BREEZE.

LORD JOHN has received the following letter:—

"Dear sir,—hearing as how your in want of a Little Breeze to cary the reform bil over the bar of the couse of lords, i beg to say as how ive safral cart lodes of the same very much at your dispoalgal which i hope Redspeckfolly we shall come to tums, and i

"remain, Dear Sir, JOHN,

"Your umble Sarvant,

"MAGNUS CARTER DARK,

"Dust Poorwagor to Her Madjisty."

LORD JOHN, we are informed, has not as yet deigned to send a reply. Perhaps, his Lordship, with his usual astuteness, looks upon it as a hoax.

By the bye, LORD JOHN wanted a breeze for the Reform Bill, and it strikes us that he has come in for it himself; and such an unnatural parent deserved blowing up a little for abandoning his offspring.

Painful Imprudence.

ONE of the declarations relative to *Essays and Reviews* which, signed by numerous Clergymen, have appeared in the papers, actually contains paginal references to those parts of that volume which the gentlemen whose signatures are attached to the manifesto condemn as heterodox. We abstain from quoting the numbers of the pages indicated by the reverend gentlemen. If *Essays and Reviews* contain sceptical passages, Mr. *Punch* at least will not furnish them with an index.

REFORM ANTI-REFORMERS.

THE loss of MR. LOCKE KING'S motion for the reduction of the County franchise suggests a consideration to which our friends the extreme Liberals should take heed. It is this, that the country is getting sick of debates about reform which, by impeding useful legislation, hinder practical reforms.



OW MARY HANNE FOLLOWS THE FASHION.

QUITE A LEGAL LINE.

THE moral philosophy respecting gentle blood professed by MAJOR YELVERTON has elicited certain statements attributing a low origin to the House of AVONMORE. In reply to these, another member of the YELVERTON family has written a letter to the *Irish Times*, assuring the editor of that journal that "there is no older or better blood" than theirs in the country. Of this assertion he advances the following proof:—

"The YELVERTONS can show four chief judges in their pedigree."

Oh! The YELVERTONS can show four chief judges in their pedigree, can they? They can also show a defendant in a celebrated civil action. They will be lucky if they have not further to show an eminent culprit. To four ornaments of the ermine it will be well for them if there shall not be added a notoriety of the bar, at which the heir of a judicial House may possibly be indicted for bigamy. Then their descendants will have had four ancestors on the bench and one in the dock.

Note on Naval Estimates.

We want more iron-clad steamers. What next? Not anything at present, perhaps; but by-and-by our *Warriors* and *Black Princes* will be abolished by the discovery of some new projectile capable of sinking or smashing them; and then our ironides will take their place with Brown Bess among a class of antiquities which will be pronounced rusty.

A CHOKER FOR HIGH CHURCHMEN.

CONSIDERABLE ability is shown by the religious newspapers, so called, in catering for the theological palate of their respective readers. It is possible, however, to cut hypocritical humbug too fat. For example, take the subjoined slice from the *Union*, mockpopish organ:—

"PRAYERS FOR THE POPE.—We are surprised that the clergy have not publicly asked the prayers of their congregations for the suffering church in Italy, and for POPE PIUS NINTH, so sorely tried just now. Surely, whatever may be the different shades of opinion prevailing in the Church of England with regard to the Roman branch of the Church Catholic, and the Bishop of Rome, its earthly head, no High churchman at least can refuse to supplicate the Divine Head of the one holy catholic and apostolic church, that it may please Him to comfort and relieve our afflicted sister Church according to her several necessities, giving her patience under her sufferings, and a happy issue out of all her afflictions."

This lump of gammon is a little more than big enough for the widest "Anglo Catholic" swallow. The most gullible frequenter of "S" Barnabas would choke in the attempt to gulp "the suffering church in Italy," and the POPE, "sorely tried;" supposed to be tried and suffering as undergoing persecution and martyrdom. The very incumbent of St. George's-in-the-East, if he has not altogether gone over to Rome, can hardly hold, and be prepared to pray for, the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiff. The *Union*, moreover, rates the understanding of its subscribers ridiculously low in inviting them to offer prayers for the BISHOP OF ROME, regarded as the head of one branch of the Church Catholic, whilst they acknowledge the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY as the head of another. As if every high Churchman did not very well know himself to be disowned by the POPE as a heretic and a schismatic, and was not aware that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has been solemnly abolished by a Papal edict superseding that prelate by an ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. As though every fool, the greatest in Pimlico, required to be informed that even if DR. PUSEY himself were to die in his Puseyism, his very remains would be denied burial in a Roman Catholic cemetery. Pray for the POPE?—very proper; very proper!—as a late Royal Duke used to say. Pray for the POPE, yes, to be sure; along with Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics; and you will reciprocate the charity which the earthly head of the Roman branch of the Church Catholic may possibly vouchsafe to exercise towards yourselves. The *Union* seems to suppose its party ignorant of the fact that the POPE no more recognises them than he does the Recordites, and that he anathematizes the "Anglo-Catholic" Church head, body, and limbs. The *Record*, indeed, might consistently advise its readers to pray for the POPE, without insulting their intellects. Pray for those who curse you, would perhaps be the suggestion of our evangelical contemporary. But the *Union*, in affecting to make common cause, politically with Pro Nono, betrays, or rather parades,

a ridiculous contempt for the minds to whose prejudices its business is to purvey. As a commercial speculation dealing with educated men, the pseudo-papistical journal should beware of laying it on too thick. We beg the *Union's* pardon if it is genuinely papistical, and conducted by Jesuits, who merely write under orders from their General, and have a dispensation for pretending to be English parsons.

ATTRACTIVE NOVELTY.

A NEW invention, which promises to revolutionise the system of naval warfare, is hereby proposed to the notice of the Admiralty. The idea in which it consists is that of constructing an immense iron screw-steamer, considerably bigger than the *Great Eastern*, to contain a huge magnet, maintained in action by means of a galvanic arrangement carried on board. The superior swiftness of so large and powerful a vessel would enable her easily to overtake one of much smaller size. In case, therefore, the *Gloire*, or any other of the iron-clad frigates which our allies are building, threatened to be troublesome, the magnetic monster ship would have simply to run after her and get within hail of her, when the force of attraction would terminate the chase. The big vessel would attract the little one as a child with a toy-magnet draws a little boat to the edge of a wash-hand basin. The enemy might thus be quietly towed into port; for her fire would be ineffectual against her gigantic adversary, from whose deck shells might be dropped, and prussic acid, cacodyle, and melted iron poured into her, if necessary. She might, however, be safely suffered to blaze away, offering her captor a resistance similar to the kicks and cuffs wherewith a little pickpocket struggles against the policeman who is dragging him along. The expense of this addition to the Navy would not be small; but in for a penny in for a pound: in for a great deal more than tenpence in the pound. What it cost us in electro-magnetism we should save in gunpowder, for there would be small need for a ship to carry guns when armed with an all-powerful galvanic battery.

Members of the same Family that are very Distant to one Another.

WASHINGTON is generally known as the "City of Magnificent Distances." We think, if the gulf keeps widening, that title will have to be taken from the capital, and given to the country at large; for if these secessions and ruptures continue much longer, it will be America itself that will soon be known as "THE NATION OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



chirping. One writer accuses me of paying very readily, while another talks about my 'inexperienced prejudice,' and says my 'gentle dulness' has no discrimination, and only can defame.

"I find these latter compliments in a paragraph which calls you 'our satirical hebdomadal,' and thus comments on your presence not long since at Drury Lane:—

"The press has well nigh unanimously passed their veto on MR. KEAN as a great actor: the public have endorsed it as a decision with their hands and feet. How comes it Mr. Punch must needs cry up a fellow who has cut out of two legions, and hiss when nobody else does?"

"I would that what this writer states were literally true, and that the press had really 'passed their veto on MR. KEAN.' But unhappily the press, with one or two exceptions, has done just the reverse, and has 'werry much applauded' what it ought to have decried. In thus misleading the public to form a wrong conception, the press, as I conceive, has done itself no good, and has done the public harm: and when the latter learns how it has been misled, it will cancel all its confidence in those who have misguided it. The duty of a critic is to point out imperfections, and to praise what is well done. But his standard of excellence should be by his judgment and experience be higher than his readers', and his remarks should tend to elevate and correct the public taste. When he cracks up MR. KEAN as a 'most consummate artist,' he betrays a faulty judgment, or states what he knows is false. The public for a while may 'endorse his decision,' but depend on it ere long they will use their own discernment, and refuse to be misled. Why I chiefly blame such writers is, that the course they are pursuing is degrading to the press, which must cease to be looked up to for integrity or taste. To applaud without a word of censure such a *Hamlet* as CHARLES KEAN's, is to show a thorough lack of judgment and experience, such as clearly must unfit a critic for his post. Of course the public may cry Bravo! without thinking much about it, but a critic is responsible, and should be careful where he claps. It may seem snobbish to quote Latin in answer to a writer who doesn't know what the word 'veto' means, but if any British playgoer asked me how to recognise the *Hamlet* of CHARLES KEAN, I would tell him, in the words of HORACE (slightly altered)—

"Si quid novisti villius isto,
Candidus imperti: si non, hies utere mecum."

"I have not yet seen the *Chimney Corner*, of which I hear good tidings; but if people want a contrast to that quiet piece, I should advise their taking a seat at Drury Lane and a sight at the *Savannah*. They who like to sup on horrors may here have quite a surfeit; but they had better put some cotton in their ears before they go, or they may run a risk of being deafened by the firing. 'Pop goes the Rifle' is the tune throughout the piece; and when the curtain falls there is a regular double-barrelled rattling fusillade, with the addition of some big guns banging in the distance. However much one wants to emigrate, one would not like to live in Mexico, if what one sees in the *Savannah* be a true picture of existence. The scenery, indeed, must be worth going to look at, if it be only half as beautiful as MR. BEVERLEY has painted it; but a nervous man would hardly appreciate its loveliness, beset as his each step would be with robbers, tigers, rifle-bullets, poisoned flowers, and boa-constrictors. By the way, I never saw a boa-constrictor on the stage before, and I must notice its *début* as quite a 'startling novelty!' It wriggled through its part with all the ease of an old stager, and the effect which it produced was literally screaming.

"As for attempting a description of the plot of this new drama, it would puzzle a Machiavel to give the merest outline of it. Enough that MR. RYDER is recognised at once as a hoarse and hairy villain, and MRS. CHARLES J. MATHEWS as his interesting victim: her husband being fitted with a harum-skarum character,

which enables him to turn up whenever he is wanted to act as a relief to the horrors of the piece. Those who saw MR. MATHEWS in the *Overland Mail* may have some notion of his power of adapting himself to circumstances, and will hardly stare to see him emerge from swamp and jungle, as cool and self-possessed as though from Bond Street or Cheapside, arrayed in 'zephyr coat' uniform and a pair of spotless boots. Nor, after the first act or two, will they much wonder at the other miracles they witness; as, for instance, troops of ballet-girls appearing in full fig in the middle of a prairie: both ruffians and rescuers again alive and kicking, whom they a while ago beheld, 'before their very eyes,' shot, drowned, poisoned, thrown down torrents, tied upon wild horses, brained with massive (saw-dust) boulders, or hurled headlong into chasms of unfathomable depth. It may seem strange, and not quite natural, that a score of well-armed ruffians should wait for night to lie in ambush for a couple of Cockney tourists, whose only weapons were a pistol and a *Post-Office Directory*; but nature in these cases must give way to stage effect; and when four men dodge round tree-trunks in the Yankee style of duelling, we must not wonder to see one of them rush out of his hiding-place, make full a minute's speech of most unbearable abuse, and not till then be shot at (and missed at three yards distance) when he had quite finished it. This quadrangular combat, which comes by way of climax to the comic situations, gave me a new insight into backwood fighting. I was not aware before that, in 'primeval forests,' rifles, ready-loaded, grew behind the trees; yet that such must be the case was clearly shown in the *Savannah*, for at least a dozen shots were fired by the four duellists, and I am quite certain that not one of them re-loaded.

"Altogether I must own that I relished the *Savannah* much more than I did *Hamlet*, as seen lately at this theatre, although some parts of the latter were vastly entertaining, and I think, too, the subordinates engaged at Drury Lane are seen to more advantage in such pieces than in SHAKESPEARE.

"To close the evening's entertainment, which was over very rationally soon after eleven—(I wish that every curtain would drop as the clock strikes) there was some pleasant dancing by MADLLE. DI RHONA, who is both quick and graceful in what she undertakes. It is not often that these epithets can with truth be coupled, and when I say that this young dancer can use her tongue well-nigh as neatly as she can her legs, I am giving her more praise than most of her profession are likely to deserve. I may add *Le Roi des Pierrots* is quite worth staying to see, and does credit to the comic powers of MONSIEUR KNAACK, who besides the talent for arranging pretty groups, has himself decidedly a knaack of comic dancing.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

ASTONISHING BLUNDER.

BISHOP TROWER, in introducing the clerical deputation which waited upon the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY the other day to deliver their protest against *Essays and Reviews*, observed that the address they had assembled to present had been signed by "nearly 8000 of the clergy, including Deans, Archdeacons, and Professors at the Universities of every shade of opinion." The Bishop might as well have said nothing about the different shades of opinion prevalent amongst his associates. To so many various shades what is the addition of one more shade, lighter or darker? It is difficult to see how a body of every shade of opinion can unite in condemning any shade of opinion; and if they do, one would feel disposed to say that, in point of honesty, they were not particular to a shade.

A New Point of View.

WE have often heard persons say, "Oh! I saw it at once with half an eye." Now we never could make out what "half an eye" was; for though we have seen all kinds of eyes, yet we never recollect having seen half a one, unless perhaps it was what children call a bull's-eye. We suppose that half an eye is a day-pupil.

THE BISHOP OF DURHAM'S EXCUSE FOR HIS PATRONAGE.—"CHEESE always comes in before Dessert."



DINING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

HERE WE SPIRITS ARE AGAIN!

GLANCING at the *Era*, the other day at breakfast, we found that our digestion was considerably disturbed by this startling bit of news:—

THE SPIRIT OF JOEY GRIMALDI YET WALKS THE EARTH.
THEATRE ROYAL, JUMPINGTON.—Notice to Proprietors of First-class Theatres, Gardens, Concert Halls, Circuses, &c.—MONS. FANFARON, the great Bending Contortionist, Tumbler, Gymnast, and Pantomimist, now fulfilling a most successful engagement as Clown at the above Theatre, will be at liberty March 4th, 1861. Managers requiring his services please address as above. All letters promptly attended to.—P.S. Engagement in Scotland or Ireland preferred.

Good gracious! we exclaimed; have the Spirits come to this? Are they summoned from the vasty deep, or wherever else they come from, not merely to turn tables and play tricks with the furniture, but to go about the provinces in pantomimic troops, tumbling, bending, and contortionising for country folk to gape at? A hard fate it is doubtless, to be called up into drawing-rooms to dupe a pack of fools with rappings and with tappings, and with twinings, and with tiltings, and with all the hackneyed tricks of pantomimic spirit utterance; but how much worse must it be to have to wander about the world the ghost of what one was, and to tickle country bumpkins with the ashes of one's wit! Alas! poor Yorick! *Eheu!* poor JOEY GRIMALDI! Is there then no peace for your perturbed spirit? We thought the last shred of your mantle, JOE, had long since disappeared, torn to atoms imperceptible in the struggle that arose for it. We fondly hoped at length you were allowed to be at rest, and that no disturbing hand would evermore intrude upon you. But it seems we were deceived. Here you are again, we see, heading an advertisement, and lugged in neck and heels to puff a clumsy plagiarist. Nay, who knows but you were forced to pen the puff yourself? Spirits have been made of late to give the world their autographs, and why should they not be induced to write their own advertisements? This, strange though it may seem, is a more reasonable presumption than that a living man with brains should pen what we have quoted.

A Whisper in the Ear of Brother Jonathan.

KEEP together, whatever you do. Maintain the Union at any risk. We tell you—and *Punch* never was wrong yet—that the secret of America's strength is gone, like every secret, the moment it is split.

IF MR. ROEBUCK will promise never to return to his disconsolate constituents at Sheffield, his late extraordinary conduct on the Austrian business will be forgotten, and, if possible, forgiven; and, on their side, the constituents promise most solemnly that they will never make another effort to seek the future return of Mr. ROEBUCK. JOHN ARTHUR, a long Adieu. *Grinder's Hall, March 16.*

ABORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.

BY LORD MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

I.

CHACKABOO, chickaboo, chuckaboo, chew,
 Mark baby over with pretty tattoo;
 Cut in the pattern like open-work tart:
 Rub in the powder, and make baby smart.

II.

Catch a little white boy, catch him by the leg,
 Kill a little white boy, get the crumbs and egg,
 Fry a little white boy, do him brown and dry,
 Put him on the table with the missionary pie.

III.

Tattoo him, tattoo him, artist-man,
 So we will, father, as fast as we can,
 Prick him, and prick him, and mark him with V,
 For the name of the QUEEN that lives over the sea.

IV.

Will my baby go a courting,
 Yes, and so my baby shall:
 Take his club and bang the lady:
 That's the way to court the gal.

V.

O fie, naughty WANG-WANG, don't scratch little brother,
 You're spoiling his pattern, you mischievous dunce:
 Live like good little cannibals, love one another—
 Or Mamma'll take you both, dear, and eat you at once.

VI.

What, cry when I'd cook you, not like to be stewed?
 Then go and be raw, and not fit to be food.
 Until you leave off, and I see that you've smiled,
 I shan't take the trouble to eat such a child.

Misfortune Never Comes Singly.

"WELL, I declare, it's just like my luck (exclaimed a poor unfortunate merchant in the Borough) here have Hops been rising lately ever so high, and now, I'm told, the Poles have risen also."

ADVICE TO A MUSICIAN OF THE FUTURE.—Try BACH.



WHATEVER MAY BE A FRENCHMAN'S DEFECTS, HE AT LEAST KNOWS HOW TO DRESS—AND ISN'T THE HAT HE NOW WEARS A SWEET THING?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

March 18, Monday. The Schleswig-Holstein question is making LORD ELLENBOROUGH uncomfortable, and he thinks that the Prussians are disposed to begin a war with Denmark, that in this case France will take part with the latter, and so a general disturbance will be brought on. LORD WODEHOUSE endeavoured to calm the elephantine mind by informing its owner that the KING OF DENMARK made an important concession as to the taxation grievance in Holstein, and there were hopes of a pacific termination of the affair.

In both Houses to-night Addresses of Condolence were voted to HER MAJESTY, who, on the preceding Saturday, had been deprived of her admirable parent, the DUCHESS OF KENT. LORD GRANVILLE and LORD DERBY, in the House of Lords, and LORD PALMERSTON and MR. DISRAELI, in the House of Commons, gave graceful expression to the feelings with which the sorrows of the QUEEN are regarded by her people.

The Commons worked at the Bankruptcy Bill, which, after a great deal of discussion, went through Committee, but with reservations of important clauses. Later in the week these came in again, and SIR HUGH CAIRNS compelled the abandonment of the proposed provisions for dealing with the insolvent estates of deceased persons, which bits of the Bill were melodramatically called the *Dead Man's* clauses. There is still great uneasiness felt lest the Bill should give a tradesman power to turn a gentleman into a bankrupt while he is away at Baden or on the moors, and in the course of one of the debates SIR RICHARD BETHELL told MR. ROEBUCK that there was no more danger of such a thing than there was of MR. ROEBUCK's being made bankrupt while he was away in Austria, being petted by archduchesses in gilded saloons, a poke which amused the House. Finally, after various divisions, it was arranged that the Bill should be re-printed, and the Third Reading taken directly after Easter. Such is the progress of the real measure of the session.

THE SCARLET ROVER.

SINKS it at last to rise no more,
The thing misnamed the Bark of PETER?
Oft has it been capsized before,
To right again; and men disoreeter
Than once, the hopeful thought will check
That Pirate is at length a wreck.

Yet neither boasts the Pirate's crew,
With unassailable foundation,
That she has passed all scathless through
The tempest and the tribulation,
By every storm her hull was shattered,
Her yards were snapped, her sails were tattered.

Three hundred years ago she sprung
A leak, which calking roughly mended;
And psalms, prematurely sung,
Too soon proclaimed her voyage ended,
When PETER's Bark her first great shock
Sustaining, struck on PETER's Rock.

Refitted and repaired again,
She still some while the gale may weather;
A lie believed by many men
Will hold a length of time together.
She may not founder now, nor tumble
At once to bits; may slowly crumble.

But see, her mainmast's nearly gone;
Her timbers are completely shivered!
Her company may yet hold on,
Although her captives are delivered,
'Tis almost, if not quite, all over
With that old craft, the Scarlet Rover.

There are no Children Nowadays.

Fond Parent. Shame on you, JULIA! You know you have been out to a number of parties this season. Weren't you out last Tuesday, Miss?

Young Lady (of about nine years of age). Psha! I don't call that a party. Why, there were no ices!!!

Tuesday. One for the Dissenting Nob. The Second Reading of a Bill for making people on their taking certain offices (not chambers, Viscount, but situations) take also vows not to injure the Church of England, was moved by LORD TAUNTON, and opposed by LORD CHELMSFORD, who insisted that the time when Dissenters were doing their hardest to upset the Church, was not the time to make concessions to them. A majority of the Lords, 49 to 38, took the same view, and the Bill was sent flying.

When the Afghanistan business had to be discussed, years ago, the despatches of SIR ALEXANDER BURNES were published for the use of Parliament. But the editors of the work, being ministers, and much more concerned to vindicate themselves than to save the reputation of SIR ALEXANDER, cut down his matter with exceeding freedom. The excised portions of the correspondence are stated to place SIR A. B.'s character in a very different light from that in which it stood at the time, and his friends are naturally anxious to have the subject investigated. MR. DUNLOP brought the question up, and some very strong language was used on both sides. LORD PALMERSTON defending the mutilation, and being much abused, therefore, by MR. BRIGHT, who declared that a felonious offence had been committed. MR. DISRAELI came to the rescue after his peculiar fashion, and demanded why MR. BRIGHT, if he thought LORD PALMERSTON a party to felony, had voted confidence in him a couple of years ago? Two divisions were taken, but 158 to 61, and 159 to 49 are numbers that show how little the House is induced to rake up old grievances.

Wednesday. SIR JOHN TRELAUNY desires to introduce reforms into the system of County Rating, and to give the rate-payers some little control over the magistrates. SIR JOHN PAKINGTON, for the county gentlemen, has no idea of any such impertinence, and the second baronet beat the first, and the Bill by which it was proposed to effect the purpose was rejected on Second Reading. A MR. BEST seems to have given PAKINGTON and the Worcester magnates vast offence by alleging that they govern by means of a clique, to which the other justices are subservient, and SIR JOHN declared that MR. BEST's allegation was a falsehood, and that he was a baffled candidate for office. The second part of the proposition may be true, and yet the first may not be; but there is nothing like imputing motives, the

generous British public likes personal charges, and usually interests itself ten times more about them than about the principles involved in a quarrel.

Thursday. Those disreputable islanders, the Ionians, have been making another demonstration, insulting British rule, and clamouring about being annexed to Greece. The Lord High Commissioner, SIR HENRY STOKES, has very properly shut them up by shutting up the Assembly in which their antics are performed. It is difficult to make the Ionian idiots understand that England would as soon wash her hands of them as not, but that she keeps the islands, by the particular desire of certain persons of distinction, in order to be ready to protect the Mediterranean against certain other persons of distinction, and therefore all the capering and vapouring of the Ionians is beside the question. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE did not say this, in answer to LORD NORMANBY, but had better have done so, and hereby receives *Mr. Punch's* permission to say it the next time NORMANBY talks nonsense—a date by no means resembling the Greek kalends.

The Lords, by a majority of 33 to 25, threw out a useful Bill for demolishing Holywell Street and widening the Strand. LORD REDESDALE opposed the measure, saying that private persons ought not to have compulsory powers to take the property of other persons. Considering that this is exactly what every railway company is empowered to do, the objection seems futile; but what is the use of reasoning with a Lord who can command a majority. Two Cabinet Ministers spoke for the measure, which it may be supposed is merely postponed, as the foolishness for which REDESDALE made fight is becoming intolerable. That night Holywell Street was illuminated, LORD REDESDALE's health was drunk in flowing kevarterns of gin, several shovels of potato-parings were given away to the poor, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed until the Police arrived.

MR. BERKELEY asked SIR G. C. LEWIS why theatres are closed when Royal deaths occur, and music-halls and casinos are left open? SIR GEORGE explained that the authorities had power to interfere only with the more reputable places of entertainment; but he had an idea

of legislating. While he is about it, could he do anything in favour of the unfortunate actors and actresses, who are the only people in London who have real and personal cause to mourn such events; for they have their salaries cut off on the night of the demise and on that of the funeral. As Managers profit hugely by the visits of Royalty to the theatres, and the fashion thereby set, a brief clause, hinting that fair play might be shown to the actors when Royalty departs this life, would be extremely popular in the Green Room.

MR. SPOONER announced that he should not bring in a Maynooth Bill, for the reason that his eyesight was not good enough to enable him to read the documents by which he must enforce his arguments. *Mr. Punch* is very sorry for the Honourable Member's inconvenience, but—

Friday. The Lord Commissioners duly honoured the following little Bills.—The Consolidated Fund, £4,000,000, the Enclosure, the Bank of England, and the Red Sea and India Telegraph. As the LORD CHANCELLOR did not ask the SPEAKER to take a seat on the Woolsack, the Hon. Gentleman returned to his own easy-chair in the House of Commons. EARL DE GREY snubbed ELLENBOROUGH, who asked for some inconvenient papers, and several petitions on the subject of the Church Rates were put into the waste-paper basket. LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE was told to wait till after Easter for some information he required about the occupation of Syria. After a little quiet gossip concerning Schleswig-Holstein, Macclesfield, Gas, and Mexican Bonds, the Lords having nothing else to do, did it.

In the House of Commons the only subjects of popular interest were the QUEEN's simple and graceful reply to the Address of Condolence. SIR G. C. LEWIS's explanation respecting SIR R. MAYNE and the Kossuth Notes, and which left the matter precisely as it was, LORD ELCHO's long shot at SIR B. WALKER, LORD CLARENCE PAGET's elegant extracts from the letters of BRUCE and DUNDAS in reply, and a lecture from LORD JOHN RUSSELL to our old friend DUNCOMBE on the inexpediency of weekly discourses of Foreign Affairs. Parliament then rose for the Easter Holidays.

AN EVIDENT MISTAKE.



ON the account of the inaugural ball given by the President at Washington, we read that

"MISS EDWARDS, niece of MRS. LINCOLN, is acknowledged to be the belle of the evening."

We have never had the pleasure of seeing Miss EDWARDS, and we were not present at the Ball, but we take upon ourselves, with all due respect, and without the slightest wish to offend, to contradict the above judgment. We have good reason for our contradiction, and it is this: in the opening part of the

same account, we were informed that MRS. — (never mind the name; Mrs. DUCK, if you like)—

"Is gorgeously attired in 2,000 dollars' worth of lace, and 20,000 dollars' worth of diamonds."

Now we contend that MRS. DUCK was entitled to be called "the belle of the evening." It is well known in estimating a lady's charms, that the beauty of her dress is always canvassed first, and the beauty of her countenance next. Who would be unmannerly enough to pit a pretty face against the latest new fashion from Paris? The handsome niece of MRS. LINCOLN may have excited more admiration amongst the gentlemen; but we will be bound that the lady, whose gorgeous attire is so minutely described above to the preciseness of a cent, created a great deal more envy amongst the ladies; and as the decision of ladies on these delicate matters is acknowledged to be both final and infallible, we are afraid that the former must yield the palm to the latter. What loveliness is there in this low world that can possibly stand up against jewellery and lace! Venus herself, in *à la mode* (for her toilet, *d'après les tableaux*, was never of the fullest or costliest array) would have had to hide her face in the presence of MRS. DUCK. It has evidently been a mistake of the inexperienced reporter. When Miss EDWARDS

(we hope we shall be forgiven for talking thus familiarly of a lady whom we have not the happiness of knowing!) is "gorgeously attired in 2000 dollars' worth of lace," and ten times that amount of diamonds (what a DUCK o' Diamonds their fortunate possessor must be!), then it will be time for her to be "acknowledged the belle of the evening."

In a land where the Almighty Dollar commands almost exclusive worship, a young lady, let her be ever so fascinating, is admired not for what she is, but for what she is worth. The handsomest face will pale before a handsome fortune. Who could resist falling in love with a lady whose ornaments alone represented a trifle under £4600! Add to that the value of her dress, her embroidered handkerchief, her enamelled vinaigrette, her jewelled fan, and innumerable other charms too delicious to dwell upon, and you must have the frankness to acknowledge that a beauty like that is indeed invaluable!

Superiority of the Superior Sex.

WE learn from the *Athenaeum* that "MISS SUSAN DURANT has received a commission to execute one of the poetical marbles for the Mansion House, being so far as we recollect, the first English lady who has ever obtained a compliment of this particular kind." Who deserves compliments, pray, but clever English ladies? Women ought to make good sculptors, especially in taking busts of the so-called and self-created Lords of the Creation. We say this advisedly, knowing what first-rate hands women invariably are in cutting out the gentlemen.

THE BISHOP-MAKER.

THE *on dit* runs that a petition is about to be presented to LORD PALMERSTON, praying of him that the temporal and spiritual powers of LORD SHAFTESBURY may for the future be divided.

AMERICAN METEOROLOGY.

Now boy, what are aërolites? Guess they're the remains of secedin' Stars smashed to pieces, that have tumbled out of the sky.

WHICH of the Italian Princes is the most to be pitied? The one who is out of Lucca.

FASHIONS FOR FESTIVALS.

THE subjoined announcement, *mutatis mutandis*, that is to say with change only of names, lately appeared in the advertising columns of the *English Churchman* :—

SURPLICES.—SURPLICES FOR EASTER.—MESSRS. FALDERAL & SON have prepared their usual large supply of SURPLICES of superior form and quality, so much admired.

There are supposed to be some old women among the Clergy; but the above advertisement seems to indicate that there are also many young ladies. Here we have linendrapers announcing themselves as having prepared for Easter their usual large supply of surplices, and describing those surplices in just the very terms which the trade applies to silks and muslins. What is the material which forms the fabric of these surplices of "superior" form and quality, "so much admired." Is it chintz? Fancy a lot of young parsons collected together and staring in at MESSRS. FALDERAL & SON'S window, or being taken by female friends to the establishment of that enterprising concern, shopping. Imagine the assistants behind the counter saying, "Any other article to-day, Sir?—allow me to tempt you with an alb. Sweet things in stoles, Sir! Neat dalmatics, Sir; very chaste! Pretty patterns for chasubles, Sir; charming copes; last Spring fashions from Paris and novelties from Rome." Now that we see surplices advertised in the regular slang of milliners, we can quite understand the feeling with which a certain rector whose bishop had compelled him to relinquish his pretty robes, pathetically observed that he should never wear those beautiful vestments again. We suppose we shall soon have divines of this class sporting flouncings on their frocks, and ecclesiastical emporiums and depôts puffing their "Crimoline for Cassocks."

AN EQUIVOCAL COMPLIMENT.

THE EARL OF SHELburne, in moving the second reading of the Metropolitan Central Hotel Company Bill, (which we are extremely sorry was thrown out, inasmuch as anything would have been better than two large tainted blocks of buildings that are a disgrace to any moral city) remarked that—

"It would be a benefit on the public by opening up the wretched neighbourhood of Wych Street and Holywell Street, with which their Lordships were no doubt well acquainted."

Were their Lordships flattered with this delicate allusion? Shall we be ill-natured and say that their Lordships must have been "well acquainted" with them, inasmuch as they refused, from the force of long association, or the spirit of friendship inspired by the acquaintance of many years, to part with a single brick of them? That incubus of pollution is still to remain. Who would have thought that Holywell Street and Wych Street would have had grateful reason to exclaim :—"Thank Heaven! we have a House of Lords." Where, might we ask, were the Bishops on the above occasion?

DOTAGE AND DOTATION.

On the Oxford Circuit, at Stafford, the other day, occurred a case of Breach of Promise of Marriage, the issue whereof is a signal example of the generous sympathies of British Jurymen considered as husbands and fathers. MR. SERJEANT PIGGOTT appeared for the interesting plaintiff, and according to report—

"In opening the plaintiff's case, the learned Serjeant stated that the plaintiff, MARIAN HANLEY, was about twenty-one years of age, and the daughter of JAMES HANLEY, a farmer, under the EARL OF BRADFORD, at Brancote, in Staffordshire. Defendant occupied an adjoining farm of 180 or 200 acres, was about 75 years of age, and had been all his life a Bachelor."

Young SMITH, the defendant, had trifled with the affections of the confiding girl who sued him for £500 damage done to her tenderest feelings by the inconstancy of this boy of 75. The fickle youth acknowledged fifty pounds' worth of damages, and paid that sum into Court. The Jury, however, estimated the blighted hopes and lacerated heart of the deserted one at a higher figure, and gave her a verdict for an additional hundred pounds. Henceforth let thoughtless youngsters like MR. SMITH take care how they flirt with maidens of 21, and raise expectations which are destined never to be realised.

This case was tried before MR. BARON WILDE, and the report whence the above particulars are taken informs us that—

"The Judge, in summing up, remarked upon the fact that the counsel on both sides had made fun of the defendant; one with the idea of increasing, and the other with the idea of decreasing the damages. It appeared, however, to be a regular straightforward affair, and he did not think there was any justification for accusing the parents of any mercenary feeling."

Certainly not. Of course the learned Baron was thinking of MARINO FALIERO and his juvenile wife. Why should not an English girl as

well as a Venetian, be inspired with a passion regardless of disparity of years? So, no doubt, his Lordship reasoned, and supposed the disinterested parents of Miss HANLEY to have reasoned also when they consented to their child's union with a gentleman of between seventy and eighty. He believed that they purely consulted their daughter's happiness in sanctioning her romantic attachment.

It is possible that the Jury took another view of the case, although they arrived at the same practical conclusion as that indicated by the Judge. Very likely they considered that a man of 75 has overlived the appointed time of man's life by five years, so that if he breaks a promise of marriage, involving, as it did in this instance, a promise of settlement, he inflicts a two-fold disappointment upon a young woman. He has already one foot in the grave; he must soon draw in the other. He disappoints the fond creature, whom he jilts, of being his young wife, and he likewise disappoints her of being his young widow.



THE COMMUNED STATES.

Who can say where Secession will stop? That is a question which is raised by MR. LINCOLN, in a part of his inaugural address, directed to enforce upon fools and madmen the necessity of acquiescence by minorities in the decision of majorities. The President tells the frantic portion of his fellow countrymen that :—

"There is no alternative for continuing the Government but acquiescence on one side or the other. If a minority in such a case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will ruin and divide them, for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such a minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy, a year or two hence, arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this."

The force of this simple reasoning will be seen by the lunatics to whom it is addressed, during their lucid intervals, if they have any. It may even be hoped that some of them may recover the use of their reflecting faculties so far as to be enabled to follow out PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S argument, and their own folly, into ultimate consequences and conclusions. Then they will see what is likely to be the end of Secession, for it is not quite true that there is no end to Secession, and the end of Secession will be for the Secessionists an end of everything. Seceders will go on seceding and subseceding, until at last every citizen will secede from every other citizen, and each individual will be a sovereign state in himself, self-government personified, a walking autonomy, a lone star, doing business and supporting itself off its own hook.

Here Be Truths.

M. GUILLAUMIN, in the French Chamber, intending to be severe upon England, said England makes her *propaganda* with the Bible in one hand and a piece of calico in the other, but France bears her banner in one hand and the Cross in the other. Proper gander yourself, M. GUILLAUMIN, for you have just hit it. England proffers enlightenment and the comforts of life, France comes with superstition and "glory." It strikes us that such orators should be choked off by their priests.



Butcher Boy (and Butcher Boys are so impudent). "NOW THEN, SWIPEY! ARE YOU GOING TO STOP THERE TILL YOU GET FINE, AFORE YOU DRAW YOURSELF OFF?"

THE NEW ARRIVAL.

(Kingdom of Italy constituted, Monday, March 18; GARIBALDI'S Birthday, Tuesday, March 19.)

QUOTE Monsieur la France to his Lady,
"Let's issue our cards for a rout!"
'Twas done, and the crowned heads invited
To a nice little tea and turn-out.

The Hôtel de l'Europe with excitement
From area to attics was stirred;
The corridors gorgeous with flunkies,
And ablaze with state liv'ries absurd.

The courtyard with carriages crowded,
On every panel a crown,
And extremely big-wigs for their drivers,
In dignified line, setting down.

The pavement was thronged with its gazers
Of the class which such sights always draw—
Sardonic, and seedy, and sneering,
And not too good friends with the law.

The heart of the chivalrous JENKINS
Had been chilled to its innermost core,
To hear their remarks as the cargoes
Of Royalty drove to the door.

The cry of "What shocking bad crowns!"
Saluted the jingling approach
Of Naples and three small Grand-Dukes
In an antediluvian coach.

Is getting all tarnished and battered,
Is nearly faded and dim,
Springs are old, lining mildewed and tattered,
And a team of mad mules—gaunt and grim.

But conceive the crowd's shout of derision
As these crest-fallen Kings, when set down,
Were refused, one and all, an admission,
As not one could fork out a crown!

'Twas in vain that they sent up their names,
Tried to borrow the requisite rhino;
In the lack of one *de facto* crown,
What are four crowns *de jure divino*?

"Does Old Mother-Church know you're out?"
Was the cry that encountered the POPE,
As the old Cross-keys drag lumbered up,
And for harness—a great deal of rope.

Well might poor Pro Nono look scared,
'Twas long odds 'gainst his safely arriving;
Those red-hatted Jehus will take
Such *very* bad roads for their driving.

The triple tiara popped out,
While cross-keys and crook made a clatter,
And the POPE scuttled into the house,
To the chorus profane, "Who's your hatter?"

Till at last one exceptional cheer
Was bestowed on a coach in the line:
The coach—need I add—was Old England's;
The cheer—need I say it—was mine!

Inside all was hot hurry-skurry,
Cordons, *crachats*, embroidery, gold-keys,
Gold- and silver-sticks humbly kootooing,
Drones a-cluster round King- and Queen-Bees.

There was Monsieur la France—all endeavours
To look as if meaning no harm—
With Madame la France—not more faithful
Than av'rage French wives—on his arm.

Half-alooft, buttoned up in his bear-skin,
And scanning the scene, *haut en bas*,
Stood Russia, bent on not giving,
Yet fearful of taking, the *pas*.

While with bearing half-cheeky, half-coward,
Young Austria yawned and haw-hawed,
Like a man who's uneasy at home,
And by no means more easy abroad.

Now sidling tow'ards Prussia, as minded
His tediousness there to bestow:
Then making advances to Russia—
Then stopping—as if 'twere no go.

Poor Turkey was slunk in a corner,
On an ottoman all in a heap—
Looking like a decrepit old clothesman,
On his stock-in-trade fallen asleep.

While Russia and France moved about him
With an eye to his purse and his shawl—
Though each, through respect for the other,
Abstained from attempting a haul.

That the Royal assemblage was hearty,
Or pleasant, or genial, or gay,
Is what, as a truthful narrator,
I fear I can't honestly say.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—MARCH 30, 1861.



THE LATEST ARRIVAL.

In fact, if there's faith in expression,
And faces the feelings can state,
The guests' thought was, "Look to your
pockets."

The host's, "Keep an eye on the plate."

Old England, the only one present,
By no *arrière pensée* oppressed,
With Britannia tucked 'neath his arm,
Moved, a contrast complete to the rest.

Though I'm bound to confess that I saw,
As he stooped to help France to some trifle,
Peeping out from the skirt of his coat,
The butt of a long Enfield rifle.

But wherefore this sudden confusion,
This crowding of Kings in a clutter?

Why does Russia set up his bearskin,
Each separate bristle in flutter?

Why is Austria so red and so pale,
On his boot-heels indignantly turning?

Why hand on hilt suddenly laid?
Why hand hilt as suddenly spurning?

Why Prussia's embarrassed attempt
At once to look sulky and civil?
Why the POPE's disposition to swear,
Winding up, after all, in a snivel?

Who's this that our host is preparing,
To give a reception so bland to,
Though Madame la France in the sulks,
Monsieur's *protégée* won't stretch a hand to?

Who advances, in spite of cold looks,
And backs that refuse to do duty?
'Tis ITALY, glorious in youth,
And radiant with renovate beauty!

Like a helm shows the crown on her brow—
For a sceptre, her sword's in her hand;
And firm is her stepping, I trow,
As proudly she takes up her stand.

"Wretch!" "Parvenue!" "Minx!" "Up-
start!" "Thief!"—
Such the epithets whispered about;
And never a tongue bids her welcome,
And never a hand is held out.

Yes, one! through the crowd of crowned heads
To snub the new-comer agreed,
Old England is forcing his way,
To wish the fair stranger God speed!

His honest red face in a glow,
His two brawny hands spreading wide;
Let who *will* turn their backs, she shall
know
Here's England to stand at her side!

And thinking at once of Caprera
And Turin, the old boy's heard to say,
"Dear ITALY! happy to see you,"
And "many returns of the day!"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"WHEN these lines are made public there will be no theatre in all London left open, except to those who are attracted by what swells would call an 'Orwevy,' or who can sit out a slow concert of indifferently done music. Of course this is quite proper, and I have no mind to awaken the just wrath of the *Record* by expressing any wish to have Passion Week profaned by dramatic entertainments. But I cannot comprehend upon what principle of logic other places of amusement are allowed to throw their doors open, when theatres are rigidly obliged to keep them shut. Who is it that draws the line between the stage of the Princess's and the stage of the Alhambra, and says that the trapeze is proper to be seen, while the tragedy of *Hamlet* must be put out of our sight? If amusement be not proper for me, why am I allowed to go to Music Halls, and Song Saloons, to Cider Caves, and Coal Holes; and hear fragments of the operas not elsewhere deemed permissible, and see conjurors and acrobats, ballet girls and 'rocky wonders,' and so-called 'comic' vocalists in their most facetious parts? Are sham niggers thought provocative of pious meditation, or will the *Cure* effect the cure of any thirsty soul who listens to it? I am debarred from Mr. FUCHTER, and enjoyment of his *Hamlet*; but am allowed to take my fill (if I so choose) of Mr. PUNDING, and to laugh (if I so can) at his protean transformations. If *Old Bob Ridley* be deemed proper for my ears to hear in Passion Week, one would have thought 'To be or not to be' would not have done much harm to them; and while the moral 'Judge and Jury' keeps open court to Londoners, there can be no great hurt in witnessing the Trial Scene of *Shylock*.

"Quite conscious as I am that 'Comparisons are odorous,' I make no attempt to pit the pit of opera or theatre against the supper-box of a Singing Room, or stall at the Alhambra. Each has its *habitudes*, and whatever be my own private taste in the matter, I have no wish to obtrude it just at present on the public.

"The English law, I am informed, is choke full of anomalies; but there are few of them I fancy more ridiculous than this, that entertainments which are licensed by the Magistrates keep open, when those which have the sanction of the Government are shut. As *Punch* bids fair to be perennial, you, Sir, perhaps may live to see the end of such absurdity, and it will do us the more credit the sooner that end comes. Meanwhile, as a proof that other minds have sense enough to see that this anomaly is unjust as well as foolish, MR. GERMAN REED, I notice, announces that his Gallery will be closed throughout the week, whereas the other 'entertainers' all continue playing. This course of MR. REED I consider to his credit, and it should win due commendation for him from the pious public.

"The other night, not being proud, I visited the Standard, and there had a shilling's worth of *Janet Pride*. (Your West End readers may not know that this theatre is in Shoreditch, and that full price to the stalls is the modest sum I've mentioned.) They who saw this piece when it was played at the Adelphi need not be told how admirably MR. WEBSTER acts in it. His sottish drunkenness is well nigh painful for its life-like personation, and presented as it was to an appreciative audience there seemed fair ground for hoping it might produce some good. I am bound to add, however, that they did not seem in any haste to go and take the pledge; indeed they swigged the porter that was served between the acts, as open-mouthed and greedily as they had drunk in MR. WEBSTER'S declamations against drink.

"Not being an *habitué*, I cannot tell if farces are in general much relished at this theatre; but if they be, the night I went was certainly an exception, for when the curtain fell on *Janet*, pit and stalls became a desert, and the boxes showed a vacuum such as it is the nature of a

lessee to abhor. By the way, the jokes that raise a laugh at East End theatres are of a nature quite distinct from those we laugh at in the West. When the comic man rushed in with horror on his countenance and informed his lady-love that 'the tatars have biled over,' the simple news was welcomed with a general guffaw: and a still louder burst of laughter was won by the intelligence that he'd 'taken huff the tatars, and they're werry much relieved.' Of all good jokes, however, there seemed nothing like a hugging bout for bringing down the house. It would have done a cynic good to see what hearty unchecked merriment was caused simply by the comic party falling on his knees and kissing *Janet* who was in a similar position. The osculation this young lady had to bear was quite appalling, but by dint of nightly practice she bore it most heroically, and did not seem a whit alarmed by it. Certainly, if I am asked to write a 'heavy' for a 'minor' (readers of the *Era* will understand this slang), I shall take good care to lug in a good quantity of hugging. I fancy if an author wished to make a certain hit, he could not well do better than make his heroine sing a song with obligato osculation, each bar ending with a kiss; while, as a relief from the horrors of the piece, there should be a general hugging when *Virtue is Triumphant*, and a congratulatory kiss all round when *Vice is Punished*.

"I must lay aside this levity when I next write of this theatre: for on the night of Easter Monday the 'Great Tragedian,' I find, will tread these classic boards, and as Monday is Mark Lane day, and the Standard is just opposite the Eastern Counties Railway, no doubt the Suffolk farmers will improve their minds by hearing him. I am told by a Scotch critic that 'for the perfect pronunciation of the English language' (of which this Scottish gentleman is of course a thorough judge), MR. KEAN may really be 'accepted as a model.' So if our Suffolk farmers wish to improve their rustic utterance, they had better take a course of lessons at the Standard from one considered the most perfect English speaker of the day.

"I remain, Sir, Yours, &c. (whatever that may mean),

"ONE WHO PAYS."

ENGLAND v. CHINA.

THE rebels in China, we read, go by the name of Taepings. We have obstructionists, if not rebels, in England—who impede the march of events, who throw every obstruction they can in the way of public progress, who are relentless, implacable, oppressive, obstinate, and very difficult indeed to be subdued. They lurk in dark corners, and evince the greatest reluctance in showing themselves, and then only at distant intervals, and always to retire immediately the moment after you have seen them. Their only instrument is a bit of string, but they manage to do a deal of execution with it. We allude to the RED TAEPINGS, who infest in such large numbers our government offices. They have been warring against the interests of the public for a long time—feeding upon the best of the land all the while—filling up their leisure, of which they have plenty, by plundering the country to the greatest extent; and we must say it will be a happy day indeed for England when she succeeds in putting down this rebellious race!—*Adieu* the RED TAEPINGS!

Seasonable Intelligence.

SEVERAL of the Drinking Fountains about the metropolis have had their wooden paletôts removed, and their winter padlocks taken off from them, and are now, as though rejoicing at their release after their long captivity, in full play again. This is refreshing, in every sense, for we look upon it as the first real opening of Spring.



HELPING HIM ON!

Cruel Fair One (to silent Partner). "PRAY! HAVE YOU NO CONVERSATION?"

[SHOP AND FREEDOM.

THOUGH with the North we sympathise,
It must not be forgotten
That with the South we've stronger ties,
Which are composed of cotton,
Whereof our imports mount unto
A sum of many figures
And where would be our calico
Without the toil of niggers?

The South enslaves those fellow men,
Whom we love all so dearly;
The North keeps Commerce bound again,
Which touches us more nearly.
Thus a divided duty we
Perceive in this hard matter.
Free Trade, or sable brothers free?
Oh won't we choose the latter!

INDIGESTION FROM IRISH STEW.

THE disruption of the once United States was at first wholly attributed to difference of opinion on the subject of Slavery, and next in part ascribed to diversity of views and interests respecting commercial legislation. Another and more powerful cause may also have contributed to produce a result so much to be deplored and blushed for by all the friends of representative government. During many years, a great emigration of disaffected Irishmen had been continually increasing the population of the American Republic. For a long time America digested them. Perhaps, however, the nutriment which she has gone on deriving from Ireland so long, may have at last disagreed with her, occasioning constitutional disturbance which is, in a great measure, nothing more than an outbreak of a suppressed Irish malady, the fever which, with a smouldering fire, has always burned for Repeal of the Union.

A Kaiser without a Kreutzer.

FRANCIS-JOSEPH doesn't know which way to turn for the want of money. Why doesn't he send for GARIBALDI? He is just the man to raze a capital for him.

THE REVENUE CUTTER

AND PATENT BUDGET SIFTER COMPANY (LIMITED).

THIS morning a Deputation, composed of illiberal Members of the House of Commons, waited upon LORD PALMERSTON at his official Chambers in Downing Street.

The Deputation was introduced by MR. CRAWFORD, who shortly explained the object which the gentlemen present had in view. It was to solicit his Lordship's patronage for a Machine invented by an Association called "The Revenue Cutter and Patent Budget Sifter Company (Limited)," of which MR. WILLIAMS, M.P., was Chairman and responsible Manager.

MR. CRAWFORD having been requested by LORD PALMERSTON to describe the Patent Budget Sifter, produced a working model, and informed his Lordship that on a very low estimate the machine was calculated to effect a saving in Exchequer cuttings of £10,000,000 per annum.

LORD PALMERSTON. You employ a punch, I suppose?

MR. CRAWFORD could not speak positively on that point, though he was aware that *Punch* had produced some very striking cuts.

LORD PALMERSTON (*smiling*). The largest holes in our Budgets have hitherto, I suspect, been made by a punch. How is your machine set in motion?

MR. CRAWFORD. By a combination of screws.

LORD PALMERSTON. Can you point out the screws to me?

MR. CRAWFORD signed to MR. BAINES and MR. BUXTON, and made rapid telegraphic overtures to MR. WHITE, MR. ROUPELL, MR. C. S. BUTLER, and several other gentlemen, but with what object did not clearly appear.

MR. BAINES earnestly entreated his Lordship not to slight the "Revenue Cutter." It was urgently needed in Government offices, embracing as it did a soap-slice, applicable to a commodity of which large and wasteful consumption was almost hourly taking place.

MR. CRAWFORD observed that his friend MR. EDWIN JAMES, during his recent visit to Italy, and while engaged in military pursuits, had

by broad-sword exercise acquired the art of cutting down an army of any extent that might be required.

LORD PALMERSTON wished to know if the gallant Member for Marylebone had thrown the weight of his authority into the Patent Budget Sifter?

MR. CRAWFORD replied that, having once more become a civilian, the Honourable Member had made a financial conversion of all his equipments, except his Damascus blade, which formed one of the most powerful choppers in the machine.

LORD PALMERSTON was gratified to hear it. Some alarm had been felt lest his friend's spirited charger should carry him over the bar.

MR. BRIGHT, interrupting his Lordship, had no hesitation in saying that the machine was worse than useless, unless it could be used as a paper-cutter. (*Loud cries of "Hear!"*) The Company was seeking for Ministerial patronage. Now he (MR. B.) knew what Government contracts were; in fact the Government was indebted to him for some beautiful trimmings.

LORD PALMERSTON. Yes; you told us we might have a piece at any price. (*Laughter.*)

MR. BRIGHT strongly deprecated the use of irritating language. When would Ministers learn that soft answer which turns away wrath? No wonder that Continental powers were alarmed and incensed, when, instead of speaking with "bated breath and whispering humbleness," we delighted in assuming a truculent attitude and an exasperating tone! England, if she studied her true interest, would be found, like a dove, billing and cooing with France and every other nation; instead of that, we see her most powerful and most reckless statesman volunteering to set a trained bull-dog at an inoffensive neighbour. (*Murmurs.*)

MR. BRIGHT. A trained bull-dog I repeat, that ought to be shot on the premises, which have become a nuisance by its yelp.

LORD PALMERSTON winced and drank off a large tumbler of water, with a flushed face.

MR. BRIGHT. Britannia! Who is Britannia? Is she a meek-eyed Sister of Charity? No. Who then? Why a red-armed Beldame—a Thames Street Bellona delighting in casting abuse and missiles at every wearer of a decent coat. I never (continued the masculine Mem-

ber for Manchester) behold her miserable image; but my breast is torn, as I mournfully reflect how much better would widow's weeds become her than a helmet, and a billy-roller than a spear.

LORD PALMERSTON (*aside*). *Il en fait ses choux gras* (he thereby makes his cabbage fat).

MR. BRIGHT. What (continued the indomitable speaker) does Britannia want with a Lion? Does he pay for his keep? No. Then let her sell him for what he will fetch and buy a Manx kitten to sit at her feet.

LORD PALMERSTON observed that he thought it very desirable to cultivate amicable relations, but he did not think we ought to cotton to people whose principles were diametrically opposed to our own—he wished to know, what had become of the Honourable Member's self-acting paper-cutter?

MR. BRIGHT vehemently replied that it had been notched by the stupid handling of an Aristocracy which wallowed in the slime of corruption.

MR. CRAWFORD and several other gentlemen deplored the cruel necessity of listening to such sentiments from a Man and a Brother.

LORD PALMERSTON. My dear MR. CRAWFORD, had you not better employ some competent person to take "The Revenue Cutter" in hand, and point out to us where the screw should be put on? At present I candidly confess, it appears only suitable for the cutting of chaff.

The Deputation having consulted angrily together, thanked his Lordship for his courteous suggestion, and in some confusion withdrew.

CONCENTRATED ESSENCE OF THE MILK OF HUMAN KINDNESS.

(AN INGENUOUS APPEAL.)



O the Aged, and Persons about to die, or tired of Life.—Many who are on the point of leaving this world, or have lost their relish for its pleasures, are nevertheless blest with the means of conferring on others that earthly happiness which they themselves must soon relinquish, or are incapable of enjoying. Such are too often in the habit of seeking unattainable gratification in the exercise of benevolence by distributing large sums of money in small donations amongst the poor. The munificence which is thus spread over a multitude of objects is so attenuated that by

each of its recipients it is scarcely felt. The charitable donor thus fails to obtain the exquisite satisfaction of reflecting that he has gladdened the heart of a fellow-creature. His bounty is as it were a loaf, vainly dispersed in crumbs among a famishing crowd, instead of being effectually applied to relieve the hunger of one starving sufferer. Those who are desirous really to taste the luxury of doing good should concentrate their generosity on particular persons. An opportunity is now offered to all who are anxious to secure the genuine article. A healthy young man, with a large appetite of every kind, is well nigh destitute of the means of procuring any one pleasure. In order to subsist, it is necessary for him to work hard, which he very much dislikes, and to earn a precarious and scanty living by anxious labour. He is, in short, in want of a large and independent income. Oh, if he only had that how happy he would be! and though at present necessarily an unmarried man, he would very soon have a wife and perhaps ten children, whom, as well as himself, a certain affluence would render happy.

Let the wealthy who derive no enjoyment from their own riches, only think of the bliss which it is in their power to confer on this young man. Let them consider how much more sensible an amount of blessing they would impart by bestowing all their charity on him, than they can dispense by frittering it away upon a host of others. How much better to give him a large sum of money than to squander it on Schools and Institutions! It is in the power of every one, however humble, to contribute to his felicity, and thus be enabled to

cherish the pleasing assurance of having performed an act of efficacious kindness. The smallest contributions will be thankfully received; for a sufficient number of farthings would insure the object so earnestly sought by this young man. Subscriptions, legacies, &c., to be sent to the Office, 55, Fleet Street; at which application made be made by any Party or Parties desiring to adopt an Heir.

OUR ADMIRALTY TINKERS.

No doubt the sketch would be considered a most farcical conception, were any one to make a drawing of the First Lord of the Admiralty going about the dockyards as a travelling tinker, and crying, "Any old three-deckers or new frigates to mend?" But absurd as it may seem, the picture is not far from being a most truthful one. Of the twelve millions a year which we have lately been expending on our wooden walls and iron ones, it may be doubted if three-fourths have not been spent—or rather wasted—in tinkering old tubs, and in repairing worn-out vessels of no good to us when mended. How much more of the twelve millions has been thrown away in needless naval operations, such as stripping bran-new ships on their return from their first cruise, and refitting them in Portsmouth for a sail as far as Plymouth, goodness only knows, unless SIR BALDWIN shares the knowledge, and as he is now some hundred miles away, we cannot hope at present to extract much information from him.

Now that iron men-of-war are rapidly supplanting wooden ones (as rapidly, that is, as the "system" of delaying all improvements will permit), the cost of pulling ships to pieces and putting them together again will be even more expensive than it hitherto has proved. It is therefore the more needful to keep a watchful eye upon our Admiralty tinkers, and prevent them, if we can, from doing needless work. We are well aware that this will be difficult to do, for habit is at all times hard to be withstood; and when a man has ever turned his hand to tinkering, it is not an easy matter to keep him from odd jobs. However, there's a cherub that sits up o' nights in Fleet Street, keeping watch not only on the welfare of poor Jack, but on the ill deeds of the lubbers who waste the country's money, and so prevent it entering Jack's pocket as it might do. Let the tinkers, then, look out; for *Punch* will keep his eye upon them, and will not scruple to advise their being sent to pot.

A WAY WITH HUSBANDS.

"WHAT is the meaning (inquired a lady, pointing to a little shoe-black, who belonged to the Saint-Vincent Paul brigade) of those three letters S. V. P. marked, you see, on his shoulder?"

"Why, my dear, (answered her wag of a husband) they mean either one of two things; or it may be both. You can either look upon them as an indication of the boy's price, or as a polite entreaty on his part. They are open to two readings, and you can take whichever you like, my little dear. Now, don't get impatient, or else I won't tell you. Well then, you must know, my pet, that S. V. P. mean either 'Sil-Ver Penny,'—that's his price; or else, '*s'il vous plaît*,'—and that's the boy's politeness."

It was a great shame! They had been married only six weeks, and the brute was already beginning to deceive his wife!

"The Sick Man."

An infinity has been said and written about the wonders of the Turkish Bath. The most enfeebled constitution, we are told, will profit by it. We propose, therefore, that the experiment be tried upon the Sultan himself. In his desperate state, it cannot possibly do him much harm, and the chances are that it may do him some good. Who knows but he might come out of the purifying trial a cleaner, and a better, and a stronger man? In fact, if the whole of Turkey were put into a Turkish Bath, it might be all the better for that weak power. Its constitution, severely drained as it has been by the Sultan, and profusely sweated also by MONSIEUR MIRAS and others, could not fail to gain by the invigorating process.

Spanish Honour to be Avenged.

THE Cabinet of Her Most Catholic Majesty has determined to evince its resentment of the imputation which LORD PALMERSTON has cast on the honour of Spaniards. Believing the noble Premier, in charging Spain with dishonesty, simply to have expressed the feeling of her British creditors, the Spanish Government has fully made up its mind to pay all those impertinent fellows out.

CHANGE OF NAME.—Since his yelping advocacy of Austrian policy, MR. ROEBUCK is no longer the "Dog Tear'em." He is now quite *Autre-Chien*.



CAPITAL LARK OF BODGER AND LITTLE PIPPS AT THE EXPENSE OF MISS MINERVA COCHLELON'S SEMINARY.

DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE.

WHAT wonderful people there are 'in the world! Who could have supposed that in this sharp-sighted age, any person could be flat enough to write such an advertisement as this we find inserted in the *Times* of the 9th ult.:-

WANTED, the SUM of £300, on security of the lender having £500 out of a share in a certain will, about which reasonable satisfaction can be given. The testator, whose chief property consists in a large life policy, but now upheld by small payments, would not object. The bequest is not payable till after the death of two persons, one of whom is about 52, and is now and has long been very dangerously ill, and the other about 70, and far from strong. The advertiser also wishes for permission to pay it off at any time by paying also 5 per cent. compound interest. All legal expenses to be paid by the lender. The sum lent must not be liable to be called in at any time whatever. The money is required for the furtherance of a literary work of such a character as will, it is believed, cause a far mightier and happier era in human history than has ever yet been seen. Address MURPHY ANDERSON, Grimaldi Terrace, Green Street.

We have had a rather blowing time of it of late, but that is no reason why people should give themselves such airs as the writer of this notice. The impudence of his proposal is only equalled by its dignity, and we really hardly know which of the two we should most laugh at. The notion of his fancying that any one would lend him three hundred pounds, on "security" (?) of pocketing a possible five hundred, bequeathed under the will of a still living testator, who may of course to-morrow cancel the bequest, is an idea which would in summer be delicious for its coolness; and when we further find the lender is to pay all law expenses, and is not to have the power to call in the sum lent, we can't help thinking that the writer for the moment quite forgot himself, and, when penning his advertisement, somehow had it in his head that he was writing a broad farce. How well Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS would go through such a scene as might be worked out of the call of some one caught by the advertisement! With what delicious self-possession would he clear up any doubt respecting his "testator," and show that although living he was just as good as dead, and that as for altering or cancelling his will, such a notion was—ha! ha!—a joke quite irresistible. What a funny dog you are, he might proceed to say, giving an appreciative poke in the short ribs. But you're quite right to be cautious—there are lots of rogues about, and one everywhere

sees stuck up "Take care of your pockets." Still, the notion of my gulling such a clever chap as you, is—ha! ha!—you'll excuse me, a little too ridiculous. Why here you see yourself what good security I offer. Five hundred sterling pounds, lawful English money, and as good as down, for you see it's to be paid on the deaths of these two persons who are as good as dead—one "dangerously ill," and the other "far from strong." True, I haven't told you the age of the testator, or if his health is shattered; and you business men may think this a point quite as important. But waiving this for just one moment, consider, my dear Sir, the stupendously magnificent results that are in prospect. By lending me the paltry sum that I require, you will become one of the greatest benefactors of your species. You will further the advancement of a literary work that will make the whole world mightier and happier than it has been. My dear Sir, think of that! and at once out with your cheque-book! When such gigantic good may be secured to all the Universe, don't be stopped by such a trifle as a doubt of the security. Hand me over the three hundred, and imagine yourself revered down to all posterity as the man who introduced this mighty happy era. Mind, I'm not to be held liable to pay the money back, but you see you'll have a chance of the Five hundred secured to you, and of course you may rely upon my wish that you may get it!

Postal Arrangements.

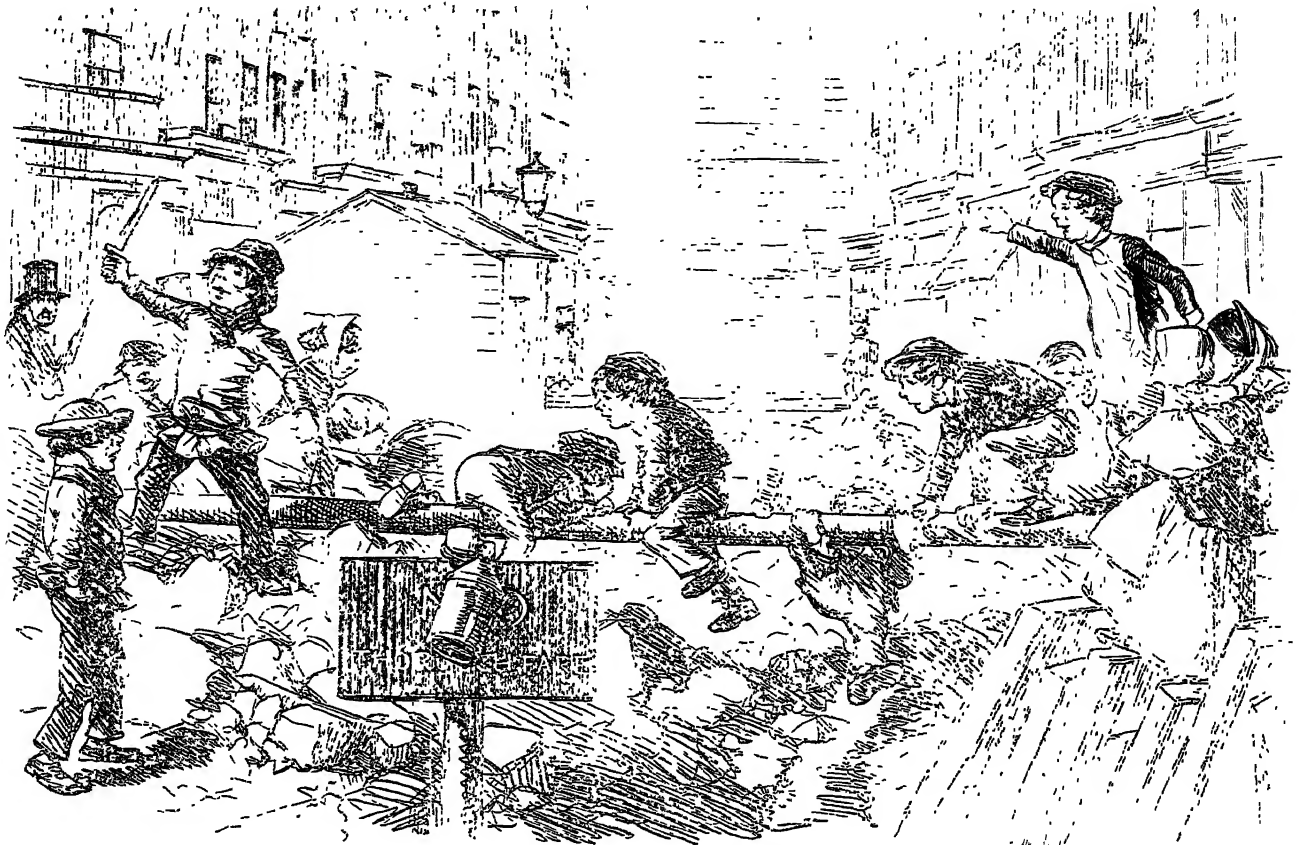
LETTERS posted at Hammersmith after half-past nine at night, or at the earliest hour next morning, arrive in Fleet Street on that day at about 2 p.m.

Letters posted in the same suburb on the middle of Sunday arrive at Southampton on Tuesday morning.

The expedition with which the mails are despatched from the suburban post-offices is wonderful, and deserves the notice of the authorities of St. Martin's-le-Grand.

THE SCARCITY ACCOUNTED FOR.

We are told by nurses, and other moral-mongers, that the Truth must not be told at all times. This may be one of the reasons why the Truth is so rarely told at all.



"HOORAY—THE STREETS UP AGAIN!"

"THE HEAD AND FRONT OF THEIR OFFENDING."

THE *Musical World*, talking of a new piece that has been brought out at the Variétés, in Paris, says:—

"The title of the piece, *Les Ramoneurs*, will sound obscurely to most of our readers. It alludes to the practice of certain persons who would conceal the fact that old Time has been shaving their heads with his scythe, by drawing the still flowing locks, which he as yet has only 'thinned,' back over the denuded portion of their craniums. A very bold subject, we should say, for even the flimsiest farce."

Our harmonious contemporary, instead of "bold," might have said, and probably did intend to say, "bald." For, the life of us, we cannot see the great crop of fun that could have been reaped from the above barren subject. We agree with our critical friend, that the notion is decidedly, as a smart Frenchman would say, "*Un peu tiré par les cheveux*." Our Parisian *farceurs* may as well take all the human infirmities, and turn them, one by one, into ridicule. Blindness has been already operated upon in the form of *Les Deux Aveugles*. Deafness has also been treated farcically, whilst the gout has been handled so roughly and frequently on the stage, that it almost fails now to excite a laugh. However, we think, the *Man With a Wooden Leg* would present a good handle for fun. The wife might in her jealousy take it away from her husband so as to keep him at home—or she might light the fire with it, in order to cook her beloved *Arthur's* dinner, whilst her one-legged partner sat writhing on a chair, incapable of moving a peg; besides a thousand other little pleasantries that would be sure to command public laughter: for no fun is so irresistible as that which is based on the distress of another, more especially (with Frenchmen) when that other happens to be a husband. *La Dame qui porte une perruque* would be another fruitful subject for a hair-brained *vaudeville* to play humorously with. The *dénouement*, when her hypocrisy was laid bare, might be made almost tragic in the very intensity of its fun,—the parting between the Sublime and the Ridiculous being so extremely small, that it would require a very clever *coiffeur* indeed to be able to draw the line of demarcation precisely between the two. The *CLAIRVILLES* of the Parisian stage must be at a sad loss for heads of subjects to joke upon, when they are compelled to cover the nakedness of their humour with a lock of hair. The fire of French *esprit* must nearly be burnt

out, when it needs to be lighted afresh with a *mèche de cheveux*. Hence the necessity, perhaps, of sending for *Les Ramoneurs* to give it a thorough good sweeping after so bad a fire.

SPIRITUAL BELL-RINGING.

THE attention of the Editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* is invited to the subjoined extract from the letter of a Correspondent in *Notes and Queries*:—

"CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—On Wednesday night, or rather on Thursday morning, at 3 o'clock, the inhabitants of the metropolis were roused by repeated strokes of the new great bell at Westminster, and most persons supposed it was for a death in the Royal Family. There might have been about 20 slow strokes, when it ceased. It proved, however, to be due to some derangement of the clock, for at 4 and 5 o'clock 10 or 12 strokes were struck instead of the proper number. On mentioning this in the morning to a friend, who is deep in London antiquities, he observed, that there is an opinion in the city that anything the matter with St. Paul's great bell is an omen of ill to the Royal Family; and he added, 'I hope the opinion will not extend to the Westminster bell.'"

The mysterious phenomenon above described occurred some days ago, when subsequent events sufficiently prove it to have been ominous. There can be no doubt whatever that it was supernatural.

"And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd."

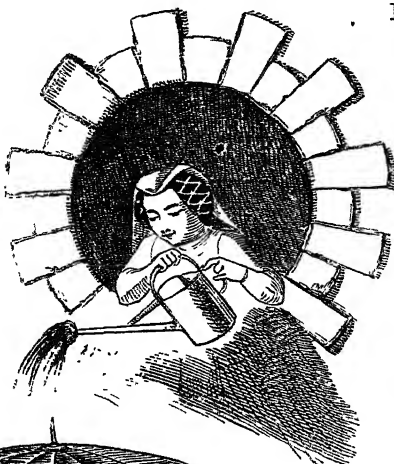
It is very true that the kitchen clock of a writer in these columns strikes all manner of hours, but even this is a spiritual fact, for that individual's habits are irregular, and the clock is deranged by the influence of our untidy contributor. The rule in all cases of this kind is to consider whether the marvellous occurrence can be accounted for on supernatural principles, because, if it can, the truly philosophical mind will reject the natural solution of the mystery, and adopt the other.

And Quite Right Too.

WHAT makes CAVOUR cry out so loudly for Rome? Why, don't you see, he has a double object, one for himself and one for Italy. Rome is the centre of his thoughts, because he is anxious to make "political Capital" out of it.

THE SLIPSLOP OF THE SHOPS.

"Chrysanthemum Cottage, Tuesday.



H, I am so much obliged to you, my dear *Punch*, for putting in my letter about the Classics of the Counter. I felt so proud when I saw it actually in print, and CHARLES positively read it through, not knowing it was mine, until he came to where I spoke of going out in our new *diopropa* to buy

him some *rypphocgon*, and to inquire what was the price of the *anheidrohepseterion*, which we had recently seen advertised somewhere in the newspapers, where we spied the *emmenathoon* hair-dye for Mamma. The man who served us at this shop—I beg his pardon, this *establishment*, sadly wanted CHARLES to try a bottle of his famous celebrated *hydrohyperton* curling fluid, and when CHARLES refused and endeavoured to escape, he was pressed to purchase something called a *podapalagon*, which I believe has been described as a 'warranted eradicator of cutaneous callosities;' that is, in simpler language, a thing to take out corns.

But besides the classicalities now current at the counter, there are other forms of slang in which our tradesmen take delight, for to speak in plain pure English seems quite foreign to their taste. French is pressed into their service quite as much



as Greek and Latin, and by ill-educated tongues which talk of 'hany other harticle' you can fancy how *la langue Française* is mispronounced. I hardly ever now take up a newspaper without seeing an advertisement of some '*recherché* stock of goods' which are to be disposed of forthwith '*sans reserve*.' A hair-dresser now styles himself in general an '*artiste*,' and announces to the universe his famed '*esprit de violette*' or '*bouquet de Thames*.' One enterprising draper, whose name I lately noticed, has had the courage to combine his classics with his French, and to advertise for sale a lot of '*broché madapolams*,' which must be something rather curious if they at all be really like their name. *Corset* and *chapeau* have quite supplanted such old English words as '*stays*' and '*bonnet*,' and of course no West End dressmaker would ever dream of naming petticoats by any other term than '*jupes*.' Why this is so I really can't pretend to say; nor can I guess why in a newspaper professedly intended for British circulation '*Le sommier élastique portatif*' should be announced, when '*Portable spring mattress*' is vastly more intelligible, and by British tongues in general far more easily pronounced.

"Of course I need not say the French is bad French very often, and like the '*broché madapolams*' a sort of mongrel slipslop which none but a vulgarian would venture to construct. Instances of this are as plentiful as polkas in the windows of the music shops, and as absurd as the new love ballads wheretoof each hour brings a fresh batch. It will suffice that as a sample I call to your attention the '*berceau-nettes* for babies,' which are advertised extensively throughout the London press. Now that *berceau* means a cradle every baby knows, but in the name of grammar what is meant by '*nettes*?' Of course you know the French word *net* is 'clean,' but how can '*nettes*,' the feminine be affixable to '*berceau*,' which is singular and

masculine? And just as if a mother would ever dream of buying a *berceau* for her baby that was otherwise than *net*!

"But oh! this mention of one's *poppet* reminds me of a horrible advertisement I've seen, which is headed in big type '*PISTOLGRAMS OF BABIES*.' Good gracious, *Mr. Punch*! pray what *ever* is a pistolgram? Is it some new-fangled fire-arm, like an Armstrong breech propeller, and can it be intended really to go off? If so, I'm sure *infanticide* will be alarmingly increased, and it will be a mercy if but one out of a dozen of one's babies is not shot. I know I've thought a pop-gun a sadly dangerous thing, and as for those toy rifles one now sees in every nursery, I'm quite sure that it's not safe for children to be left with them, for though CHARLES says they can't be loaded, they've got great bayonets stuck on to them, such as seem made expressly to poke one's baby's eyes out. But what destructive implement a '*pistolgram*' may be, I confess I really have not courage to inquire; only I feel *convinced* that if it be one-half as terrible as its name seems to imply, our infant population will be dreadfully decreased. I know I'll take good care that nobody shall buy my *little tiddleums* a pistolgram, unless I see quite clearly that it can't do any harm: and for my part I can't think why people can't use common English when they want to name a thing, instead of puzzling one with gibberish that no one understands. '*Cradle*' surely is as pretty a word as '*berceau-nette*,' and while English folk speak English why on earth should tradesmen address them in bad French?

"Yours abruptly, *Mr. Punch*, for *little tiddleums* is crying,

"ARABELLA ARAMINTA ANGELINA SMITH."

"P.S. CHARLES says he'd like to catch me asking him to get up in the night to 'rock the *berceau-nette*,' or get baby its '*bouillé*,' which he supposes will ere long be the substitute for 'pap.'"

THE SPOILT CHILDREN OF THE ADMIRALTY.

FROM the way in which affairs are managed in our dockyards, one would really think "*my Lords*" were in a state of second childhood, and were playing at ship-building as a means of killing time. No sooner is a vessel put in thoroughly good trim, and her crew by careful training brought to quite a model state, than an order comes to strip her and turn all hands adrift; as though "*my Lords*" had suddenly grown tired of their plaything, and wanted to get rid of it. The wanton way in which new ships are soon neglected, and left to rot as hulks in the mud of Hamoaze, is quite unparalleled except by the caprices of spoilt children, who, for no cause, take a violent dislike to some new toy, and never handle it except to consign it to the dust-hole.

Now, three-deckers and frigates are a costly sort of plaything, and we think that Mr. BULL would be thoroughly well justified if he forbade their being wasted and misused as they have been. If our old naval *enfants gâtés* must have some toy to play with, let them yearly be supplied with an old gunboat or two, which they may be at liberty to tinker as they please. More than this they really have no right to expect, and it is high time that their organs of destructiveness should not have such development as has been hitherto permitted them. If all else fails to stop them, a cry of "*Here's Punch coming!*" will doubtless do great good; and *Punch* promises to look into the nursery ere long, to see if any amendment has resulted from this threat.

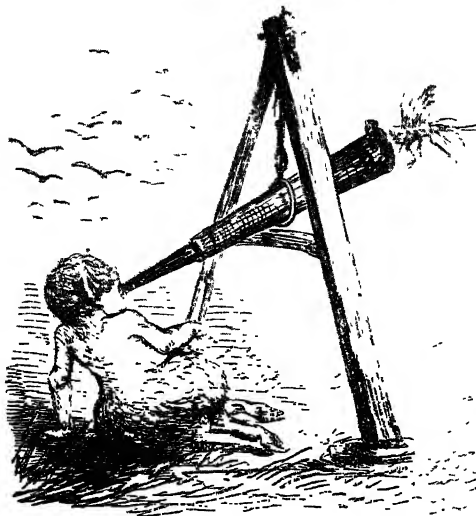
THE POPE'S LAST.

SOME years ago a drama was produced at Drury Lane, in which MR. ANDERSON, acting as a Red Indian, made a great sensation by repeating expressions of violent hatred and contempt for "*Civilisation!*" The POPE has just published an Allocution, wherein he appears to have taken a leaf out of the book of the author of the drama which MR. ANDERSON used to distinguish himself in. His Holiness, in several places, denounces "*Contemporary Civilisation*," which, he says, "*has given rise to many facts never to be sufficiently deplored.*" The most deplorable of these facts, of course, is the determination of the Roman States to exchange constitutional government for Popery. Let his Holiness and the Cardinals put on their war-paint, dance their war-dance, brandish their tomahawks, and shout their war-whoop against "*Contemporary Civilisation!*"

A Circular Note.

WE are told that Rome is wanted as the future centre of United Italy. It is true that COUNT CAVOUR admits that to obtain possession of it, the consent of France must be had. Under these circumstances, it strikes us possibly that it is not Rome so much as LOUIS NAPOLEON that is first wanted as a-s-senter. Given: the EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH as a centre, and VICTOR EMMANUEL would not be long before describing the magic circle he wants of Italian liberty.

SIGHT-SEEING AND SNEEZING.



touch it; they say, 'Look at that expression;' and the consequence is, that they scrape off a little bit of the pigment. We have come to the conclusion that pictures within reach must be put under glass. We have already the experience that glass keeps pictures much clearer. We all know that though the public is gradually becoming very well behaved, and is well behaved, still they very much like to touch things. We had a little bit of soul, a mother and baby, and the baby excited the interest of all the mothers that came to the museum; they were always measuring their babies by the side of it, and touching it, till it became quite grubby. It happened to be only a coat, but precautions must be taken to prevent things being damaged."

"Blow your noses, wipe your eyes, and don't breathe upon the glass," was the advice we recollect once hearing from a peep-showman; and a caution somewhat similar should be placed in all our picture galleries, until the public better

S the time for picture-seeing is drawing nigh at hand, it may be well to bring before the notice of the public the following remarks upon its want of good behaviour, adduced by one who watches it at what gents call the "Brompton Bilers," but gentlemen term more properly the South Kensington Museum:—

"The mere exhibition of pictures to great multitudes exposes them to accidents which would hardly be dreamt of. The public sneeze upon the pictures, and the saliva runs down, and positively eats away the surface of them. One of the most valuable of Mr. MURRAY'S pictures was covered with the coughings and sneezings of the public looking close at the picture, and laughing in the presence of it. We have great difficulty in preventing them expressing the emotions they feel in looking at a picture, and they will

knows how it should behave itself. Keep your hands from picking and feeling, and your mouths and noses from coughing and from sneezing: this should be the rule insisted on in future, and proper persons should be always in attendance to enforce it. People with bad colds should not be suffered entrance, except under the care of a watcher or policeman, who would prevent their going near enough to sneeze upon a picture, or to cough a bit of paint off; and as for persons who take snuff, they should be compelled to leave their boxes at the door, just as visitors now leave their walking-sticks and their umbrellas.

It would be well too if attendants were posted specially to lock to all the more exciting pictures, so as to prevent their being cried over or hurt by being laughed at. There is no telling what damage a flood of tears might do to a water-colour painting, and many a picture is too delicate to bear a burst of laughter daily without injury. There are several *chefs d'œuvre* in our National Collection which are fine enough to make almost anybody's mouth water; and due care should be taken that from such a cause as this no evil should result. Of course the nation has a perfect right to go and see its pictures; but we think it should remember that the works of TITIAN, TURNER, HOGARTH, RUBENS, and VANDYKE are not exactly to be ranked among the things which may be sneezed at.

A Little Nursery Rhyme.

(For Huddersfield.)

JOHN BRIGHT hot—
British public cold—
LEATHAM talking JOHN BRIGHT'S rot,
Nine months old.

THE SOCIAL NUISANCE.

LADIES' dresses now expand to such a circumference that an evening party, even without a supper, may be described as a "spread."

YAHOO AMONG THE YANKEES.

Who would not be the wife of a President, and be sketched in pen and ink in this way for the public?—

"Mrs. LINCOLN is a middle-aged lady of—well, say 40 or perhaps 33 years of age. On the top of her head, the place where the hair ought to grow, the hair does grow, and very luxuriantly too, of a dark brown colour and elastic fibre. Her head is large and well-developed, presenting the organs of firmness and language in a highly developed and well-matured condition. Her forehead is broad, her eye clear and intelligent and rather blue than grey; her nose is—well, not to put too fine a point on it—is not Grecian; her mouth is large, well-shaped, and capable of great expansion, while her chin rounds gracefully, balances properly,* and goes in a quiet way towards the endorsing of our opinion that she is a decided, not obstinate, woman. Her form inclines to stoutness, but is well-fashioned and comely; while her hands and feet are really beautiful, indicating, as does the well-shaped ear, that she has come from a race of people who were well born. Her carriage is good, her manners are pleasant, her greetings are affable, and without doubt her intentions are correct. Mrs. LINCOLN does not chew, nor snuff; does not dress in *outré* style, does not walk à la Zouave, does not use profane language, nor does she on any occasion, public or private, kick up shindies. These negatives are necessary, because the affirmative of these propositions has been sent broadcast throughout the land."

As a pendant to these latter statements, we may mention that the writers for the New York newspapers are, generally speaking, Yankees, not Yahoos, and gentlemen and not gorillas. This statement may be necessary, because persons at a distance might, from passages like the above, imagine that wild beasts wrote for the papers in America, and that anything like gentlemanly language was extinct. What would be thought in England if the wives of leading statesmen were criticised in this way; if LADY PALMERSTON, for instance, were said to have red hair, and the wife of VISCOUNT WILLIAMS were to be scribbled about as having a big mouth and a snub nose? Would not people of all creeds, Tory, Liberal, and Radical, concur in crying shame! upon so monstrous an intrusion upon family concerns?

A public man is public property; granted, gentlemen, of course: but only as regards his public acts and bearing. No writer has a right to cross the private threshold, and to parade in public print what he may behold there. Criticise the President, and his policy and speeches; but if you claim the title of "gentlemen of the press," take care not to push your criticism further. With his wife and family you have nought to do, any more than with what he had served yesterday for dinner. And the penny-a-liner who would stoop to earn some coppers by such impudence is worthy of more kickings than he is of half-ence.

* Balances what, pray?—a donkey, or a poker, or a Chinese pagoda?

THE LAST NEW MARTYR.

To the Editor of the Tablet.

REVEREND (?) SIR,

You have been informed, by the instantaneous agency of the electric wire, that the venerable BISHOP OF POITERS has been cruelly sentenced, by the subservient council of a tyrannical State, to be formally reprimanded for having, in the fervour of a pious indignation, set the treacherous EMPEROR of the revolutionary FRENCH the appropriate nickname of PONTIUS PILATE.

Oh, impious outrage! Oh, sacrilegious audacity! Oh, cruel, inhuman, atrocious, abominable enormity! Oh, unheard-of persecution, unsurpassed by the Imperial Tyrant who, in the early ages of the primitive Church, was wont to cause the faithful Catholics, disguised in the shaggy skins of terrible wild beasts, to be savagely baited to bitter death by ferocious and infuriated dogs! It has been reserved for the worse than heathen minions of a modern Emperor to sentence a Catholic Bishop to be formally reprimanded. Oh! barbarous persecutors! Oh injured and insulted, yet enviable prelate, heroic sufferer of agonising but glorious martyrdom!

If you want a pastoral composed in regular style for any member of your hierarchy, apply to

Feast of All Fools, 1861.

PUNCH.

RATHER PUNGENT.

"Now, my dear, I must insist upon it," said the President of the *Female Anti-Tobacco League*, in her angriest mood, to her unfortunate husband, "do put down that filthy snuff-box of yours. You're eternally using it. Why, I declare this composite candle is better a thousand times than your nose."

"Why, my darling?" said the husband, coolly helping himself to another pinch.

"Because, Sir, it requires no snuffing," was the wife's indignant reply, as she sailed out of the room, vehemently banging the door after her, to express her disgust.—N.B. A woman in a rage always bangs the door.

INTERNATIONAL COURTESY.—Italy invites France to take French leave of Rome.



AWFUL APPARITION!

Mrs. T. (to T., who has been reading the popular novel). "PRAY, MR. TOMKINS, ARE YOU NEVER COMING UP-STAIRS? HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO SIT UP WITH THAT 'WOMAN IN WHITE?'"

"STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME!"

STRIKE, but hear me, my good fellow,
If you will reflect, you can.
Be not as the brutes which bellow;
List to reason, like a man.
Wages fair for fair day's labour
If you like, you may refuse;
Whereupon your foreign neighbour
Work will get which you will lose.

Your employers will not lack you;
Spurn their proffer if you like.
And the Public then will back you,
Do you fancy, in your strike?
You, that in these times of trouble,
Do your best to make them worse,
When all food is costing double
What it did, to every purse?

Last cold winter just endeavour
If you can, to recollect;
Next may prove as hard, but never
Then the least relief expect.
Deaf to all expostulation,
As your course you now pursue,
My pigheaded friend, the nation
Will be then as deaf to you.

Ah! then I shall see you slouching
At the corner of the street,
Cringing, stooping, crawling, crouching,
Whining sore for bread to eat,
For your wife and children craving
Charity from door to door,
Told that you—now thus behaving—
Should have thought of them before!

I shall see you prostrate sprawling
On the pavement, bare of bones,
And, in white chalked letters, scrawling
"I am starving!" on the stones.
Or, with your companions tramping
Out at elbow and at shoe,
Hear you, for the cold while stamping,
Sing, "We've got no work to do!"

Don't believe a word they utter
Who are making you their tool.
Quarrel with your bread and butter!
How can you be such a fool?
Come, return to your vocation,
Trowel, plumb, and square resume,
Or go seek a situation
At a crossing, with a broom.

"Palnam qui Meruit Ferat."

SOUTH Carolina has hoisted the Palmetto flag, in honour, we suppose, of the tree under whose friendly shade Charlestown symbolically reposes. We think that Carolina is rather premature in raising this banner, for it remains yet to be proved which of the two—North or South America—is destined to carry off the Palm? We advise them to make it up, and whilst the one holds out the right hand of friendship, let the other extend its Palm in hearty good fellowship. In the words of DR. WATTS, we tell them, with the privilege of a close relation, that sure their little hands were never made to scratch each other's eyes.

BY ALL MEANS, OUT.—The English passports now commence with "We, LORD JOHN RUSSELL." Should it not be "Wee?"

Hamlet in a Laughing Mood.

MONSIEUR FECHTER, at a large gathering of dramatic authors, was asked to explain what "*un succès d'estime*" meant? when he laughingly said, "Well, I will tell you, a Railway is *le plus grand succès de steam*," that I know, and what is still more strange, the author of this *grand succès* was, not a Frenchman, but an Englishman. This success, like too many of your successes, was "not taken from the French," but is perfectly original. The Author's name, I have the honour of informing you, gentlemen, is STEPHENSON! The company applauded MONSIEUR FECHTER, as though they were at the theatre.

A QUESTION FOR THE HORSE GUARDS.—When Peace is concluded, is War commenced?



“STRIKE, BUT HEAR ME.”—DON’T QUARREL WITH YOUR
BREAD AND BUTTER.

JOHN PALMERSTON.

AIR—"John Highland man."

AN Irish Lord my JOHN was born,
Both Dulness and Dons he held in scorn,
But he stood for Cambridge at twenty-one,
My gallant, gay, JOHN PALMERSTON!
Sing hey, my brisk JOHN PALMERSTON!
Sing ho, my blithe JOHN PALMERSTON!
Let Tory and Radical own they've none
To compare with my jaunty JOHN PALMERSTON.

Thanks to tact and temper, and taste for the trade,
For twenty years in office he stayed,
Let who would be Premier, it seemed all one,
So his Sec.-at-War was JOHN PALMERSTON.
Sing hey, &c.

There he did his work, for chief after chief,
Till the Tory party it came to grief;
And the Treasury Bench when the Whigs they won,
Who was Foreign Sec. but JOHN PALMERSTON!
Sing hey, &c.

Since then years thirty and one he's seen,
But no mark they've left on this evergreen;
Still the first in his place when Debate's begun,
And the last to leave it is PALMERSTON.
Sing hey, &c.

With his hat o'er his eyes, and his nose in the air,
So jaunty, and genial, and debonair—
Talk at him—to him—against him—none
Can take a rise out of PALMERSTON.
Sing hey, &c.

And suppose his parish register say
He's seventy-seven, if he's a day;
What's that, if you're still all fire and fun,
Like METHUSELAH, or JOHN PALMERSTON?
Sing hey, &c.

How to marshal a House of Commons' fight,
How to punish DIZZY, or counter BRIGHT,
How Deputations ought to be done,
Who can teach so well as JOHN PALMERSTON?
Sing hey, &c.

Agricultural meetings he holds by the ears,
Through their facings puts Hampshire Volunteers,
Or with ROWLIEFF takes up the gloves for fun,
This elderly evergreen, PALMERSTON.
Sing hey, &c.

He'll resist the gale, or he'll bow to the storm—
He'll patronise BRIGHT, or he'll chaff Reform,—
Make a Shaft'sbury Bishop, or poke his fun
At original sin, will JOHN PALMERSTON.
Sing hey, &c.

Of the Cinque-Ports Warden he's made at last,
And fears of invasion aside are cast:
There's never a Mounseer son of a gun
Can come over you, my JOHN PALMERSTON—
Sing hey, &c.

Since the days of the Patriarchs ne'er was seen
A head so grey with a heart so green;
And when, if ever, his day is done,
There'll be tears from Punch for JOHN PALMERSTON.
Sing hey, &c.

Am I not a Man and a Brother, Jonathan?

WE see there has been a book published called *The Republic of Fools*. For fear there should be any misapprehension on the other side of the water, we beg most distinctly to state, that the work in question does not bear the remotest allusion to America, notwithstanding the very great fools that our cousins in that mighty Republic have been lately making of themselves in falling out and quarrelling, when, as their very name tells them, all the States should be United.

THE POLICEMAN'S BEAT—By the Volunteers. They have not the slightest chance against them. The poor fellows are getting quite thin.

A CRINOLINE HOSPITAL WANTED.

Quousque tandem utere Crinolind, Miss? Here is another sample of the dangers you incur by it:—

"ANOTHER CRINOLINE ACCIDENT—Yesterday morning, as a lady was endeavouring to enter an omnibus in the Euston Road, which had stopped at her request, the folds of her voluminous dress were caught by the wheel of a passing cab, and she was carried a considerable distance by the vehicle before she could be extricated from her perilous position. On being conveyed to a surgeon's it was ascertained that the poor lady had received a fracture of her leg in addition to several severe contusions, and she was conveyed to her home in a most pitiable condition."

Among the many schemes suggested for the outlet of benevolence, we wonder nobody has set on foot a hospital for patients who have been either maimed or burnt through the wearing of wide petticoats. So largely have the accidents from this cause of late increased, that were a Crinoline Wing added to Guy's or St. Bartholomew's it would not long suffice to meet the exigencies of the case. Scarcely a day passes without our hearing of some score or two of mishaps that have occurred through this fruitful source of accident, and we think it is high time that special steps be taken to provide the sufferers with adequate relief. Litters should be kept at all the crowded crossings, to be ready to convey the patients to the hospital, which should be erected in some central spot; and for the relief of the severer cases there should be reception rooms provided in each thoroughfare, where sufferers might be sheltered and receive the care they need. Whether fire-escapes could be provided for ladies who catch fire through their amplitude of dress, is a point which MR. BRAIDWOOD perhaps may ascertain; but we should certainly advise there being plenty of lint and flour and other remedies for burns kept at hand in every drawing-room where Crinoline is tolerated, so as to afford relief until the surgeon can arrive.

Were we inclined to make a classical comparison, we might liken the entangling folds of a wide dress to the deadly serpent's folds wherewith Laocoön was strangled, or compare them for combustion to the shirt of Nessus. But as we hope that what we write will be read as much by ladies as by schoolboys and M.P.'s, we will not let out the quotations which we have at our pen's tip. Suicide by Crinolines has been quite long enough a fashionable failing, and we think it is high time that there should be an end to it. Ridicule apparently has failed to give much check, and it must now be seen what frightening may do for us. If *Lovely Woman* is not to be laughed out of her folly, perhaps it may be found that she can be made nervous through it; and when once her nerves are touched she will submit to what is asked of her. Were wide dresses marked "*Dangerous!*" as they hang up in the shops, ladies might in some measure be deterred from buying them: and their fears might very likely with advantage be enhanced, were statistics to be published in big print in the newspapers, showing the average of persons who are daily lamed or burned through their amplitude of skirt.

THE EASY HAIRCUTTING AND SHAVING SHOP.

A FINE opening into a famous business offers itself to any moderately enterprising hair-dresser who will only take a very little trouble to supply a want which is felt by every man, except perhaps men who are entirely bald, and not altogether except even them. In spite of all that has been said against a species of solicitation which constitutes one of the greatest nuisances of common life, hairdressers' assistants still persevere in bothering their patients, the customers of their employers, with recommendations of grease and wash of various kinds wherewith to bathe or anoint the hair. If a man has no hair at all they will perhaps have the insolence to urge him to try something warranted to reproduce it. If you tell them that you never use any unctuous application, and are simply in the habit of washing your head every morning, and they see, in fact, that you are not accustomed to smear it with odoriferous filth, then they will plague you with suggestions of some specific for shaving, and will not take no for an answer, and be quiet when you assure them that you are satisfied with Castile soap. Thus has one been brought absolutely to dread entering a shop to get one's hair cut, and is induced to think not only of joining the moustache and beard movement, but also of letting the hair of one's head grow. The importunities of these men are extremely irritating. You are pestered with entreaties to purchase things which you not only don't want, but which, if you buy them, you will have to carry away. Can this be worth their while or that of their masters? Is any man ever persuaded to stuff jars and bottles into his pockets?

Let anybody setting up as a hairdresser advertise his shop as one in which all articles necessary to the toilet may be obtained, but all requests to take them are strictly forbidden. He has only to spend a little money in putting announcements in the papers, and getting hand-bills printed to notify extensively enough that he intends to practise hairdressing without humbug, and shaving divested of barbarism, renouncing the barbarous dodge of attempting to force sales of fluids and pomatums. If, in addition to shaving and hairdressing, he wishes

to sell creams and extracts, he can content himself with sticking puffs of those articles, illuminated, framed, and glazed, all over the walls of the rooms in which his business is conducted, and which will soon be largely frequented by a numerous class of persons who would gladly go miles out of their way to get their hair cut in peace and quietness, without being worried. Whosoever will drive a roaring trade in the hairdressing and shaving line, he has nothing to do more than observe the above directions; and set up his pole in any decent neighbourhood wherein it will assuredly take root and flourish.



THE GREAT DIVORCE (NOW DUE).

DAYS of Divorce are these: SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL—
Æacus, Minos, Rhadamanth in one—
Sits, saying sternly, to all wedded sinners,
“Divide!” and it is done!

Spite of both Rome and Oxford—BOWYER’s howlings,
And SAMUEL’s struggles, sly and saponaceous,—
JOHN BULL’s coarse common-sense has given the lie
To Theologues pugnacious—

And said that marriage is a mutual compact
With two parts, whereof either rudely broken,
Dissolves the other, though upon the banns
A priest have blessing spoken.

So come you down into the severing court,
You ill-matched ancient pair, whose wedlock’s scandal,
Ages ago, to DANTE’s awful scorn
Gave a tremendous handle.

Come Roman Church and State—pair foully linked,
Worse fate—by CONSTANTINE and CHARLEMAGNE!
From Union which has wrought the curse of both,
Be separate again!

Poor Church—which ere that fatal wedding rite,
Wert still a virgin—holy, pure and true:
Poor State, that with a soldier’s faults hadst then
A soldier’s virtues too!

Now tainted each with other’s special sins,
Church as State stupid, sensual, and self-seeking;
State as Church cowardly, persecuting, proud,
Subtle and sneaking.

Come—long enough the world has blushed or bled,
For crimes which from your union took their source—
Let Rome that, sorrowing, saw your wedlock, see
Rejoicing, your divorce!

“Whom God hath joined let not man put asunder:”
The word is good. Part not whom God unites:
But whom the Fiend has joined, God bless the hand
That, swift, asunder smites.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE!—When a man’s countenance lights
up, is it probable (do you think, WISCOUNT WILLIAMS?)
that it is because he possesses Lantern Jaws?

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

“MY DEAR PUNCH,”

“CERVANTES has scarcely depicted a more amusing episode in *Sancho Panza’s* official life than when that humble hero, seated at the dinner-table, is prevented from satisfying his appetite by the officious zeal of his medical adviser. Dainty after dainty appears, but the physician is inexorable, and dishes vanish, one by one, under his potent wand. There are passages in my life when I have been forcibly reminded of the scene. I allude to passages on the briny sea. The feast is spread, the guests assembled, the Captain smiles and begins to carve, when lo! up rises Neptune with that awful trident, the table lurches at his touch, and away we stagger to our cabins. Perhaps we do not lose much by the interdiction. The viands on board the *Baron Nosey* are not always of a first-rate description, and on the occasion when we were bound for Porto Franco would certainly not have tempted me under a favourable wind. I am not much given to the pleasures of the table, even when the pleasures of the table are given to me; but this I will say, that I prefer a hot dinner to a tepid one, and as the latter was the condition in which the dishes were served, and a strong atmospheric evidence of engine-room was now and then wafted across the cabin—after vainly winking at DEWBERRY, who was dividing his attention very fairly between MISS EMILY SPICER (MAJOR SPICER’s second daughter) and a pigeon pie, and failing to draw him off, I went on deck to console myself with a weed.

“There, as it happened, I came suddenly on a select party of three, who were making a meagre pic-nic under the shelter of the paddle-box—an Englishman, his wife, and a sort of ‘young person,’ who, not appearing precisely in the character of a companion or of a servant, seemed to discharge the duties of both. As I walked forward, quite innocently, to my surprise, there was a great confusion, and a sudden making away with papers of sandwiches and hiding a suspicious

looking bottle in the folds of an umbrella. The gentleman aforesaid, who was making convulsive efforts to swallow a mouthful of ham, pretended to be earnestly engaged in contemplating the engine-room, while his worthy lady suddenly became immersed in MURRAY’s *Hand-book*, by which I have no doubt she must have been extremely edified, seeing that it was, as I subsequently discovered, upside down.

“Well, I puffed away in silence (being, of course, forbidden under heavy penalties to speak to the man at the wheel), and was presently joined by DICK, his fair charmer having left him in order to accompany her Mamma, who had freely partaken of lobster salad, into the ladies’ cabin, as it was getting rather rough.

“DICK, on hearing of the pic-nic business, burst into a roar of laughter. ‘Don’t you know who that is?’ said he; ‘that’s M’TINSEL, of Skiffint Hall, Ayrshire, and that’s his wife. They bring their own lunch on board to save a few francs below; but they always take places in the saloon of a boat, for the sake of appearances. I knew them in Paris, where they had swell apartments in the Faubourg St. G., and dined on a leg of mutton all the week. Old M’T. is always talking of the magnificent establishment which he left at Skiffint; and he may speak the truth for aught I know, as the place is let twelve months in the year. They are pretty well off in the world, if they would only live quietly; but as they *will* attempt to ‘astonish the Browns,’ they are put to all sorts of mean little shifts at home. Where did you say they stowed the bottle? Wait a bit, I *must* pay my respects, you know.’ And here the deceitful wretch, under cover of this object, went up to them, and a minute afterwards I saw him offering his assistance to MRS. M’T., who was moving off laden with the remains of the banquet. ‘Oh! thank you, MR. DEWBERRY, never mind,’ said that lady, as DICK was politely taking the umbrella; ‘Never mind—I can—at least—ch, take care, please!’ And at this juncture the umbrella fell wide open, and disclosed a black bottle, from which issued (according to DICK) a strong odour of Jamaica rum.

"It's—it's only the—the claret," said Mrs. M'T., getting very pink. 'You know the wine is so shockingly bad on board, and MORGAN can't get on without his—ahem—*Bordessa*.' And she put up such a piteous mean little face that I couldn't help pitying her.

"To be sure—an excellent plan," said DICK, looking across to me. And here M'T., who had retired from the scene, hoping to escape notice, now, seeing the umbrella opened, and the murder out, came up rather sulkily, and seizing the unfortunate gingham, they both went below, looking very warm and uncomfortable.

"Dick and I had both secured sofas to sleep on at night, which, by the way, are infinitely preferable to those rickety shelves called berths. Before retiring to rest, we were pacing the deck, talking of old East-minster days and future prospects, when, whom should we come upon but Miss ARMSTRONG, the celebrated American painter (we used to meet her at Mrs. WIMPOLE's *conversations*)—yes, by Jove! Miss ARMSTRONG reading CARLYLE by the light of her cigarette. 'Hallo! is that you?' said the damsel, with an extra puff, and nothing taken aback. 'How d'ye do, EASEL? Pleasant night, ain't it?' (puff). 'Where are you off to?' (puff, puff). 'Rome, I guess—so am I. Lots of work waiting for me (puff). The DOOK OF MACKINTOSH will be there this winter. Know him? Not a bad feller, I can tell you.' And after a few other remarks, the young lady went on with her book.

"Who the doose is that?" said DICK (who thinks he knows everyone), as we walked away, and I told him. 'By Jove, she's a clipper, and will make her way in the world in spite of her snub nose,' said he, and indeed I thought so too.

"We were up the next morning early, to look at the sunrise, and I who have not seen many, I am ashamed to say since I left school, was delighted with the marvellous effect of colour. The sky was—

"But stop. I am not going to be tempted into any descriptions of scenery—I know the fate of such in a hundred pages which I have skipped in my novel-reading days. What, after all, is the good of using hackneyed expressions and threadbare adjectives to describe in crooked letters what the most skilful pencil can but suggest? So we will stand out of the light, with your permission, and only uncover our heads before the Majesty of Dawn.

"The day passed away very pleasantly, and that rogue DICK had been so judiciously attentive to MAMMA SPICER, that the old Major (who is always grateful to anyone who will relieve guard in attendance on his partner) shook him heartily by the hand as we approached Porto Franco, and said 'Happy to have made your acquaintance, Mr. DEWBERRY,—hope we shall meet again in Rome. You may always hear of me at Pellegrini's—you know.'

"DICK immediately took down the address in his pocket-book, and looking pathetically at Miss EMILY, said he should certainly do himself the pleasure of calling. I smiled to think how much such compliments usually mean betwixt men, and recalled the time when I fondly believed people would be glad to see me when they said so. A similar invitation when I was a youngster induced me to visit a celebrated R.A.'s studio; and a pretty reception I got there. Well! well! thank Heaven, all men are not alike. Let us give the honest Major the benefit of the doubt, and wish MASTER DICK success of his siege in the Eternal City.

"It was already dusk, and we had got our small collection of traps together, when a boat came alongside to take off all passengers for Porto Franco. We jumped in with some fellow-travellers, and were soon floating over the deep waters of the Bay. A Neapolitan merchant vessel was moored off the quay, and the sailors were chaunting some dreamy ditty at their work; else, all was quiet. Two men, red-capped and bronze-armed, punted our boat along.

"When the deuce are these buffers going to pull?" said DICK. 'What on earth is the good of backing water all the way?' For the graduate was as yet unacquainted with the style of rowing prevalent in this part of the world, and which at first sight naturally excited indignation in one who had pulled bow in the University Eight.

"Faithfully yours,
"JACK EASEL."

Impromptu (of Course).

(Made at 5 minutes to 11 P.M., in one's comfortable Library, over a blazing good fire, and one of the very best of Havannahs, and after imagining that one had seen in the live coals the outline of a specimen of the masculine gender in a Parisian Corset?)

Oh! love of dress, how vain its ways!
As shown in yonder Stupid Fop—
We see full clearly where it stays;
But tell—pray tell us—where 'twill stop!

Wit in the Mess Room.

"WHY, I am sure," said a big-mouthed, braggadocious Captain, after the second bottle, "at the capture of Delhi, that I must have looted at least—ay, at least—a bagfull of diamonds."

"Ay, I see, a regular sack of carats," said a promising young Ensign, who, before joining, had learnt to be witty by associating with several stockbrokers.

MANSION HOUSE MARBLES.



AST among the various purposes subserved by the civic General Purposes Committee, is the adornment of the Mansion House. For this purpose, by order of the Court of Common Council, they have within nine years ordered divers sculptures to be executed by sundry artists. Among these works of art, all in marble, is a statue of SARDANAPALUS, now nearly completed. They are to be placed in the Egyptian Hall; where SARDANAPALUS will find himself in every way except nominally at home. The image of the ornament for that

Assyrian monarch and voluptuary will be a suitable hall which is consecrated to the orgies of the City King. It will be considerably more in keeping with the character of the apartment in question than that of a very different sovereign about to be placed there—ALFRED THE GREAT. Another neighbour of SARDANAPALUS is to be a statuette named DRYDEN's *Alexander's Feast*. It is difficult to imagine how a statuette can be made out of such a subject, unless we suppose it to represent ALEXANDER in the act of feasting, in which case it would certainly form a most suitable embellishment of the Mansion House. But ALFRED will be quite out of place there, and, if as yet only ordered, should by all means be countermanded for a becoming substitute. As one that would harmonise completely with the *genius loci*, and admirably match SARDANAPALUS and *Alexander's Feast*, we earnestly recommend the Roman Emperor VITELLIVS, who was so excessively addicted to eating and drinking, and thus, as his name would be said in the City to signify, sitch a beggar for wittles.

PALMERSTON AT HOME.

LORD PALMERSTON, on Maunday Thursday, delivered an At Home before his Tiverton constituents in the shape of an Easter Entertainment. The occasion of this performance was his Lordship's appointment to the Office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, which five ports, however, the Right Hon. Viscount, to the satisfaction of his hearers, showed to be little better than five empty bottles. The observations of the noble PREMIER related to affairs in general, and, as usual, blended instruction with amusement, being heard with rapt attention and interrupted by roars of laughter. The latter were more particularly elicited by the remarks which he made in answer to a volley of absurd and vulgar abuse which was fired at him by a friend of the people, whom he shut perfectly up, concluding with these words:—"I believe I have answered most of the questions put by MR. ROWCLIFFE."

Digging for Medical Roots.

WHAT is hypocrite derived from? We are not classical enough to say, and have no time to write to DEAN TRENCH, but we should say that it came originally from HIPPOCRATES, and means one who is a quack, who prescribes falsely, and deals in deleterious things. Such a man is a hypocrite, as contradistinguished from a true disciple of HIPPOCRATES, or one who is a genuine professor of the healing Truth.

AN IMPERIAL ENRAGED MUSICIAN.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA would not mind KOSSUTH's striking false notes, if they were not likely to create discord in Hungary.

THE SOUREST KIND OF ACID.—The Ascetic Acid.



FORCE OF HABIT.—(A TABLEAU FOR FAMILY PEOPLE ONLY.)

ADOLPHUS, GEORGE, AND LOUISA, ARE PLAYING IN KENSINGTON GARDENS—TO THEM THE FAMILY DOCTOR UNEXPECTEDLY. A. AND G. AND L. GO THROUGH THE EXPRESSIVE PANTOMIME OF PUTTING OUT THEIR TONGUES AS A MATTER OF COURSE.

TO SPURGEON.

A Remonstrance.

A TRITON 'mong minnows—'mong small fry a Sturgeon,
Of the Sea of Dissent still be Bishop, O SPURGEON—
May his tonsils and windpipe ne'er call for a surgeon,
Be tough as bull-leather, O lungs of my SPURGEON!
While upwards shall shoot, and resplendent shall burgeon,
With rare flowers of speech, the renown of my SPURGEON.
In 'spounding and 'splaining still frothily surge on,
In the comic-conventicle-style dear to SPURGEON.
Subscriptions to finish thy church may'st thou urge on,
To a thundering tune, irresistible SPURGEON.
And long may the thousands transpontine converge on
The plate and the porch of my popular SPURGEON.
If Pride *must* have a fall, lightly still fall Pride's purge on
Tabernac'lar trustees, full of faith in their SPURGEON.
Be it long ere thine own chapel choir sing a dirge on
The decline of the drawing attractions of SPURGEON.
But as two of a trade can't agree, if you verge on
My domain, *Punch must* say, "One at once, my dear SPURGEON.
From his show-box the pulpit were *Punch* to emerge on,
Ask yourself how *you'd* like it, my excellent SPURGEON!"

Troops that Can Well be Spared.

TALK of recalling the troops from Rome, we wish LOUIS NAPOLEON would recall the troops of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen that infest Regent Street in the day-time, and the purlieus of Leicester Square at night! We do not think any person would throw the smallest obstacle in the way of their leaving the country. One thing is certain, that the safety, as well as the respectability, of that part of London would be materially increased by their absence. We do wish the EMPEROR would recall them.

PROPOSED DECORATION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

It is said that HER MAJESTY has been advised to do the House of Lords the honour of creating SIR BENJAMIN BRODIE a Peer. So distinguished a representative of the medical profession among the Peers would add much to their Lordships' intellectual dignity, of which at present the most eminent examples are the law lords. But a profession grounded on knowledge of the laws of nature is infinitely nobler than one which merely demands acquaintance with the statutes and usages of the realm, and the first surgeon in England is, as such, fitter to be ennobled than the first lawyer; that is to say, if the surgeon, who should be a philosopher, cares about a title. Moreover, the medical profession is infinitely more respectable than the legal; for whereas the former involves nothing that is morally dirty, the practice of the latter largely consists in abetting extortion, defending scoundrels, defeating the ends of justice, and, for these purposes, employing a venal sophistry, and bullying witnesses with the intent of confusing them and tricking their mouths into telling juries a lie. Than all which mercenary and fraudulent operations, lithotomy, amputation, the taking up and tying of arteries, and all other proceedings tending to the cure of disease, the salvation of life, and the relief of pain, even bleeding and tooth-drawing, are infinitely more honourable. Therefore, hey for LORD BRODIE!

Jigs for Gents.

A FELLOW actually advertises *Yelverton Waltzes*. A Yelverton waltz, we suppose, is a *valse à deux dames*. We have not even heard these waltzes, and therefore are unable to say if the vileness of the music corresponds to the offensiveness of their title. Of course we have not seen them danced, because, to do that, we should have had to mingle with the most awful of snobs, and descend into the most horrible abysses of disgusting blackguardism.

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL.—Evil for Good.

At the Haymarket play-bill's head
"THE MILLER AND HIS MEN" I
read,

A weight of years my mind off
Upon the instant seemed to fall,
I was again an urchin small—
Forgotten, toils and cares and all,
I cried aloud, "A cab go call,
I will revisit *Grindoff*!"



THE GRINDOFF OF OUR YOUTH.

What joy, as on my way I rolled,
To live again youth's age of gold,
To tear life's bitter rind off;
To taste anew its kernel sweet—
As once, when Fancy Hope would meet
Round FAIRBAIRN'S richly-coloured sheet,
With cast of characters complete,
From *Kelmar* up to *Grindoff*!

I see them now! The fair *Claudine*—
Ravina too, the bandit queen,
With slow-match coil to wind off—
Riber, *Golotz*, ferocious brutes!
In tabbed and buckled bandit-suits;
Count Fribourg, splendid in his boots,
Carl, and *Lothair*, who bravely shoots,
After humbugging, *Grindoff*!

And, last not least, stood *Grindoff* there,
Disguised from treacherous heel to hair,
Suspicion thus to blind off,
In *Miller's* coat, and beaver grey,

GRINDOFF REVISITED.

Though from beneath that mild array
Peeped forth the boots which seemed to say
"Pistols and Plunder, are the lay
Of the abandoned *Grindoff*!"

Those sheets of scenes too! Wings and flies—
Cottage O.P. where *Kelmar* tries
To talk a dog's leg (hind) off;
The boats to cross the lake with sacks—
Rowers with practicable backs—
The mill that works its sails, and clacks—
Th' interior—scene of *Carl's* attacks
On robbers, rats, and *Grindoff*!—

The wood where *Riber* and *Golotz*
Deal dagger-thrusts and pistol-shots,
And lead *Lothair*, made blind, off;—
The cavern underneath the mill,
Where bandits at their wicked will,
Dance and carouse and sleep and swill,
While brave *Lothair*, with simple skill,
Gulls stern, but shallow *Grindoff*!

Once more, *Lothair* prepares the train;
Once more with crime and jealous pain
Ravina's beauty's pined off;—
Once more, dark *Riber's* midnight crime
Is stopped by *Carl*, in nick of time;—
Once more, the hill the soldiers climb,—
Once more the Mill blows up sublime,
Over the corpse of *Grindoff*!

Oh blissful past! Oh happy day!
When thoughts of evening's coming play
I breakfasted and dined off:
Characters cut and marshalled fair,—
Scenery and machinery square,—
The dialogue got up with care,—
The squibs to blow the Mill in air,
After the fall of *Grindoff*!

Yes, I will be a boy again;
And with "THE MILLER AND HIS
MEN"

These forty years of mine doff;
The drama that so charmed the boy
Will charm e'en manhood's dull annoy,
And, though the gold have some alloy,
A golden hour I'll still enjoy,
With my old favourite *Grindoff*!

* * * * *

Ah me! It was an idle whim.
Life's coarse-grained crucible why skim
Kind memory's gold refined off!
Sink from small-caps my sanguine pen—
I've seen *The Miller and his Men*;
But no old glory gilds again,
The mill or cottage, wood, or glen—
Still less their tenant *Grindoff*!

Kelmar still pumps! still rants *Lothair*—
Claudine her beautiful back-hair
The ribbons still doth bind off.

Still *Carl* has his familiar jest;
Still *Fribourg* sinks with sleep oppress;
Still *Riber's* stabbed, blown up the rest
Of the vile gang of *Grindoff*!

But *Grindoff* of dear FAIRBAIRN'S page!
The hero of my tiny stage,
With face so grimly lined off!
In vain, in vain, I looked for him—
The belt with pistols garnished grim;
And copper buttons round the rim,
The yellow boots and buckle trim,
That glorified my *Grindoff*!



THE GRINDOFF OF THESE DEGENERATE DAYS.

So with them all, degenerate set!
I charge ye, one and all, go get
Costumes so ill-designed off!
Was ne'er a bandit there that wore
The jacket with its tabs of yore;
The belt with buckle huge before,
The boots with ochre yellowed o'er,
That fit the band of *Grindoff*!

Alas, that e'er I dared the shock,
Of Fancy's bark on Fact's hard rock—
Took memory's eyes the blind off—
How shall I win ye back again,
My "Twopence coloured, penny plain?"
Who stabbed and shot, slew or were slain,
Or him who ruled your ruffian train,
My boyhood's awful *Grindoff*!

HOHENZOLLERN'S PRAYER.

(To His Majesty the KING OF PRUSSIA.)

SIRE,

YOUR Majesty concludes his Royal reply to an address presented to him by the municipality of Berlin on the occasion of his birthday, with the following most patriotic, virtuous, and religious aspiration:—

"May I succeed in keeping the storm which threatens Europe far from our country, in order that we may undisturbedly promote our internal development, and devote all our powers thereto. May the Lord grant us His blessing and His assistance for this purpose."

May your Majesty sincerely strive to do that which he breathes so fervent a hope to succeed in doing. May your Majesty accordingly forthwith abandon the aggression which he is attempting on the dominions of his neighbour the KING OF DENMARK, and relinquish his design of plundering that sovereign of Schleswig and Holstein. For if your Majesty perseveres in that scheme of spoliation the con-

sequence will very probably be a European war, in which I shall be obliged to take part against your Majesty. I shall be very sorry to fight the father-in-law of my Princess; but international justice must be maintained. It will never do for me to let France alone go to the rescue of Denmark, thrash your Majesty at another Auerstadt, annex the left bank of the Rhine—and perhaps abolish the Prussian Monarchy. May your Majesty, therefore, succeed in preventing the invasion of his kingdom by devoting his whole energies to minding his own business; and may the assistance your Majesty invokes be vouchsafed your Majesty to accomplish that laudable endeavour.

I am, Sire, your Majesty's most Gracious Sister-in-law's most obedient and faithful subject and servant,

PUNCH.

P.S. Your Majesty's professed intentions are excellent. May your Majesty never tread the pavement which is formed of those materials. May it, then, please your Majesty to desist from coveting and desiring his neighbour's provinces, and not to break the peace.



Unflinching Conduct of Our Artist (38th Middlesex) on the Field of Wimbledon.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE STRIKE.

No person ever denied to *Mr. Punch* possession of perfect impartiality; and if any one ever had been such a goose as to deny it, *Mr. Punch* would not have cared. It is purely in the exercise of his own sovereign will and pleasure that he prints the following extract from a Dublin Pote, who has favoured him with a pamphlet on the subject of Strikes. The elegance and eloquence of the composition do honour to the author, MR. M'ANASPIE; and though *Mr. Punch* may dissent from that bard's teaching, it is satisfactory to know the strongest arguments that can be urged for quarrelling with one's bread and butter:—

"A tradesman's first duty is to protect his trade,
From all encroachments lawless power has made;
For it is he that raises cities, towns, and squares,
And almost every article that mankind wants and wears,
Empires and kingdoms grow up at his command:
He fosters all that makes the noble mind expand;
For by his incessant toil and inventive mind
We see those beauteous works by him designed.
He is the bone and sinew that adorns the state,
But has been badly treated by the self-called great.
The toiling millions working day and night,
Feed those detracting nabobs who usurped their right.
As the tradesman pandered to them one and all,
Which raised this jobbing crew to their own downfall,
Should now combine against these sordid knaves,
To get their rights, no longer now be slaves;
For Union is power, tyranny cannot defeat,
Self reliance and protection makes them and their country great."

Anyhow, the logic is better than MR. POTTER's, and the poetry is eminently calculated to scare the Detracting Nabobs against whom the Pote launches his fulminations. Bravo, M'ANASPIE! It's yourself that can hould the candle straight, sir.

Moonstruck Bells and Men.

THE Westminster bells have again been striking all manner of hours. Big Ben is cracked we know, and should think that must also be the case with those other bells. They have struck with a wanton absurdity almost equal to that which has distinguished the strike of the working builders.

LYING IN STATE.—A Queen's Speech.

AWFUL CENSUS-WARNING.

THE following terrible instance of a rapid Nemesis, in the case of a Census-return, speaks for itself, and only needs a word of introduction. A family that lived—(*Punch* suppresses the exact locality, as strict care should be taken that the returns are not used for the gratification of curiosity)—in Brompton, in 1851, and that lives in that favoured locality still, handed on Monday morning last the following return to the elegant Enumerator who called for the Census paper:—

Name and Surname.	Relation to Head of the Family.	Condition	Sex.	Age last Birth-day.	Rank, Profession, or Occupation.
John Bloggs . . .	Head.	Married.	Male.	50	Merchant.
Maria Matilda Sarah Ann Bloggs .	Wife.	Married.	Female.	39	Lady.
Emmeline Sophia Bloggs	Daughter.	Single.	Female.	23	Young Lady.
Lucy Isabella Catherine Bloggs .	Daughter.	Single.	Female.	22	Young Lady.
Louisa Rebecca Beatrice Bloggs . .	Daughter.	Single.	Female.	21	Young Lady.
Margaret Isabel Bertha Bloggs .	Daughter.	Single.	Female.	19	Young Lady.

I declare the foregoing to be a true return, &c.

JOHN BLOGG

(Written, however, by MRS. BLOGG).

By one of those accidents which will happen in the best regulated families, CAPTAIN RODERICK VICKALPINE, who is rather spooney upon MISS MARGARET's profuse tresses and pathetic glances, was, on the afternoon of that same Monday, left alone in the back drawing-room at Brompton, while the ladies were completing their toilettes of reception. When the gallant Captain was tired of looking at the four big prints and six little ones on the walls, and had read a Notice of Vestry until he began to take an interest in parish affairs, and had teased the cat until she bolted out of the room, and had wished that he dared light a cigarette, and had observed that the housemaid did not sweep well into the corners, and had perused all the letters in his pocket twelve times, and had cut his nails very neatly, and at last began to think that there was some mistake, the eye of the distinguished officer lighted upon the only book in the room. This was a handsome copy of THE BOOK, and had been given to MR. BLOGG on his marriage, by his friend MR. BRIGES, a fact duly set out in gold letters on the cover. Not more unaccustomed to the sight of the volume than Captains in general are, the brave RODERICK respectfully lifted up, first, a small vase with artificial flowers, then a bead mat, then a backgammon board, all of which were pyramidically arranged on the large tome, and then he came to the volume itself, on which a margin of dust showed, in elegant contrast to the non-dusty part which had been covered by the backgammon board. He opened the book at the beginning, and beheld handwriting, and, as he considered himself to belong in some sort to the family (for he had two or three times pressed the fingers of the pathetic MARGARET at parting, and observed, at other times, that the sooner a fellow was settled the better), he conceived that he had a right to read what was inscribed. He read, on a piece of vellum inserted for such purpose, (that an entry in such a book might be regarded as almost sworn to, as it were), the following statement in the hand of JOHN BLOGG:—

Married, at St. Wombat's, Borough, on the 15th March, 1833, JOHN BLOGG, aged 22, to MARIA MATILDA MARY ANN FIBBER, aged 20. May we be happy!

First Child. A daughter. Born 28th February, 1834. Baptised by the names of EMMELINE SOPHIA.

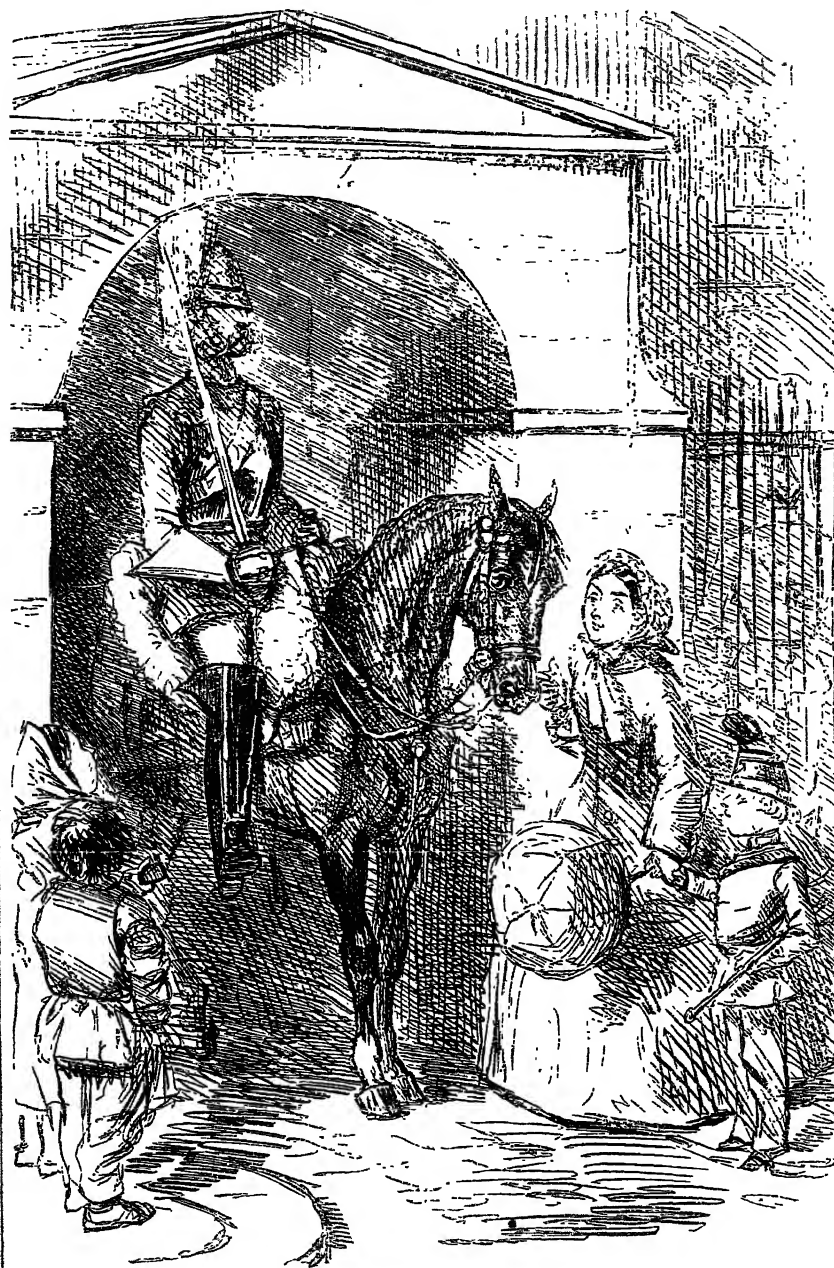
Second Child. A daughter. Born 1st January, 1835. Baptised by the names of LUCY ISABELLA CATHERINE.

Third Child. A daughter. Born 31st December, 1835. Baptised by the names of LOUISA REBECCA BEATRICE.

Fourth Child. A daughter. Born 5th November, 1836. Baptised by the names of MARGARET ISABEL BERTHA.

On perusing this last statement, the gallant CAPTAIN took up his hat, and is now in Paris. He did not close the book before going, and the rouge upon the cheek of the pathetic MARGARET was lost in the scarlet hue which surrounded that aid to nature, when, entering with a pensive smile, she beheld no Captain, but the open record in the Family Bible.

The moral need scarcely be pointed out, yet let it be added: Never leave marriageable Captains alone with Family Bibles.



A MEDIUM.

Nursery-Maid (to horse, with great affection). "OH, YOU DARLING! I AM SO FOND OF YOU!"

MARRIAGE FOR THE MASSES.

CAN a man marry on £200 a year? is a question which some little time ago was much discussed. It would appear, from the subjoined newspaper paragraph, that marriage is possible under circumstances considerably narrower than those of a couple whose annual income amounts to £200:—

"GRATUITOUS MARRIAGES.—The Rev. J. W. LAUGHLIN, incumbent of St. Peter's, Great Saffron Hill, lately announced that during Easter week marriages at that Church would be performed free of all charges, and yesterday about twenty couples attended the Church for the purpose of being married on these terms, and more, whose banns have been published, will avail themselves of the offer of the reverend gentleman within the next few days. Most of the parties appeared to be of the poorer classes residing in the densely-populated and poverty-stricken neighbourhood of the ruins of the new street near Holborn Hill, to whom the usual marriage fees have been a great obstacle to their getting married."

Twenty couples in a church make a respectable congregation—respectable that is in point of magnitude; for of course Respectability in the social scale could never get married for nothing. They were doubtless all united at once, and the spectacle of one half of a congre-

gation marrying the other half would have seemed very extraordinary to persons moving in Society, if Society had extended to Saffron Hill and looked in at St. Peter's. St. Peter of Saffron Hill and St. George of Hanover Square may have found some amusement in comparing notes on the occasion. St. George probably in his own church never saw so many couples married at a time during the whole course of his beatitude. He must have been very much struck with the fact that all those persons were joined together in holy matrimony by the Rev. J. W. LAUGHLIN *proprio Hymene* so to speak, and off his own prayer-book. The Saint of Hanover Square has been accustomed to see it take two clergymen, and often a bishop in addition to an eminent parson, to marry one single couple of the superior classes.

There was a time when the sight of so many poor people contracting marriage in a crowd would have suggested to a member of Society the analogy of an equally wholesale hanging. The latter destiny he would perhaps have been inclined to foresee as the probable termination of the career of most of those whom he beheld devoting themselves to the former apparently with the prospect of having to choose between begging and stealing. Even now the idea of a multitude contracting such imprudent marriages as those in which future happiness is not secured by proper settlements, will be regarded in Tyburnia and Belgravia, and even in Bloomsbury and Russell Square generally with horror. Numerous marriages on so much less than £200 a year as the probable means of the twenty couples above described as having been made husbands and wives, are calculated to appal overseers and other parochial authorities with a prospect of increased poor's rates, and political economists may shake their heads at unions which seem likely to result in the district Union. Society has reason to call such marriages improvident, but without them how would Society be provided with servants, soldiers, and sailors? Society rests on the shoulders of those who marry upon next to nothing, if not, as in the cases above cited, *in forma pauperis*; and Belgravia and Tyburnia are sustained by the slums.

KEEP YOUR FIVE SHILLINGS!

So the Greeks propose to offer the Crown of Greece (when Otho has quite done with it) to a son of the QUEEN OF ENGLAND! PRINCE ALFRED is the happy recipient of the compliment; but his next brother might be a better choice. Fancy KING ARTHUR turning up again on the Hill of Mars, and Grecian minstrels tuning up

"To peal proud ARTHUR's march from fairy-land."

Upon calm consideration, however, LORD PROTECTOR PUNCH begs to decline the crown in question, on the part of both his young friends, or, to put it more civilly, to fix the coronation for the Greek Kalends. Let the present King mind his own business better. The French neatly ask, What is the principal want of Greece? and reply, even more neatly, "*Coton, soie, fil, et laine*." When stupid people don't understand this, it is explained to them in writing. "*Qu'Otho soit Phil-Hellene*." Let him do this, and Greece need not be looking about for a new dynasty. Anyhow, Mr. Punch again declines the Greek Crown, which at present does not appear to him to be worth quite the Five Bob which vulgar jesters disgustingly assert are to be found in the English cart-wheel.

NEWS FOR EXETER-HALL.—THE expelled Italian despots have all become Protestants. A fact dear LORD S. They are all protesting against the title of the KING OF ITALY.

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.



EAR PUNCH,—I have often heard it stated that the Drama is declining, and that as a rule the British nation has ceased to take an interest in theatrical amusements. The truth of this assertion is convincingly made manifest by the fact that every theatre in London is now open, and that at two of the first houses (the Adelphi and St. James's) the bills remained unchanged from Christmas until Easter, clearly showing that the public had supported what had pleased it. People greedy after novelty may like to be informed that the fare is altered now; for that pleasant, piquant dish, *Endymion*, is removed, and for a month the *Colleen Bawn* has migrated to Dublin. How it used to make me shiver during the cold weather to see daily side by side with the first leader in

the *Times*, the stereotyped account of how the dauntless MR. BOUTCAULT was nightly taking his 'tremendous header' in the lake: a feat that, when the temperature was somewhere below zero, demanded, one would think, no ordinary coolness. No fewer than a hundred and sixty-seven times did the intrepid *Miles-na-Coppaleen* take his daring plunge, and come up nightly covered with cold water and applause, and judging by the unabated rush there was to see him, the chances are, I think, that when his Dublin trip is over, he will have to take in London as many headers more.

"Meanwhile, his place is filled—as is the house—by MR. WEBSTER, who does a skilful bit of conjuring by changing himself into a Wizard of the South, since it is from Paris that *Magloire le Prestigiateur* has recently arrived. Those who may remember MR. WEBSTER in *Belphegor*, need not be recommended to see him in *Magloire*, because, without such commendation, they are pretty sure to do so. I cannot say the latter piece is equal to the former, and it has the disadvantage of the want of utter novelty, although it clearly cannot be regarded as a copy. But, as French pieces go, it is very well worth seeing; and it does not leave a nasty flavour in one's mind, as, in spite of MR. WIGAN'S admirable acting, the *Ile of St. Tropez*, I must acknowledge, does. Physicking and poisoning are not things to my taste, however relished they may be by the palates of Parisians. I prefer the healthier condiment of comedy and farce, for my appetite is not so jaded and used up as to require such stinging stimulants as *gros sel* and poisoned pepper.

"Easter would by some eyes scarce be looked upon as Easter without the column in the papers headed 'EASTER ENTERTAINMENTS.' The critics who at such times have to be ubiquitous had comparatively quite an easy time of it this year, for at three only of the theatres were there new pieces to notice. I do not count that at the Haymarket there was the *Miller and his Men* (which I hope next week to make myself a boy again by witnessing); because, you see, one can't exactly call this a new piece, albeit I think plays which are full half a century old may be as welcome to the public as novelties much newer. It is remarkable that there was only one burlesque produced this Easter, and this, I scarce need say, was at the Bandbox Theatre. This house, you are aware, is christened otherwise the Strand, and may more fitly be called 'little' than the theatre in the Haymarket. *Aladdin*, you will find, is quite up to the Strand mark, and the make-up of his mother is alone well worth a visit. If MR. ROGERS be correct in his notions of costume, the ladies of our Court will find it hard to keep from giggling when the Embassy from China present their wives and pigtailed here.

"As usual, the burlesque is brimful of bad puns, and of those queer twisted word-stringings which with some writers pass for jokes. Ah, me! one sighs in vain now for the neat wit of a PLANCHÉ, and the really cultured taste and voice of a Miss HORTON, which once were blended in burlesques with such excellent effect. Miss HORTON, in her time, was the Queen of fairy songstresses, and in burlesque reigned *facile princeps*, as witness the *Invisible* and half-a-dozen other Princes. Was it from thinking of her, I wonder, that I thought of MRS. REED, and went to see her once again in an Easter Entertainment? Yes, there was the rich voice, mellowed and matured, but not yet robbed by Time of its brilliancy or sweetness; and there was the same careful

and artistic personation, attention paid to byplay, and skilful touch and finish. Better comedy than the Will scene has seldom won my smiles; and I scarce know which I enjoyed more, her bustling charity-huntress or lazy novel-reading servant. But I own I could have wished to hear her sing me one good solid song—a bit of real music, and not mere jingle-jangle. This she is the only 'Entertainer', who can do; and not many concert-singers, I think, can do it better.

"I may pay another visit to the gallery ere long, and say the word of praise that the two gentlemen deserve; but with so gallant a man as you are, Mr. Punch, the maxim *place aux dames* of course must be imperative. For the present, I may mention that MR. REED is showing himself more and more an actor, while both his music and his playing are the work of a musician. With regard to MR. PARRY, his genius is really breaking out in a new place. I know of no one on the stage who could have done his *Major Poppley* better than he did, with such gentlemanly bearing and artistic working out. The character is slight, and the scene in other hands might have descended to broad farce; but MR. PARRY kept it free from stogy old conventionalism, while infusing quite enough of humour to the part. As for his song of *Paterfamilias* and his *Children* at a Pantomime, of course every *paterfamilias* will take his family to hear it. In this line, MR. PARRY stands, as he stood ever, unapproachably alone; and, snobbish as it may be to pun upon a name—

"None but himself can be his Parry-lol."

"The opera is not the drama, it is true; but, as being the highest form of entertainment on the stage, I surely now and then may be allowed to notice it. So well mounted as *Le Prophète* is, it must have a good run; and to judge by how the house was filled the other night, I think the public take advantage of the treat that is provided them. To say the band is as nearly perfect as can be, is but another way of saying that MR. COSTA is conductor; and though I still retain a memory of MARIO and GARCIA, I have little to find fault with in TAMBERLIK and CZILLAG.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

MODERN CIVILISATION.

AIR—"The Vicar of Bray."

His Holiness the POPE OF ROME
Has launched an Allocution
At Reform abroad and Reform at home,
Which he calls Revolution;
He heaps abuse, pronounces blame,
And deals out condemnation
Direct, without reserve, by name,
On Modern Civilisation.

For other times the Pontiff sighs,
And groans for other ages,
While he scolds, and screams, and shrieks, and cries,
And roars, and raves, and rages,
For the palmy days of Interdict,
And Excommunication,
All which have been to limbo kicked
By Modern Civilisation.

'Tis likely Rome will grow too hot
To hold the Holy Father:
He'll have to seek some other spot
To rule and govern, rather,
Jerusalem some folks suggest;
And that's a situation
Where he would not be much distressed
By Modern Civilisation.

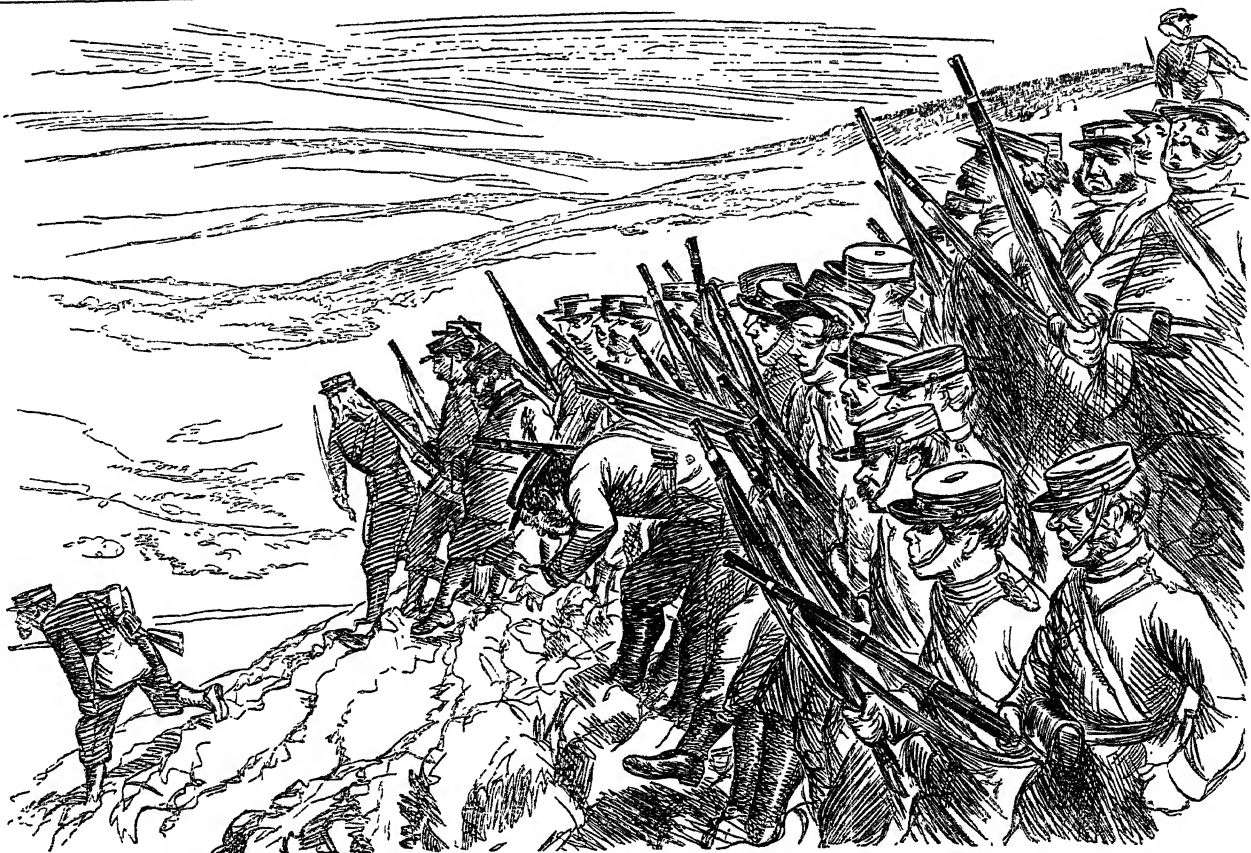
'Twere better if to Jericho
He went, with all his head men,
Or his Cardinals and he might go
Among the Indian Red Men;
The POPE and Conclave would amaze
The native population;
Let them fly to the far Ojibbeways,
From Modern Civilisation.

Prince Murat's Pippin.

In modestly proposing himself for King of Naples, PRINCE MURAT may think he has thrown the apple of discord amongst the Italian people. Let him not flatter himself. His apple is but a rotten apple at best. All things are not apples that call themselves so. The missile has fallen short. The ball may be at the thrower's foot, and he will most probably put his foot in it.



PAPAL ALLOCUTION.—SNUFFING OUT MODERN CIVILISATION.



"RETIRING."—VOLUNTEER CAPTAIN (very sensibly). "Keep your dressing, by your right, as well as you can!"



BULKY PENNY-A-LINER. "Over that Hill!—Oh, I dessay!—I'll trouble you!—Why can't it take place here, Sir?—that's what I want to know. What do they care about the Public comfort?—such a broiling hot day, too—it's scandalous!"

RECOLLECTIONS OF EASTER MONDAY AT BRIGHTON.



"He must go, too, with the other Boys. Bless his Old Heart!"

POT AND KETTLE.

Being a Sheffield lesson as to the way a Constituency should treat its Member, and a Member should treat his Constituents.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. ROEBUCK. A MOB.

Enter to the Mob, MR. ROEBUCK.

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo! Off! Austrian! Humbug! Tyrant. Yah! Bah! Whoo! Off!

Mr. Roebuck. Hold that blackguard noise!

Mob. Bah! Yah! Whoo! Off! Shame!

Mr. R. You are a set of illogical jackasses, and I shall stand here until you have done that howling.

Mob. Bah! Yah! Whoo! Pot Square!

Mr. R. Shan't go to Pot Square.

Mob. Then you'll go to pot!

Mr. R. Who cares for you, d'ye think?

Mob. Who sat in gilded saloons?

Mr. R. No dirty wretches like you.

Mob. Who sold himself to Austria?

Mr. R. Not you, for nobody would buy you.

Mob. Who's a rat, a rat, a rat, a rat? Bah!

Mr. R. I'm not a rat, you fools, I'm a terrier dog, and my name's Tear 'em.

Mob. Who won't tear anybody now, because he's had a sop?

Mr. R. You tell a great lie, and I'll prove it to you.

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo!

Mr. R. What's the good of bellowing like beasts—no, I do the beasts wrong; they never bellow without cause. Listen to me, and comprehend if you can.

Mob. Pot Square.

Mr. R. Shan't go to Pot Square.

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo!

Mr. R. Now, I tell you what it is. I am determined to be heard, and I shall stand here until you have bawled yourselves hoarse, and then I shall hammer some sense into your block-heads. I went to Austria—

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo!

Mr. R. Bah-whoo, indeed. Every one of you is a Ya-hoo.

Mob. And you're a Lilliputian.

Mr. R. That's a better retort than I expected from such everlasting asses. Grin yourselves into good humour, and hear me. I went to Austria, and I certainly did go into a gilded saloon.

Mob. And some of the gilding got into your pocket.

Mr. R. You must be utter idiots. I am a poor man, and I hope always to be a poor man, and certainly I came back no richer from Vienna.

Mob. More fool you.

Mr. R. That's your low, vulgar, coarse, mean, cowardly, crawling way of looking at things. As for what I said in the House of Commons in favour of Austria, I stand by it; but only such pigs as you could misunderstand it, or think that I advocated tyranny. I'm ashamed of representing such benighted rhinoceroses.

Mob. Give up your seat!

Mr. R. I'll see you somewhere first, and then I won't.

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo!

Mr. R. That's right. Go it, my boys. Show how fit you are for the suffrage, and how liberal you are in listening to the views of others. Any man who thinks I am wrong on this question, is a numskull, whom it were gross flattery to call a booby.

Mob. GARIBALDI for ever!

Mr. R. So I say, you muffs, for he is a brave and great man, and equal to WASHINGTON.

Mob. Who's WASHINGTON?

Mr. R. Yes, you know a deal about WASHINGTON, and washing-tub, too, to look at you, I don't think. But justice is justice, and law is law, as I dare say a good many of you have had disagreeable reason to know.

Mob. We shouldn't have you for counsel.

Mr. R. I wouldn't be hired by you. I'll serve you for nothing, but I'd spit at your money. Now, do you understand, because I'm not going to stand blowing you up all night? My dinner's ready at the hotel, and I'm not going to keep ladies waiting for all the bellowing bulls of Bashan that ever bawled. Do you comprehend that I am just the same that I always was, and that in finding fault with me you have only displayed your miserable ignorance?

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo!

Mr. R. Anyhow, if you don't, it's your own fault. If you don't listen, and believe that I know better about politics than you, what the deuce do you mean by electing me? Answer me that. It's downright impertinence to call a man your member, and then bring him all this way to reply to ridiculous questions and more ridiculous howls. I've a precious good mind to fling you all over.

Mob. Give up your seat!

Mr. R. Shan't, for your telling.

Mob. What's your name?

Mr. R. Tear 'em,—I tell you, you fools. What is my name? Tear 'em and tame; ask me again, and I'll tell you the same. There's some rhyme for you, as you can't understand reason.

Mob. Yah! Bah! Whoo!

[The arguments were not concluded when our reporter came away.]

MUSICAL MARAUDERS.

"WHISTLE, and I'll come to you, my lad!" appears to be the maxim with some of the police; for at Bow Street the other morning a gentleman was charged with the offence of having whistled in the public streets, and was fined twenty shillings for disturbance of the peace. In passing sentence the worthy Magistrate remarked:—

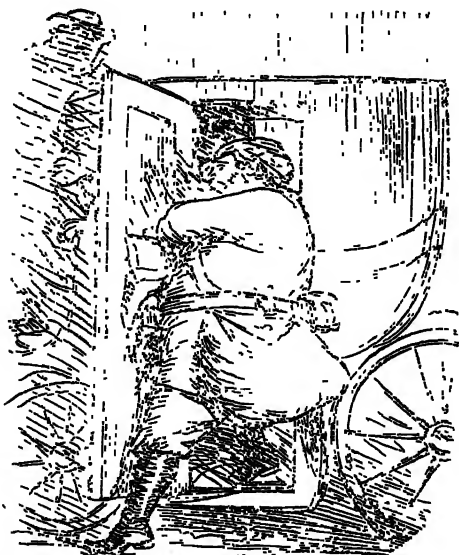
"It could not be tolerated that the inhabitants of a quiet neighbourhood should be disturbed late at night by persons who had a peculiar gift of making a particularly disagreeable noise."

We hope this legal maxim will be acted on next Christmas time, and in full force carried out against those nuisances the Waits, who yearly "make night hideous" with their bellowings and blarings, just as would-be-quiet people are falling into their first sleep. As persons who are gifted with a most "peculiar gift of making a particularly disagreeable noise," they clearly can no longer be "tolerated" among us, if MR. HENRY's dictum be impartially enforced. Spouting clubs are fond of arguing that there is one law for the rich and another for the poor; and this would seem to be the case if gentlemen are fined for making ugly noises, while pot-house-haunting flute-blowers may squeal their worst, scot-free. If there be equity in law, a penalty or prison must await the Waits; and the sentence lately passed at the police-office in Bow-street must be visited on all those musical marauders who infest the town in bands at the dead hours of the night, and rob us of our comfort if they cannot of our cash.

Don't Believe it was Ever Said.

THEATRICAL anecdotes are generally very stupid—so are most other anecdotes—and one hates to see a Party getting into his anecdote. What is the good, of telling this story. An actress who is a very great favourite with the gallery, was being complimented in the green-room upon the blackness of her hair. "Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the amiable frankness of the true artist. "Dyed," repeated the other speaker, "why, favourite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty." "No," said the lady, "but you know—

"Whom the Gods love, dye young."



Buffets, of Our Company, finds the Haversack makes all the difference in getting into a Cab.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS ABROAD—RATHER?

We have heard that by certain ultra-fashionable people to write a good hand is thought a vulgar accomplishment, only fit for lawyers' clerks and—aw—that sort of persons. Perhaps, if this be so, it may be thought no less *outré* to write intelligible English; and bad grammar may be viewed as a sure sign of good breeding. Upon no other assumption can we account for the bad writing in the following advertisement, which was placed on Easter Tuesday before the elegant subscribers to the *Morning Post* :—

IF a Nice Lady, of High Family, having a House too large for herself, and wishing for the occasional society of another, would LET a Pretty SITTING-ROOM and (SUNSHINE) ROOM, to a Young Lady. A sunny aspect desired, and the room, if not large, must be lofty. Must be in the best neighbourhood, either of Grosvenor or Belgrave Squares, or Kensington. The rooms need only be half furnished. Best references given and required.—Address (strictly in accordance with the above) "Aino," Post Office, Chapel Street, Belgrave Square (to be called for).

To scholars who are studying the art of composition, the first sentence in this extract is a valuable specimen of the figure which by schoolmen is termed *aposiopesis*. Aposiopesis is a terribly hard word, but ladies who have husbands, brothers, lovers, or other masculine attendants, may without much difficulty find out what it means. To those who are not blessed with any male companionship, we may say that what is known as aposiopesis is something like a skein of silk or worsted, where you cannot find an end, and sentences so formed are quite as troubling to unravel.

But passing by the fact that this first sentence, like the Nelson column, stands unfinished, there are many other puzzles which perplex us in the text, and which, we think, the writer ought clearly to explain, before she can expect a fair reply to her advertisement. In the first place, she should mention what she means by "nice," for this is an extremely doubtful sort of epithet, and may be misconstrued and received in a wrong sense. A lady with inked fingers, shaved forehead, and male voice might by some people perhaps be deemed a "nice" acquaintance; and the need of explanation is the more acutely felt, since the converse of the adjective is so completely inadmissible, for it is obvious that no lady could be spoken of as nasty. Then, again, Miss Advertiser, pray what is your meaning when you speak of a "high family?" How high do you wish the family to be? And do you use the term in reference to the stature of the family, or in allusion to its altitude in what is called the "Social Scale?" Do you require that its male members should stand six feet in their stockings? or will it content you to know they are looked up to in a moral point of view?

But, supposing that the question as to altitude be settled, there next presents itself the even more perplexing interrogative—How on earth can a nice lady, having a house too large for herself, wish "for the occasional society of another?" We have heard that walls have ears, and in this spirit-rapping age they may possibly have tongues. Still we can't think bricks and mortar can be pleasant things to talk to, and

we doubt if any medium could extract much information from them. And as for any lady having any wish for the society of a house while there are so many "bricks" of fellows she can talk to, the thought is as ridiculous as the style of this advertisement: which must have been inserted merely as a joke, and with the view, no doubt, to gain admission to our columns.

A NEW MISERERE

(For this year's Easter service at the POPE's Chapel).

The tottering state of Peter's chair,
Its shaky legs, its cushions bare,
All stuffed with thorns for soft horsehair,
Miserere!

And the old man that filleth it,
Upon French bayonets forced to sit,
(Galling predicament, admit),
Miserere!

The triple crown, now crushed and flat,
As e'er the shockingest bad hat,
Since Piedmont on it rudely sat,
Miserere!

The great Cross-Keys—that sign which showed
The oldest house upon the road,
Now desolation's drear abode,
Miserere!

St. Peter's bark, before the blast,
Upon a lee-shore driving fast,
With leaky sides, and splintered mast,
Miserere!

The Captain of that storm-beat craft,
Helplessly running fore and aft,
No chart—no compass—life-buoy,—raft—
Miserere!

St. Peter's Patrimony fair,
Where once the Church had pickings rare,
Now reft from apostolic care,
Miserere!

St. Peter's sheep—whose fat increase,
Was ours, both mutton, wool, and grease—
Turned out for heretics to fleece,
Miserere!

Their shepherd, to the wolves a prey,
(Some in sheep's clothing, sad to say,
And others who their fangs display)
Miserere!

The cardinals, in fear intense,
Mustered for their red hats' defence,
Cut down from Peter's Pounds and Pence,
Miserere!

The friars, black, blue, brown, and grey,
Who slept pure cloister-lives away,
Now rudely driven to work, not pray,
Miserere!

Poor bats, broad daylight made to bear,
Poor moles, dug out to upper air,
Poor owls, from ruins forced to fare,
Miserere!

Our ancient wind-bags, pricked by doubt—
Our reverend shams, turned inside out—
Our pious frauds, sin's impious flout—
Miserere!

Austrian hopes now down at zero—
Grand-Dukes beloved by every Nero—
KING BOMBALINO—youthful hero—
Miserere!

And lastly BOWYER (noble chief)
Who dares to hold the Papal brief,
'Gainst JOHN BULL (cursed be his beef),
Miserere!

A Question for the Homœopaths.

LIKE cureth like, say HAHNEMANN'S disciples. Well, granted this be so, who will tell us, whether an attack of the jaundice may not be cured by a small mouthful of *pâté de foie gras*, which everybody knows is made of diseased liver?



Mamma. "DEAR! DEAR! DEAR!—WHAT A PITY IT IS YOU CAN'T AGREE!"

Small Boy. "WELL, MAMMA, WE SHOULD AGREE, ONLY SHE'S SO UNKIND!—SHE WON'T BE A PIG, AND LET ME DRIVE HER ABOUT BY THE LEG!"

THE POPE AT BAY.

THE POPE has drawn what he may call the Sword of Peter, and thrown away the scabbard. His Holiness stands at bay with his back to the Infalible Church and his face to the foe, which is Contemporary or Modern Civilisation. With this enemy he openly declares war, and proclaims his *casus belli* in uncompromising and unmistakeable terms. "It"—modern civilisation—"favours non-Catholic religions." It "opens access to public offices, even to infidels." It "throws Catholic schools open to their children." And further, as his Allocution stands translated in the *Tablet*, thus saith the POPE:—

"Finally, while it gives full liberty to all speeches and writings which attack the Church and all those who at heart are devoted to her, while it excites, nurses, and encourages licence, it shows itself full of prudence and moderation when it has to reprove the severity and violence displayed towards those who publish excellent works, while if these appear to transgress in the least the bounds of moderation, it punishes them with the last severity."

"What a whopper!" as the schoolboys say—will be the exclamation of many on reading the above statement, not considering how completely it is justified by notorious facts. Everybody knows how LORD PALMERSTON's Government, inspired by modern civilisation, has prosecuted DR. M'HALE and DR. CULLEN for publishing excellent works which did in the least possible degree transgress the bounds of moderation, and that those two ornaments of the Irish Roman Catholic episcopacy have been heavily fined, and are now undergoing a sentence of imprisonment. Equally notorious is the fact that the BISHOP OF ORLEANS and his brother of POITIERS are in chains; their offence having simply consisted in rather too free a protest against the foreign policy of the Imperial Government; whilst M. VUILLON, late Editor of the *Univers*, is dying at Cayenne, whither he was deported for the use of somewhat incautious language in defending the papacy.

The courage evinced by his Holiness in candidly complaining that modern civilisation favours non-Catholic religions, and opens access of public offices even to infidels, is really respectable. He boldly denounces modern civilisation as being opposed to bigotry and intolerance,

and as asserting civil and religious liberty. This is open and above-board anyhow. But why does Heaven's Vicar object to modern civilisation for throwing Catholic schools open to the children of infidels? If the infidels choose to send their children to Catholic schools, one would think that the POPE should be very glad of the opportunity thus offered to Catholic teachers of making converts. Infidel schoolmasters probably would not object to receive as many children of Catholic parents as those parents might choose to confide to them for instruction. If the Holy Father only flourished his weapon as skilfully as he does manfully, he would do tremendous execution upon his adversary; but he hits right and left with blind vehemence, and not only misses his blows, but loses his balance, and throws himself head over heels. Popery cutting away at modern civilisation would furnish a fine subject for an allegorical picture to be executed for the adornment of a vacant space on the walls of the interior of the Vatican, by a suitable artist, whom PRUS could afford to remunerate handsomely out of the Peter's pence, which are tossed into the triple hat now going round. Or the POPE might be depicted by the same artist cursing modern civilisation and blessing mediæval civilisation; modern civilisation opening public offices to persons of all religious opinions; mediæval civilisation burning heretics alive.

A Foolish Remark.

"THE fight was a DO, and all Brighton's in frowns,"
Said LORD JYBE to his friend CAPTAIN GRINNUM,
"When the battle commenced, folks were all on the Downs:
"And when it was over, all in 'em."

A FAIR REMARK.

A MIDDLE-AGED young lady is so angry with the Government for asking her how old she is, that she declares she thinks the Census would have been more rightly known as the Incense-us.

LOSS AND GAIN.

OUR bodies, worn with constant toil,
Repair of substance lost require;
They are as lamps, and food's like oil,
Demanded to maintain Life's fire.
Not only does this mortal frame
To friction yield from day to day,
But ah! our garments do the same;
The clothes we purchase wear away!

With victuals we supply the waste
Our systems daily undergo.
We eat and drink; the sense of taste
Requires the cost of doing so.
Alas! from dress no pleasure flows
Compared to what the palate feels;
And whilst expense attends new clothes,
We don't enjoy them like our meals.

Epicurus April, 1861.

FORCELLUS GRUMPHY.

Essay.

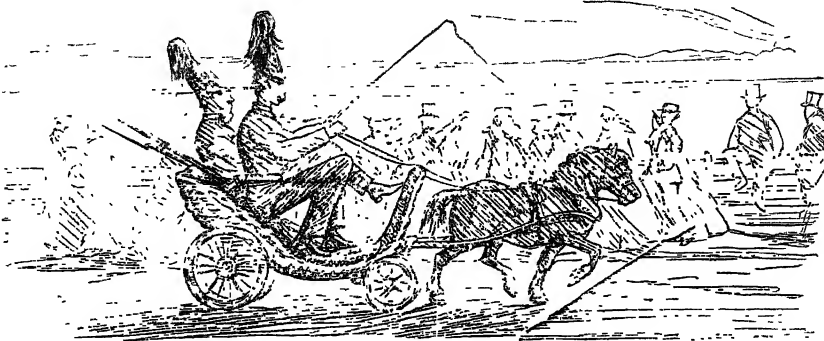
and Reviewing.

THE most successful collection of Essays and Reviews was produced on Easter Monday of Essays and Reviews. The Essays of the Vol. at Wimbledon and Reviewed, and the spirit they evinced were thoroughly the best judges as quite orthodox and pronounced by tary system was put fairly to the test, and from the volun- that was given it, there was no dissenting. On the credit it was pronounced that these Essays and Reviews was the best that have as yet been issued from the press—the press, that is to say, of the public who attended them.

CURIOUS AND CHARACTERISTIC.

THE last words ever written by LORD MACAULAY, as may be verified by reference to the Fifth Volume of his *History of England*, are:—"canvassed actively on the Whig side!"

MOTTO FOR THE LAW AMENDMENT SOCIETY.—*Volumus leges Angliæ mutari.*



The Staw-footers. London.

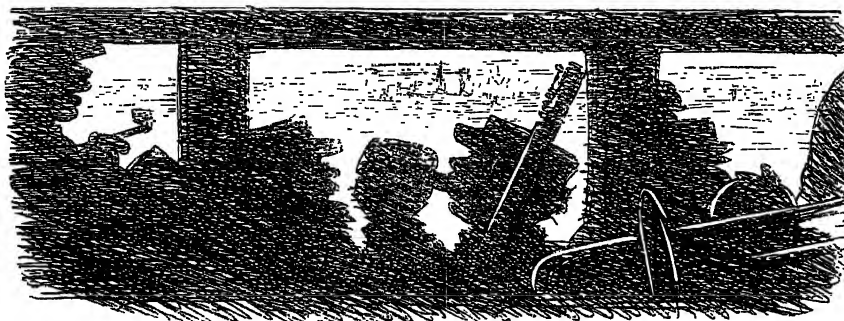
THE PRICE OF A PARTRIDGE.

WE doubt whether the nation is sufficiently aware what its precious Game-Laws cost it. Perhaps it may be helped in forming a rough guess by basing calculation on the following account, which we copy from the *Times* of Wednesday in last week:—

"THE POACHER AND THE PARTRIDGE.—A singular case, taken under a new Act of Parliament, was heard before the South Devonshire magistrates, at Bridgenorth, on Saturday. FRANK PERAY, a notorious poacher and a reformed convict (who is at present undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment in Shrewsbury Gaol, for a murderous assault on a gamekeeper at Kineton Hall), was summoned for having on the 15th of January, at Claverly, killed a partridge, without having taken out a licence. The name of the defendant has been called three times at the court-house door, and he not answering, Mr. BATE, who appeared to prosecute on behalf of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, said the case was taken under an Act passed during the last Session of Parliament, and he believed was the first of the kind that had come under its operation. The Act in question empowered the Excise to prosecute any person who used a gun or any other instrument for the purpose of taking game without taking out a licence, and the magistrates could inflict a penalty of £20, but it could be mitigated one-fourth. The present defendant had long been a scourge to the neighbourhood, and he (MR. BATE) thought the magistrates should inflict the full penalty. There was no term of imprisonment mentioned, so that if the defendant could not pay the penalty, he would remain in prison during the pleasure of the Excise Commissioners. The case having been proved, Mr. WESTCOTT, supervisor of the Excise, deposed to delivering a copy of the information to the Governor of Shrewsbury Gaol, and to afterwards serving the prisoner personally with a copy of the summons. The presiding magistrate inflicted the full penalty of £20 on the defendant, and said the Excise might keep him in gaol as long as they liked."

Partridges, we know, were extremely dear last season, but we had no idea they would become such costly birds as the case here cited proves them. Twenty pounds is a large sum for the friends of a poor man to contrive to scrape together; and, as he may be kept in prison until the fine be paid, there is no saying for how long a time he may be maintained out of the pockets of his country. Even on gaol fare a man can hardly live for less than Forty pounds a-year; and as the Excise Commissioners may keep a man in gaol as long as ever they like, the pounds for keeping him may be increased to a good many times forty. In fact from this case it would seem that the value of a partridge may be put at such a sum as would purchase an annuity of Forty pounds per annum, determinable by death, or by the payment of the penalty, or by the "pleasure" of the Excise to let the prisoner be released.

Well, the moral of this is, as we are very fond of shooting, that we should try to kill next season all the partridges we can; for every bird we leave alive may make a man for life a gaol-bird.



Coming Home with the Band.

A Question for Dr. Taylor.

WHY is a man who has made his Will like a subtle poisoner?
Because he's a Test-hater (pronounced, cockney-wise, *Testator*.)

A FRIEND IN HUMAN FORM suggests that, in these days of patent candles and much writing, it would be well if some artists, instead of consuming the midnight oil, were to burn the midnight composition.

ADVERTISED ABSURDITIES.

OF all the curiosities of advertising literature, there are few more singular than those which may be met with in the *Era*. When we say that they are singular, we do not mean to use the word in the sense which it assumes as the antithesis to plural; for these curiosities abound in every number of the paper, and, if we wished to give a sample, the embarrassment of riches would puzzle us to know on which of them to pounce. Here, for instance, are a couple that (with other names affixed to them) the other day amused us, and it is really hard to say which of the two is the more curious:—

THEATRE ROYAL, BEERTOWN.

WANTED, immediately, a SCENE PAINTER (one who can act preferred); a Property Man, and to assist in bill delivering. Both must be sober. Address, —, stating lowest terms.

ROYAL ALHAMBRA, BLANKTOWN.

WANTED, A VIOLONCELLO PLAYER, to play a brass instrument, Bombardon preferred; or a good Trombone, to play in string and brass. Address as above, to Mr. GRANDCASH, Leader.

The reflection which the former of these singular advertisements appears to throw upon the character of Property-Men and Scene-Painters we trust is not borne out by their ordinary habits. To require a sober character is a temperate request, but we really should have fancied that *calva va sans dire*, as we scarcely can imagine that any person living could desire to have a drunken one.

But still more are we perplexed by the purport of the second of these curious advertisements. To ask for a good violoncello player "to play a brass instrument," appears to us, we own, the very acme of absurdity; and we should as soon have thought of hearing that a clergyman was wanted to sing a comic song, or a one-legged Chelsea pensioner to dance a hornpipe or cachuca. The notion, too, that the performer is required to be a "good" one on the violoncello, when he is wanted for the bombardon or some other brass instrument, really seems to our mind a refinement of the folly. However perfect knowledge he might have of the one instrument, it would avail but little towards acquaintance with the other. One might play *à merveille* on the bones or on the bagpipes, without having any knowledge of the trombone or the organ; and to require that a musician whom one wanted for the bombardon should be able to play well on the violoncello, appears to our mind as preposterous as to elect a Member of Parliament for having thrown a double summersault, or to choose for the position of musketry instructor an artist who was well up in the drawing of a cork.

A "CANARD."

(From the *Boulogne Gazette*.)

"OUR pretty little town of Boulogne has been invaded by crowds of English visitors. The steamers on Saturday and Sunday last brought each their hundreds of passengers, and the hotels and boarding-houses were crammed to inconvenience. Dining-tables and sofas let at ten francs a night, and chairs were readily occupied at two francs each, the tenancy extending from 11 at night until 7 in the morning. This friendly invasion would have been less remarkable (as Boulogne is the most delightful holiday place on the face of the globe) had the visitors not been exclusively ladies whom even flattery could not call very young.

"We stop the Press to explain the mystery. The Census was taken in England on Monday, the 8th of April, and Ten Thousand British females were mean enough to evade it."

[Not true.—*Ed. of P.*]



Arthur. "MAMMA! ISN'T MR. BLANQUE A WICKED MAN?"

Mamma. "WICKED, MY DEAR! NO! WHAT MAKES YOU ASK SUCH A QUESTION?"

Arthur. "WHY, BECAUSE, MAMMA, DEAR, WHEN HE COMES INTO CHURCH, HE DOESN'T SMELL HIS HAT AS OTHER PEOPLE DO!"

MAWORMS IN A MILK-WALK.

THE Russians use lemon in their tea instead of milk, and we think the Glasgow people had best learn to do the same, if they would take that drink on Sunday without making wry faces at it.—Anyhow, if what we lately heard be acted on, the luxury of milk will soon no longer be allowed them, unless they drink it stale and sour, in which case we think lemon would certainly be preferable. At a meeting of the dairymen, convened the other day in the Nelson Street Conventicle, the following motion was proposed and unanimously passed:—

"That feeling convinced that it is the right and duty of all classes of the Community to observe as far as possible, the Sabbath rest, and to participate in its blessings and advantages, knowing besides that the present indiscriminate retail traffic in Milk on the Sabbath day, prevents themselves and their servants from enjoying the aforesaid privileges, and leads to many more evils than the entire abolition of the traffic, this meeting of the Dairymen of Glasgow resolve to petition the Magistrates and Town Council of the City of Glasgow to insert in the New Police Bill a Clause prohibiting the sale of milk on the Sabbath."

This is all very right and proper, we feel sure, so far as the well-being of the cowholders is concerned. If they think that the bare act of selling milk upon the Sabbath will in any way imperil their spiritual welfare, of course one cannot blame them for retiring from the trade. Still, one cannot help inquiring—How about the cows? and asking if they'll suffer much from not having been milked.

To make their step complete, we really think these pious dairymen should not only shut up shop and stop their sale upon the Sabbath, but should take measures to arrest the manufacture of the article, which, in the present course of Nature, proceeds as well on Sundays as on any other day. A meeting of the cows should be immediately convened, and an endeavour should be made to acquaint them with what passed at the meeting of the donkeys to which we have referred. Some calf of a cowkeeper may there perhaps explain that, with the view to carry out the object of that meeting, the cows will not be fed after milking time on Saturday, so that their lacteal manufacture may be stopped. How the cows may like this, we will not pretend to

PERSONAL POEMS.

1.

On sticking up a Guy in the Garden to frighten away the Birds.

I NEVER gave a coat away,
Or sold one with a view to thrift,
I wear my things so long, they say,
That none will have them at a gift.

And should I, for a market, go
And take my wardrobe to the Jews,
All Israel would decline the clo'
Which e'en poor clergymen refuse.

2.

On Eating my Dinner.

Happy the man with food content,
That is, who needs no condiment
But simple sauces, such as are
Salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar.

No indigestion doth molest
Him daily, or disturb his rest;
He leads a life exempt from bile,
And at the pangs of gout may smile.

Him puffs and advertising bills
Of HOLLOWAY's and other Pills
Concern not; he no physic lacks
And never can be duped by quacks.

Give me my chop or steak—with beer—
And 'taters, whilst I linger here,
And I shall never sigh or care
For turtle soup, and all that 'ere.

The Frailty of Proverbs.

WE are told that, "Where there's a Will, there's a Way;" but you only just try to throw a Will into Chancery, and if ever you find your Way out of it, we will pronounce you to be one of the cleverest fellows alive, such as BARNUM would give any amount of money for, if only for the purpose of exhibiting you. Just try it!

say, nor how the Sabbath starving will be relished by the thousands of small children in Glasgow, to whom milk may be considered a necessity of life. Perhaps if the Society for Cruelty Prevention thinks the cows will suffer, it will interfere and take them from their keepers' care on Sundays, and take upon itself the sins of feeding them and milking them and distributing their milk.

It is of little use, we fear, to preach common sense to bigots, or to reason with mere fools; but we think it will be obvious to ordinary minds, that so long as cows and children have an appetite on Sundays, so long it will be natural and right that they should eat; and that while cowkeepers do but assist the laws of Nature, they need not fear they are infringing the laws of Nature's God.

PANSLAVISM IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE Paris correspondent of a contemporary communicates the following piece of American intelligence:—

"By the way, a strange report is in circulation. It is said that some Roman Catholics of the South have proposed to offer the Southern States to FRANCIS THE SECOND of Naples, with monarchical institutions."

This report is probably what French slang calls a duck, and English slang a sell and a shave. Charity would like to believe it, because, if it were true, it would say something for the Christianity of the Southern States. Hitherto the Slaveowners have given no reply to the questions, Are you doing as you would be done by in keeping niggers like cattle, and governing them with the cowhide? How would you like to be slaves yourselves? The Southerners would satisfactorily answer these inquiries by choosing BOMBALINO for their sovereign.

A DAINTY DOG.

In Sheffield there is a King Charles Spaniel that won't eat plum-pudding, unless there's brandy-sauce to it!



VOLUNTEER CAPTAIN. "Haven't seen you at Drill for the last month or two, Mr. —"

RECRUIT. "Ah, well, M'Lord, I really think I must give you a turn one o' these fine evenings!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 8. *Monday*. Easter Holidays over, and the next thing to look forward to is the Derby, in the betting on which a horse called *Dundee*, the property of the honourable boy for the Falkirk district, stood top this day. However, we must do some work before we have another Out, my boys, or we shan't have much to show when we go home for the shooting. We must really buckle to. Only three clear months between us and August, think of that, and be cheerful—the time will soon be gone.

MR. DUNCOMBS wanted SIR G. C. LEWIS to give him the name and number of the policeman who got hold of the bank-note which was being engraved for Kossuth, and THOMAS implied that the officer in question ought to be discharged. SIR GEORGE had no intention of giving up either the name or the man.

SIR RICHARD BETHELL has of course read the writings of his eminent predecessor LORD BACON (whose character MR. HEPWORTH DIXON has chivalrously sought to clear from the sentence that pronounced that bacon "streaky") and equally of course remembers his lordship's term, *The Vintage*. SIR RICHARD came to his Vintage to-night. His toils were rewarded by his Bankruptcy Bill being read a Third Time and passed. MR. VANCE was the only speaker, and he declared that the Bill would give general satisfaction to the mercantile community, which, considering the ethics of that community, is the severest thing that has been said against the measure. *Spero meliora*, says Mr. Punch, with classical elegance.

Then came on a longish debate in Committee on the Post Office Savings' Bank Bill, which seems likely to be very useful. As for the ordinary Savings' Bank, it seems constructed to keep people from using it. Mr. Punch looked in at one the other day. It was open only twice a week, and then for a short time, and there was a not particularly civil beadle, or some such animal, and there was a crowd of depositors or people who wanted to withdraw deposits, and they had to wait a great while for their turns, and looked disagreeably at each other, and fished, and the place was hot and uncomfortable, and

RULE SLAVEOWNIA.

THE NATIONAL HYMN OF THE CONFEDERATED STATES.

(Music Copyright in America.)

WHEN first the South, to fury fanned,
Arose and broke the Union's chain,
This was the Charter, the Charter of the land,
And MR. DAVIS sang the strain:
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever have had slaves."

The Northerns, not so blest as thee,
At ABY LINCOLN's foot may fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish fierce and free
The whip, that makes the Nigger bawl.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever should have slaves."

Thou, dully savage, shalt despise
Each freeman's argument, or joke:
Each law that Congress, that Congress thought so wise,
Serves but to light thy pipes for smoke.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever must have slaves."

And Trade, that knows no God but gold,
Shall to thy pirate ports repair:
Blest land, where flesh—where human flesh is sold,
And manly arms may flog that *air*.
Rule Slaveownia, Slaveownia rules, and raves
"Christians ever, ever, ever shall have slaves."

A Coloured Vocalist.

A FIRST Appearance was successfully made the other day at the second concert of the Vocal Association by a new tenor; one SIGNOR GAMBogi. GAMBogi is a name very likely to find great favour with the British Public. It is just that for JOHN BULL's money; and we trust that SIGNOR GAMBogi will obtain the satisfaction of exchanging his notes for numerous yellowboys. *Lucy Neal* was a "yallar gal," and her song might be sung in character, as her lover, with great applause, among CHRISTY's minstrels, by SIGNOR GAMBogi.

altogether Mr. Punch thought that only regular, determined, and patient people were likely to make an habitual practice of attending with their savings. Now, if a person can glide at any time, any day, into a Money Order Office, and without fuss, delay, or official bullying, can quietly drop the little bit of money as it were into a slit of the money-box, the habit of saving will be fostered, and many thousands will be able to buy their *Punch*, instead of only reading him at the window. The Bill was read a Third Time.

The Bill for appropriating part of the Coal and Wine Dues to the Embankment of the Thames was read a Second Time, but there was a fight against it. Mr. Punch agrees with those who consider the dues to be very unjust, but then life is a compromise, and if a stronger boy than yourself takes away your money, and you cannot get it back, the next best thing is to induce him to stand treat to you with your own coin. We shall not be able to wrench our money from the City, but if we can get it laid out in improving the Thames, that is better than letting the gorballed knaves and fat chuffs have the handling it. At the other injustice of making London pay the expense of making itself convenient, to please all the rest of the world, and elegant, to please all the rest of the kingdom, Mr. Punch has no words to express his indignation, but he thinks the more.

Tuesday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH spoke sensibly upon the propriety of giving Prussia a caution not to meddle with Denmark, and he added that though in Hungary, Italy, and Poland, circumstances were arising that would lead to complicated movements, he saw no cause for war. And he added "Woe to the Power that should provoke war." Amen, saith Mr. Punch with a heartier plaudit than he often bestows on Elephants or anybody else. LORD DERBY wanted to escape the bore of discussing the Bankruptcy Bill, and politely suggested that it had been so fully considered elsewhere that a select committee might look over it, and report; but LORD CAMPBELL thought that the Bill might be damaged in this process (and perhaps LORD DERBY, on behalf of non-traders, had his own thoughts that way) and would not hear of anything of the kind.

SIR HENRY STRACEY spoke up for those excellent institutions called

Sailors' Homes, where Jack is taken care of, and protected from the scoundrel crimps, who drug and plunder him on his return with money. SIR HENRY wanted Government encouragement for these Homes, but Political Economy forbids such an unenlightened proceeding. That may be all very well, but if the Police Magistrates could be armed with power, when a bad crimping case is brought before them, to make the crimp "eat stick," there would be no outrage upon political economy. At present nothing can be done unless downright theft can be proved, and before Jack is robbed, he is doctored, and can prove nothing. SIR GEORGE BOWYER then moved a foolish motion, as might be expected, for the purpose of preventing any Member from voting in Supply, unless he is in the House when the question is put. The present plan is to allow a couple of minutes, to ring in the Members. SIR G. LEWIS hit the nail on the head when he met the proposition by saying that it would lower the House to the level of a jury. Members, it is to be hoped, make up their minds as to their votes, not from hearing their own humbugging speeches and those of their fellows, but upon private consideration of facts. *Mr. Punch* would have the profoundest contempt for an M.P. who should be swayed by any speech *Mr. P.* has heard for many a day. This view of the case being adopted, a Member may as well enjoy his glass of wine, or his cigar, as be listening to BOWYER or any statesman of similar calibre. The foolish motion was withdrawn.

Wednesday. "BAINES, EDWARD (Leeds). Born at Leeds, 1800. Educated at the Dissenters' Grammar School. Has been for forty years Proprietor of the *Leeds Mercury* (began rather early). Has been for twenty-one years President of the Yorkshire Union of Mechanics' Institutes. Has written the Life of his father, and also on Woollen manufactures. A Liberal," &c. &c. &c. But for all that, and all that, and twice as much as all that (which will be found in CAPTAIN DON), when MR. BAINES declared his intention to alter the constitution of the country, and throw into the Borough Register all the £6 occupiers, the House of Commons was presumptuous enough to thank for itself, and to eject MR. BAINES's Bill by 245 to 193.

Thursday. LORD GAGE, who is a M.A. and a profound mathematician, and therefore not open to the ridiculous folly that might tempt a rascal to call him Green Gage, presented various petitions in favour of marriage with your wife's sister. He did not speak on those petitions, or might have said that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another; and therefore if JEMIMA living, and MATILDA deceased (sisters), were equal to JOHN SMITH in position, JEMIMA, being equal to MATILDA, might marry JOHN SMITH, if he were equal to proposing for her. Q. E. D.

A Ship debate followed, and a good one, and the opinion of SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, SIR MORTON PETO, and other practical men was

strongly expressed against the Wooden Ships. LORD JOHN RUSSELL said that the arguments had so far penetrated the Wooden Heads of the Admiralty that no more vessels of the kind would be built.

Historically speaking, this night will be famous as the anniversary of the Abdication of JAMES. MR. EDWIN of that ilk retired from the representation of Marylebone, for causes and considerations; that is to say, that he may have more time to give consideration to his causes.

A debate on the New Zealand troubles, and the "difficulty" between WILLIAM KING and VICTORIA QUEEN, began, and everybody showed that nobody exactly understands the case. *Bref, Mr. Punch* considers that the British have behaved uncommonly unfairly, and that it is for the interest of humanity that they should go on doing so.

Friday. LORD CARNARVON protested against the intended execution of one of the Druse Chiefs, a party who had not been proved to have joined in the massacres, and who had been proved to have saved the lives of some Christians. LORD WODEHOUSE said that it was designed to deal rather mercifully with the Druses generally; but as to this particular Chief, though the English Commissioner had thought he ought to be spared, three or four of the other Commissioners had thought differently; and on the whole it seemed, from LORD WODEHOUSE's speech, that such a trifle was scarcely worth making a fuss about. During the sitting the victorious ELGIN, home from China, made his appearance, and was cheered by his Peers.

ADMIRAL WALCOTT made a demand touching the completion of the Nelson Monument, and MR. COWPER made the reply which has, *Mr. Punch* thinks, been heard about twenty-seven times before, namely, that SIR EDWIN LANDSEER is making the Lions. When the Sculptor gets his models, he must act upon the Templars' motto, *Semper feriat* *Leo*, until they are done. Ha! ha! quoted in an instant.

A tremendously long speech by LORD JOHN RUSSELL in answer to a Schleswig-Holstein question, the only point which was made quite clear being that "If the German soldiers came into close approximation with the Danish troops, a collision might take place," which seems rather a safe thing to say. Somebody in Ireland is so angry with his tenants for concealing a gang of murderers, that he has, after due warning and vain demand for the surrender of the criminals, evicted everybody, whereat MR. SCULLY let off some indignation. Some more New Zealand talk, and then Supply occupied the Commons until the hour of nine o'clock, when they "bust up."

The Marylebone election will have taken place before *Mr. Punch* again addresses the Universe. Ever so many Nobodies have offered themselves, and also a Somebody. LORD PUNCH has no intention of coercing his vassals, but if they wish to please him they will elect MR. WINGROVE COOKE, who has written, from personal observation, the best book extant about China, and who is a scholar, an orator, and a gentleman. A Vermilion Edict. Respect this.

A HERO AND A MARTYR.



R. PUNCH.—The Turin correspondent of the *Times*, in a report of the proceedings in the Chamber of Deputies, dated April 4, inserts the subjoined paragraph, recording a fact which, how much soever it may grieve some friends of liberty, will tend highly to comfort and encourage others:—

"The galleries were crowded to-day in expectation of seeing GARIBALDI, who was to take his seat in the House; but the General is laid up with the gout, and did not leave his apartment."

The illustrious GARIBALDI is known to be a man whose habits are most abstemious. His food, by all accounts, consists chiefly of bread and fruit, and his drink is water. Yet GARIBALDI has the gout. This, albeit all Britons interested in Italian political freedom must be

sorry to hear it, will be welcome intelligence to as many as are addicted to British freedom of living. They who regard the constitutional liberty of peoples, will receive it with sorrow, but it will rejoice the heart of everybody who desires to take liberties with his own personal constitution. Such an one will chuckle over the announcement that the

temperate and self-denying hero, who sacrificed so much to Italian unity, has not only suffered in that cause, but is also a martyr to the gout. "Ha, ha!" he will exclaim; "here is an instructive case of Virtue Rewarded. The attention of the United Kingdom Alliance is demanded by a fact highly calculated to induce all thinking persons to abjure their potatoes, and addict themselves to port."

INTELLECTUAL DESTITUTION.

(From our Islington Reporter.)

THE condition of this Suburb is hourly growing more alarming; the feelings of the populace have broken out in a most heart-rending and pity-moving manner. It is no uncommon thing to see a sturdy mendicant crouching on the pavement with the words "No Food" before him: and in like manner the (mentally) starving Islingtonians have chalked upon the walls in various directions their great want of mental food in the suggestive words "No PUNCH!" This, sad as it may seem, is an indisputable fact; and we leave those Islingtonians who have their wits about them to guess whether their newsvendors, or their Trade Unions, should be thanked for it.

Things that Won't Wash.

In a recent Trade Report, under the head of Yarns, it is stated that "Medium wefts have been sold at prices in favour of purchasers." Surely these wefts must have fetched very little to be sold at prices which were in the purchasers' favour. Medium wefts, considered as spiritual yarns, are tissues of stuff which may be pronounced not worth a rap.

THE CONTRADICTIONS OF LOVE.

Love is often very contradictory; for instance, Lovers' Knots are frequently made all the tighter by one particular Not meaning a Yes.



THE CENSUS.

Head of the Family (filling up the paper). "WELL, MISS PRIMROSE, AS A VISITOR, I MUST PUT YOUR AGE IN! WHAT SHALL WE SAY?"
Miss P. "OH, IT'S BEST TO BE STRAIGHTFORWARD. THE SAME AS DEAR FLORA. TWENTY LAST BIRTHDAY!"

WHO IS MR. POTTER?

WORKMEN, who and what are
 They who squeeze you out?
 Who's this MR. POTTER
 Pottering about?
 Is he some hardworking,
 Honest artisan,
 Or a labour-shirking,
 Lazy, talking man?

Does he earn his living?
 Is he kept, instead?
 And are you men giving
 Him your children's bread,
 Him their bread-and-butter,
 Both sides plastered thick,
 Taking thus an utter
 Humbug for a Brick?

Does he kind attention
 Render you unpaid?
 Or on your dissension
 With your masters, trade?
 Gain from strife deriving
 Strife does he foment,
 Fattening and thriving
 On your discontent?

Is this MR. POTTER
 Trustworthy and true?
 Or is he a plotter
 Doing, diddling you,
 Bleeding you by suction?—
 Let him, if you like,
 Urge you to destruction,
 Keeping up your Strike.

A PLEA FOR THE P. R.

"MR. PUNCH,

"ALLOW me to call your attention to the fact that, whilst at the Alhambra and other places acrobats are suffered to exhibit performances which are attended with danger, and result in severe and fatal accidents, pugilistic encounters are prohibited by the Legislature, and, if possible, suppressed by the Magistrates.

"A prize-fight is an athletic contest attended with danger. An acrobatic exhibition is a dangerous display of activity and strength. But in the former the danger is small, and due in almost every case to defective training and the mismanagement of incompetent seconds and mountebanks. In the latter the danger is essential, and consequent on the attractive element. In so far as people go to see mountebanks risk their necks, surely those spectacles are more highly

calculated to brutalise the beholders than the sight of that slightly perilous physical competition professionally termed a Mill. I would, therefore, with your permission, express the earnest hope that, if the liberty of the Circus is to continue unrestrained, the same licence will be conceded to the Ring.

"Retired from the active duties, to the philosophic contemplation, of the arena, I can have no other interest in its claims than that of sympathy, and come forward as their advocate simply on the ground of their importance in relation to Muscular Christianity and Civilisation.

"I have the honour to be, &c.,

"THOMAS SAYERS, *Champion of the P. R.*"

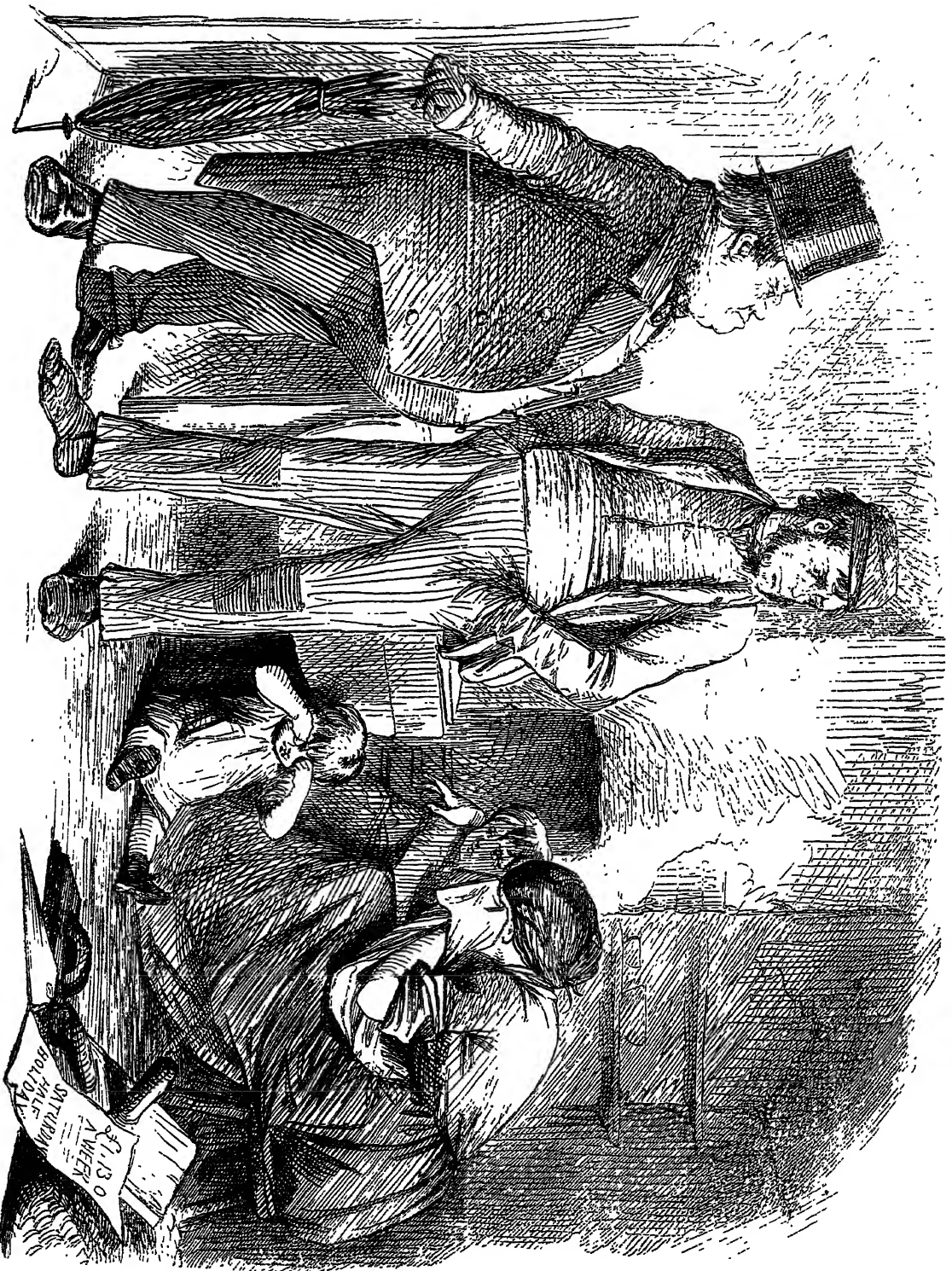
"p.s. Them's my Sentiments, Guv'nor, other wise Exprest, and these here is my Own potthooks. "T. S."

"Exeter Hall, April, 1861."

STULTISSIMI.

RECENTLY a person named MADEN lost a cause because his wife chose to proclaim in court that she did not believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. So a host of "sympathisers" have subscribed to realise a present state of rewards for the dis-believing lady by giving her a pianoforte and a *soirée*. The whole proceeding must have been exquisitely amusing; and *Mr. Punch* regrets that he has not been favoured with a report of the speeches. But why a pianoforte? Music was the last thing that should have been offered to a lady of such opinions, for while on the one hand we know, on the authority of SHAKESPEARE, or his improvers, that "Angels ever bright and fair," indulge in music, we also know on that of the late MR. BURNS that another spirituality came fiddling through a town in order to pick up an exciseman. The appropriateness of the gift is on a par therefore with the good taste that suggested it. However, if the unbelieving lady is in the entertainment line, she can now

"Rave, Recite, and 'Maden' round the land."



THE BRITISH SLAVE.

DISINTERESTED DELEGATE, "WANT TO GO TO WORK, DO YER? GOIN' TO GIVE IN, ARE YER? NOT IF I KNOW IT."

THE LAY OF THE LAST STATUE.

MIDNIGHT had struck from the new Clock Tower,
And WIZARD PUNCH had gone to his Bower—
His Bower that was guarded 'gainst snob and swell—

Truncheon and *Toby* shield it well!
No living wight, save *Punch* alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone!

Of noble race the Wizard came:
His lineage numbered sires of fame
On either side the sea.

He had learned the art that crowned his name
In Atella—of ancient Italié.

And such his power, that men avow
He entered every where,

And to plain utterance could bow
The voices of the air.

And now he sits in his secret Bower,
In the shade of Westminster's tall Clock Tower,
And listens to a heavy sound
That moans the gilded vanes around.

Is it the roar of London's tide,
Still surging on by Thames' black side?

Is it the wind within the clock?

Is it Big Ben begins to rock?

What may it be, the heavy sound
That moans the lofty Clock Tow'r round?

At the sullen moaning sound
The cats shriek and mi-owl,
And from Westminster slums around
The dogs begin to howl.

The shiv'ring steeds in cabs of night
Think that a storm is near,
And to windward the watermen take a sight;
But the night is still and clear.

From the sound of London's tide,
Surging aye by Thames' black side,
From the wind inside the clock,
From Big Ben's dull-booming shock,
From the voice of the coming storm,
WEIRD PUNCH that sound read clear—

'Twas the statue of HAVELOCK that spoke,
And he called on the statue of NAPIER.

HAVELOCK STATUE.

"Sleepest thou, brother?"

NAPIER STATUE.

—"Brother, nay:

All around the moonbeams play,
And set our ghastly gathering forth,
From Jenner unto George the Fourth—
Hideous forms, the square defacing,
Which of squares should stateliest show,
All extremities embracing
To which ugliness can go.
Up, and mark the sculptor's feat,
Up, and own the mull complete!"

HAVELOCK STATUE.

"Tears of an ill-treated maiden
Mingle with our fountains' stream:
Poor Britannia, statue-laden,
Mourns beneath my coppery gleam.

Tell me, thou, that pilloried high,
Art even uglier than I,
When shall these offences end?
When our monuments amend?
When shall sculptors cease to fail?
When shall BULL a statue hail?"

NAPIER STATUE.

"Whitehall's slow Board of Works doth hold
Its wonted courses, calm and cold.
A SCOTT is snubbed at Premier's whim,
Nor Brompton's planet waxeth dim,
Where looms, 'neath FOWKE's malignant star,
A bigger, uglier, Boilers far!
Ill do I read the signs I see,
Or still they speak bad taste in power,
In this sad square and yon tall tower,
Till Brompton's quelled, and Art is free!"

The stony voices cease,
And the moon fell calm and chill
On Northumberland House's beast,
With his tail so stiff and still!
But round Westminster Tower
The sound still floated clear,
For it rang in *Punch's* Bower,
And it rang in *Punch's* ear!
He raised his Roo-too-it,
And his truncheon grasped with pride—
"Proud Brompton shall bend,
And the Boilers descend,
Ere the Goths over London still rough-shod
shall ride!"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"As a man of sense and taste, and one who loves to see good acting, you of course have been delighted with MR. FECHTER's *Hamlet*. Pray, how many years is it since you were so well satisfied with the playing of that part, and so disposed to clap your hands, and cry out bravo! to the actor? Without descending to superlatives, will you not agree that you have never seen a more original conception, and scarce ever one more carefully and perfectly worked out? Making due allowance for his foreign intonation (a defect which it is not within his power to obliterate, but which becomes less noticed as the tragedy proceeds) you must allow that MR. FECHTER has achieved a great success, though you may not quite admit that the performance is 'unparalleled,' or allow that it is 'universally acknowledged' as the 'greatest triumph' possible in the dramatic art. Such phrases may be well enough to puff a mere pretender, but are unworthily employed in the case of MR. FECHTER, and I trust that MR. MANAGER will think fit to withdraw them from his play-bill and advertisements. For all that croakers say about the stage not being patronised, depend on it, fine acting will find plenty of admirers, without blowing a trumpet to attract them to the house.

"This is a free country, I am thoroughly aware, and is blessed with a free stage as well as a free press. But knowing by report only somewhat of the jealousies of Green Rooms, and of the national antipathies that swell the British breast, I have not the slightest doubt but that to some minds there is something most alarmingly audacious in the notion of a Frenchman undertaking to play SHAKESPEARE, and that too not in Paris but before a British audience. I think I hear old Clap-trapp denouncing such impertinence, and declaiming against foreigners for bringing their French polish upon our British boards. Zounds! Sir, the Swan of Avon is not a bird of passage, and what business have these foreigners to lay their impious hands on our Immortal Bard? old Moulder too is equally indignant at the impudence of one who dares disturb the old traditions of our stage, and to read the part afresh by the light of his own intellect, without looking for enlightenment to the actors whose bright genius has thrown lustre on the past. Play *Hamlet* in light hair! O horrible! most horrible! As well play *Julius Caesar* without a Roman nose, or try to represent *Othello* without blacking your face! Don't talk to me, Sir, of your German physiognomists, and of light hair being suited to a dreamy and irresolute meditative character, such as you say the text of SHAKESPEARE is intended to present. Did you ever hear of GARRICK playing *Hamlet* in light hair, and don't you think *he* knew what was proper for the part? And would the KEMBLERs and the KEANs have stuck to their black wig, if they had deemed it otherwise than sooted to the text?"

"Now, much as I desire the well-being of our actors, I am not dis-

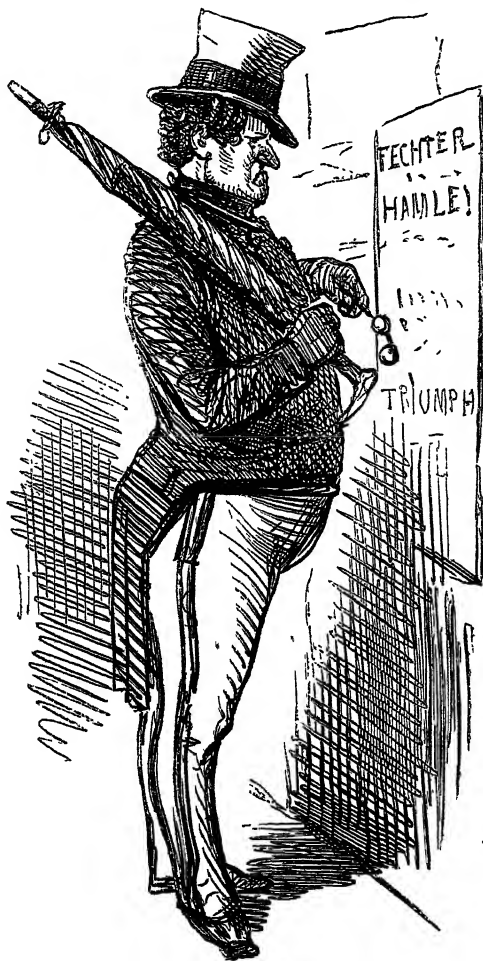
posed to join in crying for Protection to British stage traditions, or in denouncing, as impertinence, the effort of a Frenchman to read SHAKESPEARE for himself, without having his mind fettered by conventional suggestions, and stogy stale advice. Free trade, say I, in intellect as well as corn and cotton; and when old Moulder cries, 'What impudence!' I feel far more inclined to cry out, 'What a compliment that a foreigner should take such pains to learn the English language, and bestow so much love-labour on a most exacting part!' Our Stage is not so good but that it might be better; and competition may, perhaps, put our actors on their mettle, and bring out latent talent—if there be any hidden. Mind, I don't say I prefer to see a foreigner play SHAKESPEARE, or doubt but that an Englishman possessed of equal talent would more please me in his part. A foreign tongue, of course, can't give right utterance to our language, and can therefore never do full justice to the text. For all his skill and painstaking, and months of careful study, MR. FECHTER's intonation still grates upon one's ear, and sadly mars the pleasure one, in spite of it, receives. Such a phrase, for instance, as 'Though Hell itself should *garp*,' can but fall offensively on any English ear; nor do we express pathos by drawing out our vowels, and saying, 'gr-a-a-ace' and 'spe-e-e-ak' instead of 'grace' and 'speak.' These defects I noticed most in the declamatory passages, and where intensity or violence of feeling is expressed. But they are scarcely perceived at all in the more colloquial utterance, wherein (as I think, rightly) the conversations with *Polonius* and the players are kept up. Nor, even at their worst, are they more unlike clear, plain, intelligible English, than the gasps and grunts and gurgles which, with many an English actor, are supposed to give good utterance to the words that SHAKESPEARE wrote.

"As we don't get a new *Hamlet* once in a score of years, or, at any rate, not one who is worth a second looking at, I may perhaps revisit the Princess's ere my next, and speak a little more in detail of the merits that I mark. Meanwhile, I would advise all those who like good acting, untrammelled by tradition, to enjoy the present chance. I would advise them, too, when there, to keep their eyes upon their opera-glass, rather than their book; for, rightly to appreciate the points of his performance, MR. FECHTER must be looked at all the while that he is listened to. Let them observe the facial play that gives such meaning to each word, and note the graceful ease of every attitude and gesture. Not since the elder KEAN has there been seen upon our stage a *Hamlet* with an eye; and if MR. FECHTER lacks the lightning-flash of genius, his eye is ever shining with an intellectual light.

"I must add one word more, and that is to advise people who patronise the stalls, to take their places in a party, and not each book for himself. For the privilege of paying a week or so beforehand, a shilling is demanded for all numbers up to six. This premium, which commercially, I think, should be a discount, amounts to nearly twenty

per cent. upon the price of one pit-stall; and then another sixpence, or ten per cent. additional, is extorted by the stall-keeper who shows you to your seat. How long the British Manager will, in defiance of his interests, support this brigand system, one needs to know his mental progress for the last few hundred years to enable one to guess. All men of sense, I fancy, must opine he would do wisely to decree its abolition: and to this end, *Mr. Punch*, I hope you will support your correspondent,

"ONE WHO PAYS."



Tragedian (eminent, of course). "FECHTER! PAH! HAMLET WITH LIGHT HAIR AND NO POINTS. PAH! THE DRAMA'S GONE!"

WHERE ARE THE ENGINES?

ONE of REUTER's telegrams on Thursday last announced that the great theatre of Barcelona was on fire, and that the flames were spreading to the neighbouring houses.

Only the great theatre of Barcelona!

Who can say how soon we may hear, by the same channel, that the great theatre of Europe is on fire, and that the flames are spreading on all sides? The only question is, where the blaze is likeliest to break out—in Italy, Hungary, Holstein, Turkey, Syria, or Poland.

The sovereigns are getting ready their Engines. Worse luck, for they are only engines—of destruction!

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER ADDRESSED BY A CELEBRATED DRAMATIC CRITIC TO A CELEBRATED ENGLISH DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

In Paris Salons it is stated
SCRIBE did not die—but was translated.

TO PERSONS ABOUT TO SEPARATE FOR THEIR LIVES.

What is SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL like a railway accident?
Because he very often snaps the coupling chains, and separates the sleepers.

[ANTICIPATED ADVERTISEMENT.]

THE ALLSHAMBLES MUSIC HALL.

EXTRAORDINARY EXCITEMENT!

TWO BROKEN LEGS A-NIGHT!!

AND THE CHANCE OF

A BROKEN NECK!!!

MR. MYTH informs his Patrons, the Enlightened British Public, that he has recently succeeded in concluding an Engagement, with those Wonder-Working Artists,

THE SUSPENDED SPIDERS!

who have astonished All Creation with their astounding feats. These Arachneal Acrobats are descended from the Fairy race of Flying Islanders, whom REAR-ADMIRAL PETER WILKINS discovered years ago upon the shores of the

DEAD SEA.

Among the daring acts exhibited by these Aërial Artists, is that which they have called the

SUPER-SUPPORTABLE SUMMERSAULT

which, at great risk of life and limb, is flung over the heads of the visitors assembled, who are thus made to participate in the accidents arising from the

Terrible Trapeze!

As an additional attraction, and in order to enhance the excitement that is caused by witnessing the dangers of Suspended Animation, the

BREAK-NECK BROTHERS

will go through their perilous performances, assisted by their relatives the

CAOUTCHOUCIC COUSINS!

Whose deeds of daring have occasioned such a wonderful sensation in the acrobatic world. Among their number is the celebrated

Convolvulus Contortionist!

who will perform his *tour de force*, and terrific twisting tricks. This superhuman artist is so agile in his movements that none but the most practised eye can see what he is doing, and his legs and arms change places with such marvellous rapidity that he appears almost to

TURN HIMSELF CLEAN INSIDE OUT!!

The JUMPERS of JAPAN are soon expected to arrive, and will most likely be accompanied by the

BAND OF BEDOUIN BOUNDERS!

who have lately been performing at the Court of SQUASHIBUNGO, the Monarch of Mesopamia, and whom the KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS honoured, on their leaving him, with a State Dinner of raw meat.

Besides these marvels, MR. MYTH, with utter recklessness of cost, has engaged that far-famed Seventh Wonder of the World, who is known in his profession as

The Pocket Hercules!!

from his almost dwarfish stature and yet stupendous strength. Among his other bone-thrilling and marrow-moving feats, this great Artist will display his giant-like abilities by throwing to the ceiling a Thousand-Pound Weight Cannon-Ball, and catching it between his teeth. He will likewise lift up a Lifeguardsman with his little finger, and will nightly close his miraculous performances by throwing a double summersault with his legs in heavy fetters, and firing off an Armstrong gun upon his back!

MR. MYTH, in thus announcing his programme for the season, trusts his efforts will be relished by appreciative patrons, as a proof of his ambition to refine the public taste. By introducing in a Song Saloon the acrobatic element, and interspersing Nigger Melodies with the chances of Broken Necks, MR. MYTH hopes to achieve the Enlightenment of Everyone. In this Mission to the Masses he is aided by the wisdom of a truly

HUMANE LEGISLATURE!!!

Who let Song Saloons be open on occasions (such as Passion Week) when theatres are closed, and to whom he therefore begs, in all humility and gratitude, to

TESTIFY HIS THANKS.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO LEARN WHO OUR GREAT MEN ARE!



ONETIME lately, at a meeting at Bodmin, MR. WYLD imparted the following secret to his constituents, who must have been rather taken by surprise with it:—

"During the Session of that Parliament, there was an arduous struggle going on in the Peninsula of Italy, and a man whom he was proud to call his friend—GARIBALDI—was struggling to emancipate his country, and to confer freedom upon some 30 millions of people; he (MR. WYLD) had humbly assisted him during the earlier part of the year, and he went out to see what assistance he could render him at a later period of the year."

Taking MR. WYLD as a favourable specimen, we should say that GARIBALDI would be better pleased to meet many of his avowed enemies than several of his so-called friends. Might we venture to inquire what was the nature of the assistance that was humbly given by MR. WYLD to his "friend?" We hope

it was not in presenting him with a map of Italy, or in drawing out for him the plan of his future campaign, or in favouring the Italian liberator with his particular views on English politics.

We shall always think of MR. WYLD as "THE M.P. FOR BODMIN AND THE FRIEND OF GARIBALDI." Now if our modern Atlas, who supports on his back the Great Globe, including Bodmin, and not forgetting Italy, is really anxious to prove himself the "friend" he represents himself to be, the wisest thing he can do is never to associate his name with that of GARIBALDI; for it is no mark of friendship to attempt to bring your friend into disrespect, even though that friend may be as strong as the Washington of Italy to stand any amount of ridicule. We regret that MR. WYLD never thought, the moment he had returned from his Italian campaign, of having a large engraving drawn of himself giving instructions to GARIBALDI in geography, pointing out to him the several paths of glory, with an outstretched *mappemonde* as big as Leicester Square before them. The absence of the above has been a national loss—a double national loss, we may say, for Italy must grieve over it not less than England—and, by way of humble reparation, will MR. WYLD kindly promise us, the next time an Italian debate is brought forward, to address the House in a red shirt?—and if he would only interlard his speech with a few Italian phrases, such as *corpo di Baccho*, or *Pescator dell'onda*, and the like, we think the success would be certain. We make this request in the name of his "friend," whom he is bound to assist in every way that he can.

In the meantime, we wish MR. WYLD, instead of running down into Italy, and bothering GARIBALDI, would attend a little more to Leicester Square, and make some small endeavour to keep the filthy place clean and tolerably respectable, for in the present state it would be a disgrace to the dirtiest metropolis in Europe. It is nothing better than a Great World of dirt and rubbish. Why don't the ungrateful inhabitants present him with a broom?

"CRY HAVOC, AND LET LOOSE THE DOGS OF WAR!"

THEY are straining in the slips—
You may feel their sulph'rous breath,
As it steams from throats and lips
That parch and pant for Death.
You may hear their muffled bay,
As against the leash they hang,
And churn and toss away,
The foam about the fang.
They need no voice to tarre*
Them on, these Dogs of War!

Again—again—again—!
Is it a single sound,
By Echo's doubling strain,

Repeated all around?
Has East as well as West,
Has North as well as South,
Its own erected crest,
Hoarse throat and fangèd mouth?
I see them, near and far,
Those threatening dogs of War?

Where Po runs, brimming over
His green and grassy mound,
Fierce bursting from his cover,
See Italy's young hound—
Spite of tethers that impede,
And hands that would restrain,

He has proved his fighting breed,
And would prove his breed again,
And who has strength to bar
Italy's Dogs of War?

In front, pent, fierce and foul,
Behind their walls of stone,
The Austrian ban-dogs growl,
Late baffled of their bone.
Licking their yet green wounds,
Nursing old grudges warm,
The gaunt and grisly hounds,
Hot for the quarry, swarm—
And hungry dogs they are,
Those Austrian Dogs of War!

But ware your rearward foes,
Where on the Theiss's plain
In spite of recent blows,
And unforgotten pain,
The Magyar dogs are trooping,
Defying alip and scourge:
Teeth set and sterns undrooping,
Pestward like waves they surge,
Nor least fierce the Magyar
'Mong Europe's Dogs of War.

Neath Savoy's snowy Alp,
On the pleasant banks of Rhone,
Hark! the French dogs they yelp!
Well Europe knows the tone!
Friends for the moment's friend,
Foes for the moment's foe—
So there's battle at its end,
What odds the road they go?
With a ribbon and a star
You lead French Dogs of War.

And see the Sick Man lying
Almost in mortal swoond;
The bed where he is dying
With his own pack girt round—
The Pariah dogs of Bosnia,
The Rouman wolf-dogs grim,
Mouth their master ere he's dead,
And claim, each hound, his limb.
Carion to rend and mar
Befits such Dogs of War.

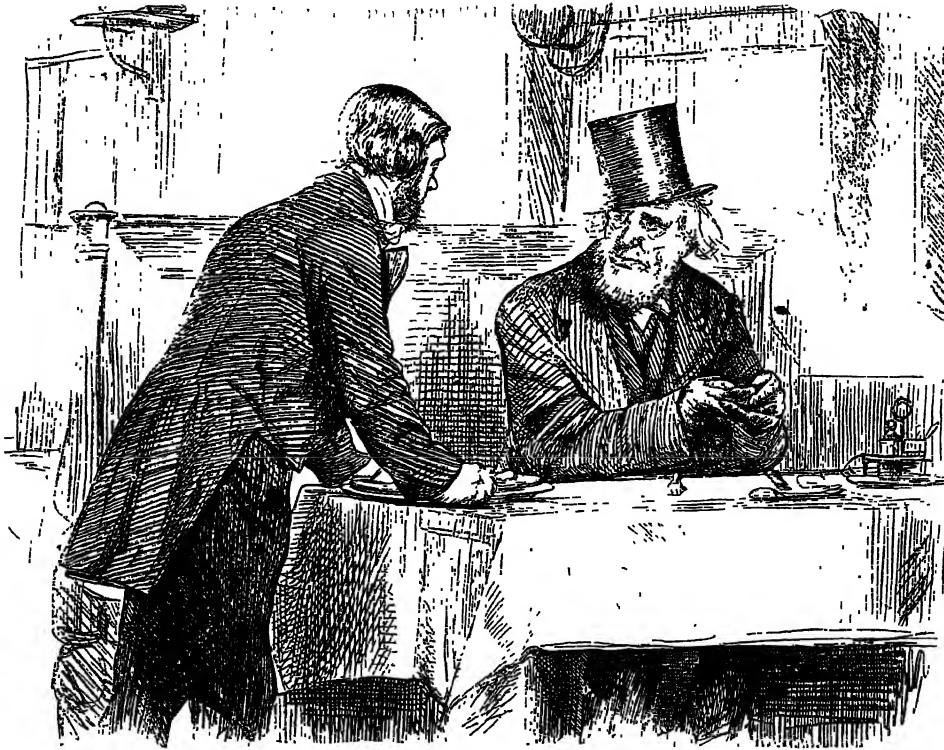
And the Danish dogs are baring
Their tusches sharp though small,
While the German mastiff's swearing
To eat them, bones and all:
E'en the ill-used Polish turnspit
That so long the buffets bore
Of the giant Russian bear-hound,
Has shown its teeth once more—
As if Sirius his star
Had fired all Dogs of War!

Ringed in with gathering growls,
Fierce fangs on every hand,
'Mid defiant snarls and scowls,
See Britain's bull-dog stand.
Not couchant, as the wont
Is of the placid brute;
But legs set firm in front,
With muzzle clenched and mute.
Ware all—who tempt too far
That peaceful Dog of War!

Pretty Figs.

THE POPE, in his petticoats and white satin shoes, may be looked upon as somewhat of a female. There is another point of resemblance between his Holiness and the ladies. Both, on certain subjects, are alike deaf to reason. The obstinacy of the Pontiff relates to Faith, the pig-headedness of the fair sex regards Fashion. He will not concede secular Government nor surrender young MORTARA; they refuse to give up Crinoline. To the demand of justice, common sense, and expediency, the POPE replies *Non possumus*; and when implored to relinquish a dangerous, inconvenient, and ridiculous mode of dress, so say the ladies.

* Tarre: to set on dogs.—SHAKESPEARE.



"SEVERE."

DAINTY OLD GENT. "Have I liked my Dinner?—No, I've not! So don't give what I've left to the Cat, Sir; because as she's sure to become pig, I should like her to die a natural death, and not be poisoned."

A HOPEFUL CHARACTER.

For a parent whose paternal heart has been so severely and repeatedly lacerated as that of Pro Nono, by his own account, the Holy Father bears up wonderfully. The foreign correspondent of a contemporary, quoting some remarks lately made by his Holiness, says:—

"In the first place I learn that the Pope says he can reckon on the protective office of the French army for at least six months more, and 'who knows,' exclaimed his Holiness, 'what may occur in six months?'"

The Successor of St. Peter may or may not succeed, or endeavour to succeed, in following St. Peter's example, but he is evidently a very good imitator, whether conscious or unconscious, of another and a more modern character, who has acquired universal celebrity from a habit which he had of continually expressing, under the most adverse circumstances, the hope that something would turn up. The Pope in the words above quoted exhibits the sanguine temperament, and almost adopts the phraseology, of Mr. Micawber.

"MOST MUSICAL, MOST
MELANCHOLY!"

A DISTINGUISHED Ethiopian being asked, how he enjoyed the music of the *Amber Witch*, replied, "O Golly, Massa SMITH, dat Amber Witch am ber-witching!"

THE RIGHT AND LEFT OF A RULE.

At the inauguration of the Pelly Memorial School, at West Ham, Essex, the other day, EARL GRANVILLE, who presided on the occasion, is reported, in apologising for an extemporaneous speech, to have said:—

"However, one of the disadvantages which accrues to me from having hardly expected that I could attend—for I thought there would be a meeting of my colleagues to-day—is this, that I acted on a maxim on which I hope none of my young friends around me will ever act, of not doing to-day that which I thought could be done to-morrow."

LORD GRANVILLE does himself injustice in decrying the maxim on which he acted. It is a very good maxim; just as good as the contrary, which is inculcated in the copy-books:—"Never defer till to-morrow that which you can do to-day." There is wisdom in this precept; but equally wise is the reverse of it, which EARL GRANVILLE acted on, "Never do that to-day which you can defer till to-morrow." Wisdom is a Janus with two faces, which correspond to the two sides of every question. Promptitude is wise, but deliberation is equally wise; procrastination is foolish, but precipitation is equally foolish. Proverbial philosophy, unless when propounded by a TUPPER, is sometimes too Laconic; as in the case of the copy-book canon above cited; which requires a little enlargement to be made absolute. To admonish dilatory youth with perfect accuracy, we should say, "Never defer that till to-morrow which you had better do to-day" and, to school our rash young friends, "Never do that to-day which you will just as well be able to do to-morrow." A wise saw is double-edged, and some people are not to be trusted to handle it, because they are apt to scratch themselves with one edge or the other.

ADVICE TO FUNDHOLDERS.

THE Income-Tax has expired. Run and get your April dividends before it revives.

HIGH TREASON.—Asking KING THWAITES to "stand a drain."

"SONGS WITHOUT WORDS."—The songs the Tea-kettle sings.

HELPING AN OLD FRIEND.

We read in the Paris correspondence of the *Times* that—

"The steel-plated frigate *Invincible* was launched at Toulon on Thursday last in presence of an immense crowd, who arrived from various parts of the department of the Var to witness the sight."

New frigates, fresh launches every day, troops collected in thousands at the ports ready to sail at a moment's notice, and the dockyards kept in the greatest activity! Of course it all means Peace—but from the above prognostications, if we were our friend WISCOUNT VILLIAMS, we should feel strongly tempted to pronounce the above Department of the Var to be the real War Department of France.

How will you Have it?

In a recent bankruptcy case MR. COMMISSIONER FANE enunciated the startling doctrine that "Bankers ought to ask questions in plain English." What bosh! Does this judicial euphuist imagine that the banking world is going to submit to any such tyranny? Perhaps he thinks that when one presents a cheque, a banker's clerk is to say—"In what notes or coins, Sir, do you wish to receive the amount here specified." Does he suppose that such an effeminate form of words is to supersede the accustomed "*Oulyavit*?" Nothing of that sort, MR. COMMISSIONER.

C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE.

AMONG the various columns in the Census returns, filled up on the 7th instant, was one requiring each person to specify whether he was "married" or "unmarried," and another in which all "blind" persons were enumerated. The latter column appeared somewhat superfluous, for to get at the number of the blind, it was surely only necessary to add up the lists of the married?—so at least says a Correspondent, signing himself "A WIDE-AWAKE BACHELOR."

HOW TO ENJOY THE "RUS IN URBE."—Go and see the *Hamlet* in Oxford Street.



THE PAPER COLLAR.—USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL.

Clara (reads). "EXCUSE, DEAREST, THE PAPER UPON WHICH I WRITE—I HAVE NOT MY DESK WITH ME, SO I SEND YOU THESE FEW HURRIED LINES ON ONE OF MY COLLARS."

SURGERY FOR THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

SUPPOSE you are troubled with a cataract, that is to say, not with a waterfall in your neighbourhood, but with an obstruction in your eye. You may have this nuisance abated by a surgical operation. This, if you are a labouring man, you can, by procuring a letter of recommendation to a hospital, get done for thanks. If you are a peer of the realm, or a banker, or a railway director, or a great builder, or a prince, or a bishop, you will have the best operator in London to couch your cataract; that is, to destroy or pick out the diseased part of your eye, namely, the crystalline lens turned white and opaque. For rendering you that important service, you will present your surgeon with a cheque for two or three thousand pounds, to encourage science, and to reward him for giving professional assistance to the poor. But if you are a respectable tradesman, or an attorney, or a barrister as yet only rising, or a parson of moderate preferment, then you will pay the professor who enucleates your crystalline capsule the average market price for the job, which may be put at about £50. Now this is what the inferior members of the equestrian order call a high pike, and the vulgar in general denominate a heavy fork-out; in short, it is a great deal of money for a man with a small income, and perhaps a large family, to part with, even for a consideration so valuable as that of the restoration of his sight. How is his sight restored by the extraction of a part of his eye? Because that part of his eye is merely a little microscope, and its place may be supplied with proper spectacles. He has, therefore, something to show for his fee, and something worth that fee, however large. But the regular fee may be more than he can afford.

What a convenience, then, it would be for any gentleman who wants to have his cataract expunged, or his leg cut off, or his fracture set, or his dislocation reduced, or his artery taken up and tied for hæmorrhage or for aneurism, or his jaw-bone removed, or his skull trepanned, or a large concretion extracted from his interior, or a huge excrescence absconded from his outside, if there existed an institution of the nature of a benefit club in as far as it regarded surgical attendance, so that

APPENDIX TO THE AMERICAN ANTHEM.

TUNE—*Obvious.*

WE've got into a pretty fix,
My countrymen, by Jingo!
Through our confounded politics;
Spain's down on St. Domingo!
She takes this turn in our affairs,
This crisis grave and weighty,
To gain her ends, and unawares
Goes in to win all Hayti!

Oh, what a change comes o'er our dream!
Our once united nation
The other day proposed the scheme
Of Cuba's annexation;
And now you have the hand of Spain
Stretched forth to take possession,
Were that isle ours, could we restrain
The Spaniards from aggression?

Come let us discord slick forego,
And difficulties banish,
Or else we shall be, no ways slow,
Chawed up by them there Spanish.
The MUNRO doctrine, dirt and all,
We shall be forced to swallow,
And if we do to pieces fall,
The Dons will lick us hollow.

Would North and South conjoin again
By pressing facts invited,
The now dis severed States would then,
Becoming reunited;
A mighty people recompose,
Once more to flog creation,
Instead of stooping to her foes,
And suffering flagellation.

"Over, Fork Over."

THE *Times* remarks that marriage is "a very highly pitched relation." Young SNOBKINS, who was in love with his cousin EUPHEMIA, says that he was also a very highly pitched relation when he proposed marriage, for his indignant uncle threw him bang over the garden wall.

any member thereof might, by the payment of a small annual subscription, be enabled to lose his own limb, if necessary, or have it mended, if possible, or get any other bodily repairs that he may want to have done, skilfully executed, under circumstances as favourable as those which surround a man in an infirmary!

No such resource for gentlemen does apparently exist, but an accommodation of the kind has been provided for ladies. It is named the "London Surgical Home." Its second anniversary festival was held the other evening. Its object is that of affording surgical assistance in curable cases, to gentlewomen who can afford to pay something towards their own support; and, as its name implies, it houses them as well; which is a great advantage; for you cannot always command at home, the water-beds and other machinery requisite for the comfortable treatment, for example, of broken bones. Neither can you get, on reasonable terms, any better nurses than stupid old women. In the Ladies' London Surgical Home, during the last 11 months, 83 patients have been received, 57 of them cured, and 11 relieved; the rest are under treatment all but one, and that one only had exchanged the Surgical Home for the long one. Hence you will perceive that it is a *bona fide* concern, as will further appear from the fact that, whilst the annual subscriptions promised for the year amount to £193 10s., the patients' own payments during the year are calculated at £674. The current annual expenses are £1,367 10s., to meet which, of course the managing committee want £500; which they ought to get, because the money will be given in aid of one of the most useful and laudable of all institutions going.

The London Surgical Home was founded by MR. BAKER BROWN, a philanthropist whom poor surgeons may thank as well as poor gentlewomen wanting surgical assistance. Should Surgical Homes be multiplied, and extended so as to include male patients, they will afford employment to many young surgical practitioners who are as well up to their work as anybody in the Council of the College, and would be glad to contract with those excellent establishments to do any quantity of mending that may be required by the frames of their inmates and subscribers, on moderate terms.

PREVENTIVE PENAL KNOWLEDGE.



of that building, wherein gamblers and speculators in the money-market most do congregate. Bank Directors would also do well to give it a conspicuous position in and about their banking-houses. There can be no doubt that the most effectual way to deter a rogue from crime would be that of impressing him with a vivid idea of its consequences; and an idle

scoundrel could have no stronger inducement to practise honest industry than a knowledge of what is meant by the hard labour to which he may subject himself by theft and fraud; and thence a wholesome horror of the treadmill. He would be careful how he ran the risk of placing himself in the position of climbing at the rate of 1,712 feet an hour, and standing all the while at the same level.

HE attention of those philanthropists who are earnestly devoting their benevolent energies to the diffusion of useful knowledge, is invited to the subjoined paragraph, extracted from the report of a lecture delivered at the Royal Institution by PROFESSOR HELMHOLTZ:—

“The greatest effort of the labour of man, he said, is obtained on the treadmill, by which action, if exerted in ascending stairs, he would raise himself 1,712 feet in one hour.”

This brief and simple, but significant statement would do much good if it could be brought sufficiently well before the morally inferior classes. Printed in large letters in the form of a handbill, it might be posted up, by the help of the Police, in all the public-houses and other principal resorts of rogues and thieves. The Stock Exchange Committee might also stick it upon the walls

SONG FOR THE MERCHANTS.

Our fathers of old,
Though shiv'ring with cold,
Drove their bargains, the winds driving through them;

But wiser are we,
And prefer, Mr. T.
-ITE, in weather-tight place to pursue them.

But let us us beware!
And whilst temp'ring the air,
Keep an eye on the Gresham Committee,
And mind they don't spile
The handsomest pile
We can show anywhere in the City.

Difference Between Wit and Humour.

THERE has been so many thousand definitions of Wit and Humour, that we do not offer the slightest apology for the following attempt to explain the difference between them. We have but little doubt that it will fully come up in merit and success to its numerous predecessors, the majority of which have been egregious failures:—

Humour is the art of saying happy things that have the effect of making others happy; whilst Wit, and especially that grade of it that takes the form of Satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of smarting in others.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY. April 15. It may suit MR. GLADSTONE to take three hours to detail the contents of his Budget, but *Mr. Punch* has no intention whatever of being so wasteful of words. Here is the Budget:—

“Though the Lords choose to vapour, off, Duty on Paper!
One Penny I rescue from Income-Tax trickery;
Divers Licences mention, not worth your attention;
And, lastly, I double the Duty on Chicory.”

There is the Budget, and if MR. GLADSTONE had come to *Mr. Punch* and asked him for leave to print the above on a neat little card, which might have been inclosed to the Members, the CHANCELLOR would have saved himself the trouble of talking for 175 minutes while an atrocious East Wind was souging round the House and waiting to catch him when he should come out. Add that he says he shall have a surplus of £1,922,000 instead of the Deficiency which his enemies had been predicting, and that he garnished his eloquent speech with some fun about LADY GODIVA, and his paying his own addresses to two young ladies at once, Miss Direct and Miss Indirect Taxation, and that he introduced Latin quotations, which are thus corrected by the *Morning Chronicle* (price one penny):—

“*Auversus et similii frondescit virga meballo,*”

and

“*Ergo alte vestigia car'e manu.*”

the Gladstonian exploit for 1861 is summed up. It may be as well to add, that the other day LORD PALMERSTON was assuring us that we needed all our costly defensive preparations against our friend the Elected of the Millions, and that to-night MR. GLADSTONE spoke emphatically against the war expenditure of the country. When the Coalition does agree, its unanimity is wonderful; but we cannot expect wonders all through the Session.

There was not much discussion after the Budget-Speech, indeed MR. GLADSTONE had rained such a shower of figures upon the heads of the Committee that they were bewildered, and Members began doing all sorts of wild sums on the paper, dividing 13 by 27, subtracting

403 from 179, and performing similar vagaries, in order to look as if they were considering the Minister's details. But most people seemed pleased that no new taxes were to be laid on; and, after a little dispute as to whether MR. GLADSTONE had been the sweetest friend or the bitterest enemy of the agricultural interest, the Chicory Resolution was put and carried. Whether the rest of the Chicory Budget will be as easily got through, *Mr. Punch* profoundly remarks, *nous verrons*.

The Lords did not sit for an hour, but most of them who are capable of understanding a financial speech came into the House of Commons to hear MR. GLADSTONE.

Tuesday. But to-night their Lordships met to better purpose, and read the Bankruptcy Bill a Second Time. That plan of making one law for the Trader and the Non Trader seems to give much uneasiness to the superior classes, who appear to be awfully afraid of being “nabbed,” a state of mind that indicates some little habitual irregularity in accounts. LORD CHELMSFORD, on behalf of the Non-Traders, threatens to doctor the Bill in Committee. He was not very lucky in a remark that the House of Commons had not given due attention to the measure, for during part of the debate in the Second Reading of the most important Bill of the Session, there were Four lords on one side of the House and the same number on the other, and never more than thirty-seven.

In the Commons a Bill for enabling people to make railways in the streets came on for Second Reading. This is the plan of MR. TRAIN, an American gentleman, who has actually got two of such railways at work in London, and who, if he never does anything else, deserves the gratitude of the English Lady for shaming the proprietors of the dirty inconvenient nuisance called the British Omnibus, by producing a vehicle into which a woman can step decently, and sit in cleanliness and comfort. Also for substituting neatly uniformed and civil men for the coarse cads who at present bawl behind the buss. However, the question of giving the powers required by this Bill is a distinct one from that of the advantage of the TRAIN vehicles, and the Bill was negatived, after—perhaps because of—a smart speech in its favour from MR. BRIGHT.

The mantle of SPOONER has fallen upon WHALLEY. The latter has taken up the Maynooth question. He fixed Tuesday the 30th, for his *début*, and in the interests of humanity MR. BRAND will be good enough to mark that night for a Count Out.

MR. A. SMITH is sorely troubled about the sea-shore of this island. He has got a notion that the QUEEN is always trying to get hold of it for HER MAJESTY'S own purposes, and he wanted a Committee on the point. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL made great fun of him and his supporters, explained the real theory of real property, namely, that all the land in England is imagined to be held by grant from the Crown, but that the Crown holds the sea-shore in trust for the whole community, and therefore cannot either grab or grant it, and that the rights of the public are taken perfect care of. On division MR. SMITH and the other he-Nereids were beaten by 176 to 67. Then another SMITH got up to bore about the Navy Estimates, but somebody happened to see that SMITH had only 28 Members to bore, whereupon that inhumanity was incontinently cut short.

Wednesday. The Bill for letting Dissenters be Trustees of the Endowed Schools was to have gone into Committee, but the House seemed to think that enough had been done to please the Dissenters of late, and that they were getting rather bumptious. And as these are Church of England schools (according to the accepted theory), the claim of the Dissenters, who have nothing to do with paying for them, to come in and manage them, does not seem uncommonly strong. At all events such orators as Dissent boasts in the House of Commons could not make out their case, and the Bill was thrown out by 200 to 171, amid loud Conservative cheering.

Then came the You-may-marry-your-wife's-sister-Bill, which was very briefly debated, and which met with an unaccustomed fate. It generally passes the Commons, and then Lawn comes down on it with Leviticus, but to-day the Puseyites and others in the Commons managed to refuse the Second Reading by 177 to 172, and there was more loud Conservative cheering.

A Bill for preventing servant girls and glaziers from tumbling into the area when cleaning windows, was read a First Time. *Mr. Punch* has not yet had an opportunity of seeing the machinery by which this desirable object is to be brought about, but he begs distinctly to say that he is not going to have his heading pulled out and his sashes turned round, because that knocks off the gilding and paint, and the windows never shut properly after such an operation. If Members of Parliament like to come with ladders, and clean his windows, outside, with their own pocket-handkerchiefs, he has no particular objection; but they must distinctly understand that they are not to ask the publisher for beer.

To-day did the VISCOUNT PALMERSTON, Constable of Dover, and Warden of the Five Ports (name them, Wiscount, and don't begin with Sherry, because that's a bad joke. Eh, you can't? We thought so), took the oaths and his seat, after his re-election for Tiverton, and recovery from gout. He was introduced by SIR GEORGE GREY and the LORD ADVOCATE FOR SCOTLAND, and did not seem particularly embarrassed. CONSTABLE PAM (A. 77) was loudly cheered; and *Mr. Punch's* ineffable scream might have been heard high above all the voices of the inferior creatures. He hopes that the Mansion House dinner, the same night, was "just the thing the doctor ordered," but CUBITT came rather close upon podagra.

Thursday. On the question of the maltreatment of a British officer by the Prussian authorities, LORD SHAFTESBURY pronounced the mild decision, that "nothing can be more melancholy nor more inhospitable than the system of Prussian administration, from the highest to the lowest functionary." That is a good sweeping Exeter Hall denunciation, much in the style in which the Philadelphionites consign all other sects to an indefinitely unpleasant hereafter; but in the case of Prussia, LORD SHAFTESBURY'S clean sweep may do but justice to the dirty sweeps of officials.

There was a good deal of squabbling in the Commons on some points in the Estimates; but the noticeable portion of the discussion was an awful castigation inflicted by the Constable on BERNAL OSBORNE, who had been letting off some dogmatic flippancies upon our military defences. PAM rebuked him for his presumption, exposed his mistakes, and congratulated the country that its defences did not depend upon his knowledge or decision. He described MR. OSBORNE'S style as the Light and Violent. B. O. got so wrathful at this that he forgot his manners, and said that LORD PALMERSTON was cross after colicium—an unlucky remark which of course the good-natured Constable turned round upon BERNAL, recommending him to take colicium, which most persons were aware was a "sedative." On the whole, BERNAL got rather sat upon to-night and left out in the cold.

Friday. LORD ELLENBOROUGH, at great length, demanded what the Government was doing in reference to the POPE. LORD WODEHOUSE, at great shortness, explained that the Government was doing nothing, except leaving Popish problems to Papist powers. LORD DERBY said that this was quite right, but that the POPE ought to be free, and that, as LORD JOHN RUSSELL had said, Italy should be divided into two states, and then Rome, in the middle, would be no difficulty. How far the KING OF ITALY, by the grace of GARIBOLDI, will take this turning his dominions into a sandwich, with the POPE as the bit of meat, perhaps M. D'AZEGLIO will expound.

LORD PUNCH did not coerce his Marylebone vassals, and, as might have been expected, they availed themselves of his indulgence, and of course returned the wrong man. Instead of electing MR. WINGROVE COOKE, whom everybody knows and honours, they, under the dictation of a leash of shopkeepers, have elected a MR. HARVEY LEWIS, who may have all the virtues and talents in the world, but of whom all that is known at present is that he is a rich Irishman. This comes of *Mr. Punch's* generosity—another time Marylebone will get its head broken. MR. LEWIS took his seat to-night. He is, of course, ultra-Liberal in profession, and pledged to vote that the moon is made of green cheese, if his constituents take that astronomical view.

MR. B. COCHRANE asked whether Government would produce the recent despatches from Warsaw? LORD JOHN replied, first, that they would not; and, secondly, that there were no recent despatches.

An Indigo-Planter Debate, originated by MR. LATARD, brought up some facts of importance. The Constable was taken to task for letting the Tiverton Volunteers accompany him at his election, a horribly unconstitutional thing, and it need not be said that the Warden explained the matter very jovially. There was some discussion about the Donegal eviction (the case in which a landlord, baffled in his endeavours to improve his estates, and incensed at the conduct of the tenants in secreting criminals, has swept out a large number of persons), and the feeling of the House seemed to be, that there was a good deal to be said on both sides. And, Volunteers, perpend. A Bill was brought in to exempt you from paying tolls, so you will be able to afford to buy extra copies of *Punch* to send to your friends abroad. Will not that be nice?



Boy (sings popular air). "I'd choose ter be er daisy,
If I might be er flower."

EGGS AND YOKE.

THE other day one of REUTER'S telegrams, dated Agram, said:—

"The Diet has been opened to-day. The Ban was honoured with a popular ovation on the occasion."

We hope the Ban liked it. The ovation which he received at the hands of the people may for etymological and other reasons have been presumed to have been an egging. The Diet was naturally opened on the occasion, and the contents, diffused over the Ban's face, must have given it the appearance of a sweet omelet. We don't know who the present Ban of Croatia is; but an ovation must have been just the thing for a JELACHICH.

A Delegate Question.

COMPARATIVES are sometimes odious, as well as are comparisons. For instance, when a clever workman is fool enough to listen to a pothouse-haunting Delegate, and to ruin himself by striking when his children are half-starving, instead of saying simply that he is going to pot, would it not place his folly in a far more hateful light if it were observed that he was going to POTTER?



Lucienne Swell. "HAW! LOOK HEAW! IF I—HAW—TOOK A QUANTITY OF THESE THINGS, WOULD THEY—HAW—BE CHEAPAW?"

Hosier. "WELL, SIR, THAT WOULD DEPEND! PRAY ARE YOU IN THE TRADE?"

[Feelings of Swell may be imagined.]

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"YOU may recollect that in the first of these interesting letters I gave my thanks to two new actors who had just made their *début*, for having each afforded me a pleasant evening's entertainment. I considered their performances to be of no small promise, and this anticipation I am happy to confirm. Widely different as they are in the parts which they present, MR. DREW and MR. FECHTER have at least this much in common, that their acting is unstaged, natural, and not forced, and free from the conventional absurdities of art. I visited the Lyceum a night or two ago, and spent a pleasant hour in seeing MR. DREW, whom I shall be glad to re-welcome to our boards. The pieces that he played in were the trashiest of rubbish, but he had enough to do to show that he was capable of more; and when next he comes to London, I hope he may be fitted with a part which is adapted to bring out his capacities, and give his talent proper scope. MR. DREW when on the stage is an Irishman all over, and does not betray his birthplace merely by his brogue. You will hear but few if any of the 'tare and ouns,' and the 'och murthers!' and the thousand and one other stale old stupid interjections wherewith stage Irishmen are wont to interlard their conversation. But in his utterance and tone and manner of expression, and perhaps even still more in his quaint angular deportment, you recognise the Irishman of actual existence, free from the traditions of footlights and of greenrooms, and bringing a fresh vigour to the characters he plays. A piece more clumsy and worse-written than the *Irish Emigrant* it has very rarely been my misery to witness; and it affords but little chance for the cleverest of actors to interest the house. But MR. DREW made the utmost of the small talk that was given him; and his pathos when half-starving, and first getting gift of food, fully showed him to be capable of something more than moving the laughter of his audience, to which the efforts of stage Irishmen are in general confined.

"While I speak of stage tradition, I should like to make it clear that there are some pieces where it is most legitimately used, and which indeed without it lose their chief effect. Such a one for instance is the *Miller and his Men*, which seems written to perpetuate the conventionalities of the stage, and which when robbed of them becomes a vapid

stupid piece. As acted at the Haymarket, I think it a mistake, and the pains which have been taken to present it in new shape appear to me to have deprived it of its only real charm. I have no belief in *Grindoff* without a broad black belt, and yellow ochred boots; and the man who would reform the hairy-faced and hoarse-voiced ruffian of my youth into the refined and polished scamp of later years, sadly interferes with many pleasurable memories, without giving me the chance of one to cherish in their stead.

"There is a pretty little piece now playing at the Olympic, which they who like MISS LOUISE KEELEY should not miss the chance of seeing. It is called *The Little Savage*—I beg your pardon, MR. AUTHOR, I mean the *The Little Rebel*—and is translated, I believe, from *Une Fille Terrible*, whereas the other piece I mentioned is taken, I am told, from *La Niase de St. Fleur*. (It is as well to be particular in owing obligations, lest one be charged with debts that one has really not incurred.) They who know MISS KEELEY's sprightly, arch, expressive acting, may conceive how she impersonates a hoydenish young lady, who in order to disgust a superannuated suitor makes-believe to be a romping, just-emancipated schoolgirl, who half-strangles him with skipping-ropes and makes him play at ball.

"The *Chimney Corner* still is an attraction at this theatre, and I doubt not pleases all who enjoyed the *Porter's Knot*. MR. ROBSON is well fitted with a character, of a sort that he has made peculiarly his own, and which abounds in quick transitions from alternate smiles to tears.

"MR. GYE has been out tenor-fishing during the recess; and, after trying somewhere near the margin of Zurich's fair waters and other spots which are at times frequented by fine fish, he has landed a fine specimen, a SIGNOR TBERINI, who may have sprung, for aught I know, from the banks of the Tiber. Leaving critics to determine whether or no he really be a tenor *pur sang*, and capable of giving out the *ut de poitrine*, I am content to recollect that he has pleased me as a singer, and as an actor has evinced himself well grounded in his art. If he have not the grace and sweetness of MARIO and RUBINI, the energy of TAMBERLIK, or sustained notes of GIUGLINI, he has enough charms of his own to make his voice worth hearing; and as a perfect tenor is rather a rare fish, I think we may congratulate the active MR. GYE on having made so good a catch. "ONE WHO PAYS."



MASTER BULL AND HIS DENTIST.

DENTIST. "DON'T CRY, MY LITTLE MAN! I'M NOT GOING TO DRAW ANY MORE THIS TIME, AND THERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU!"

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"PORTO FRANCO is, as everyone knows, pleasantly situated—I beg pardon—*situate*, I believe, is the correct expression—on the shores of the Mediterranean, and, as a watering-place, is much frequented in the autumnal months by the German and Russian nobility. Suites of apartments are prepared every season in the Albergo del Universo for his Serene Highness the PRINCE OF SPITZFLEANKOFF and retinue, for the DUC DE GRUFFAU, the BARONESS KRAUTSTRUNK, and his Excellency COMTE BOWWOWSKI; while in the hall of the Aquila Nera (the opposition hostelry) you may read the more familiar names of 'LADY ROWZER *et famille*,' MR. and MRS. SEYMOUR BROWNE, GENERAL STALKER, MR. ADOLPHUS STALKER, and MISS STRIDE.

"After the usual horrors of the Dogana (mitigated perhaps on this occasion by a few judiciously scattered francs), MR. DEWBERRY and I established ourselves at the last-named inn on the night of our arrival, and for that night only; for the next day, on asking for our little bill, we were favoured with one of those curious results of double multiplication for which the hotel-keepers at Porto Franco have long been justly celebrated. So after having paid it, and having beaten about in search of apartments, we took up our quarters at No. 999, Via di Bricconi: *terzo piano*.

"You may suppose we were at first, as in duty bound, out all day in a *fiacre* 'doing' the various lions of this wonderful city. The Palazzo Pubblico, the Campo Cavalli, the Ponto Tenebroso, the famous Piazza Reale, and the Casa di Cent'odore, have long been celebrated in history, and described again and again in numerous works, from LORD TIMON'S noble verses down to MISS MADGE'S *Memoranda Mediterranea*. So I shall not trouble you with any information which is afforded in MR. ALBEMARLE'S excellent *Handbook*, where you will find all the necessary and appropriate quotations from the aforesaid valued writers, with as much more matter as you can conveniently remember. Indeed I fear that these letters will treat of subjects thoroughly modern and unromantic, and I shall humbly leave the fifteenth for the nineteenth century, nor trouble the heroes of a former age, while I describe the swells of the present.

"DICK used to devote a good proportion of his time to that species of exercise which is generally known among young gentlemen of like pursuits as 'loafing,' that is, walking about with no special object, but ready for any adventure which may turn up. In MR. DEWBERRY'S case, perhaps, the occupation assumed a more useful aspect, as he took care to note where the best tobacco was to be bought, what merchants retailed Bass's famous ale, which of the hotels contained the greatest number of pretty girls, &c. &c. For my part, being always remarkable for industry, I devoted myself with great vigour to the various picture-galleries and churches in the City. I do not, however, intend to recount all that I did for the sake of my beloved art at Porto Franco. Perhaps the result of my researches will appear in the meetings of the Philographic Community. Perhaps I may be going to publish an essay 'On the Pigments of Perugino.' Perhaps I look forward to the honour of being permitted to attach some score of capital letters to my at present obscure name—I say perhaps—and say no more.

"I crave your indulgence for this digression, into which I have been unconsciously led in a moment of ambition, and beg to resume my narrative.

"I came across some curious people in the course of my stay at Porto Franco, and when DICK and I met of an evening over a pipe, we used to relate to each other our respective adventures, sitting up, as I am ashamed to add, until a most unconscionable hour in the morning, whereas every well-conducted English traveller in Italy ought to be in bed and asleep by 9 o'clock, P.M., if we may put any faith in the rules laid down in MR. ALBEMARLE'S crimson compendium.

"The first of our beloved countrymen whom I had the pleasure to meet was MR. BOWPEN, Architect and Surveyor to the district of Stuccotown, N.W. I give his title in full for the benefit of my readers, because, to say the honest truth, I had never heard of that talented gentleman (at which he seemed much surprised) until he introduced himself to me at Porto Franco in the manner following, *videlicet*—

"I was sitting one morning in the church of San Gogolo, very intent upon a sketch that I was making, when I suddenly became aware of a strong flavour of stale and rather questionable tobacco, and chancing to look over my shoulder, saw MR. B. there, grinning.

"Go hon," said he, "don't mind me—brother chip, you know—all in the way o' trade. I say—got a bit of Hingey-rubber about you, to lend a chap? I've lost mine."

"His fingers were not over-clean, and I thought that *giving* him a piece of the article in question was preferable to lending him the whole. So I began to cut off a bit with my penknife.

"Hullo!" said MR. BOWPEN, "what are you hup to? No call for that, you know—give it back to you in arf a minnit." And, snatching it up, he ran off. After a little time, he came back. "Nice bit, aint it?" said he, looking at my sketch. "I did it, yes'day. I say! you aint a harchiteck, are yer?"

"No," said I.

"No; I thought not by your drawering—I ham."

"I congratulated him on his advantage.

"Har, yes, it's all very well," he added, 'but then you fellers, you painters, top us in colour, you know. There's very few harchitecks twigs anything about colour. D'ye know 'ORROCKS?'

"I was obliged to admit that I didn't.

"Not know 'ORROCKS the harchiteck!'

"No."

"Dam clever chap, I can tell you," said MR. BOWPEN, with a terrific wink. "Colours fust-rate, and no mistake. I say," said he, "scuse me, you know, but them pillars ain't straight—them on the paper I mean—the drawering's hout."

"I told him I knew it, and intended to alter the mistake.

"Never mind, though," added MR. B. quite consolingly, "It'll make a pretty drawering for all that, mind you. Got your shadders in bold and sharp!"

"(It was quite impossible for me to go on with my work, so I rose from my seat for a minute or two, hoping he would go; but he didn't.)

"Yes! nice bit," said he, musingly; 'but after all, wot is it?' (with a mock Italian gesture). 'What is it? The churches here ain't worth a jigger—no, not half a jigger!'

"While I was speculating what amount of *intrinsic* value the latter substantive might represent, he went on:

"Nothing like the Habbey, after all—give me the Habbey, I say."

"I beg your pardon?" said I, not quite understanding.

"The Habbey!" said MR. BOWPEN, emphatically. "Our hone Westminster! That's your sort. Give me the Habbey, I say!"

"(I wished it had been in my power to do so, or anything, to get rid of him.)

"But, Lor, what a place this Porto Franco is!" continued MR. BOWPEN, apostrophising. "What a rum, what a dam rum place! Just think how many hages and hages—I say," said he, as if suddenly struck with a new idea, "seen the Pescaria yet?"

"No, Sir," said I, in a great rage, and wishing, I am ashamed to add, he was at that moment tied down at the bottom of a roomy fish-basket in that emporium.

"Not seen the Pescaria? Why 'ow long 'ave you bin 'ere?'

"Just arrived."

"Ho, ah—jist come!—that's another pair of shoes," said my tormentor, mollified, 'I've bin 'ere two months and 'aven't seen arf. You'll 'ave to look sharp if you want to do the place well. Work away, my boy—that's right—make your 'ay while the sun shines is my motto. Hullo, what's that? twelve o'clock? I must be off to 'ave my fajjey-oley (*fajjola*), know what that is, don't you?—Arryco beans boiled in the soup—capital thing for lunch—always 'ave a basin of fajjey-oley in the middle of the day—can't dine early like the natives—blows you out so for the afternoon—couldn't work if I did. I say, give us a look up, will yer? 'Appy to see you any evening in a quiet way, as the burglar said when he muffled the alarm bell. Stop a bit, there's my *cart de visist*,' and I read—

MR. BENJAMIN BOWPEN,

Architutt and Surbeyor.

43, SCAGLIOLA PLACE,

STUCCOTOWN, N.W.

"Thank you, Sir," said I (for you see I never like to offend a man if I can help it). 'I have n't a card about me at this moment, but I lodge in the Via Bricconi,' and I gave him my address, fondly hoping he would lose it.

"All right," said MR. B., going off, 'oreyvor.' Suddenly he stopped and came back.

"By the way," said he, 'I think you said you did not know 'ORROCKS?'

"Yes, said I, why?"

"Oh, nothing! never mind—ta-ta—doesn't signify," and here MR. BOWPEN went off to his 'fajjey-oley,' and to the great relief of

"Your humble servant,

"JACK EASEL."

Right at Last.

A GENTLEMAN, who for some time past, has been trying with all his might to make a joke upon Marylebone, is delighted at the opportunity of being able to say that, in consequence of the election, it has of course been the "Bone of contention." We like encouraging young beginners, and that is our only excuse for putting before the reader so miserable an attempt, the extreme weakness of which would disgrace even a Member of Parliament.



GADDY'S ACADEMY PICTURE ON VIEW.

ART CRITIC. "You see you've got the Duke seated and the Duchess standing up. Now couldn't you make the Duchess sitting down and the Duke standing up?"

[But GADDY fears the Council will not put off the Exhibition for a couple of months to enable him to take advantage of his Friend's valuable suggestion.

A DIG AT THE DELEGATES.

DURING the late Strike (we believe that we may speak of it now in the past tense) we often heard the question, "Who are these Trade Delegates of whom we hear so much, and who seem, by all accounts, to be doing so much mischief?" Now, as ignorance is not always bliss, we think it may do good if information on the matter be made generally known, and there is no way that we know of to make it known more widely than through the world-pervading medium of *Punch*. Give ear, then, O ye rustics, and ye town workmen also. These be striking truths, which all on strike should pay good heed to.

A Delegate is generally a lazy, idle lout, who likes to sit and talk much better than to work; and who, considering himself as being "gifted with the gab," tries to foster small dissensions and causes of dispute, that he may have the pleasure of hearing himself prate about them. In other words, he is a drone that goes buzzing about the beehives, and living upon the honey that the working bees have toiled for. His business is to set a man against his master, and to keep afloat the Unions that tend to nurture Strikes, by giving men a false idea of their own strength, and underrating the resources and resistance of employers. Having duped the shallow-pated to elect him as their mouthpiece, and being paid by them to lead a lazy life in looking to what he is pleased to call their interests, the Delegate grows fat on their starvation and their strikes, and what is death to them becomes to him the means of life. Fancied grievances and most unreasonable demands, the Delegate endeavours to encourage and support, for squabbling brings him into notice and his tongue into full play, and

ODE TO A YOUNG BARRISTER.

My son, contending for the prize
Of Life's hard battle; bent to rise
And climb, if Fate thy struggles back,
That arduous height, the wool-stuffed Sack,
War's sinews for the heavy contest needing,
Thou must, if thou the palm wouldst win,
Provide thyself with present tin,
Few victories are gained without much bleeding.

Oh, then, with an attentive mind,
Think with what spell to raise the wind!
Look round thee if thou canst discern
Some way the wherewithal to earn;
But if thou canst no better do than borrow,
Betake thee to some trusting friend,
At moderate usance who will lend,
Or thou wilt book thyself for future sorrow.

SETTLEMENT OF THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

WHAT right has the College of Cardinals to choose a sovereign for the people of the Roman States? This question should be answered by the sticklers for the Pope's temporal authority. They insist on his prescriptive rights, as though he were a legitimate monarch; whereas he is merely an elective one, and one elected, not by the people, but only by a set of priests. These considerations suggest an easy settlement of the Italian difficulty. Let LOUIS NAPOLEON, VICTOR EMMANUEL, and GARIBALDI agree to allow his Holiness to remain where he is for the present, sitting in the chair of BORGIA, supported comfortably on French bayonets, with seat and cushion intervening between their points and his person. Let the Holy Father enjoy a life-interest in that position. But let their Eminences have due notice that the next Pope they elect, they must elect him simply for their own Bishop; and that he must take the Pontificate as it will come to him, a purely spiritual office, and accept the triple hat without any crown.

Steel versus Wood.

IN the next naval war, if an enemy's fleet has to be cut out, a new style of engraving will have to be introduced, for whereas formerly our ships were only wooden blocks, they have now steel plates. BRITANNIA, whenever she turns her trident into an etching-needle, will make just as good a mark with the latter as with the former. By the bye, when these steel plates want touching up, they will have, we suppose, to be taken not into a graver's but an engraver's dock?

raises his importance in the pothouse-haunting world. A claim for ten hours' pay for only nine hours' work, is just the sort of trade demand that a Delegate delights in; for he knows that its injustice must prevent its being listened to, and he will have the chance of swigging nightly, gratis, pots of beer while denouncing the iniquity of the rapacious masters, in all the frothy eloquence of a public-house harangue.

As nobody but a fool would submit to have his earnings eaten into by a sloth, it is the business of the Delegate to clap a stop on cleverness, and keep the brains of working-men down to the muddle-pated level of those who are his tools. He, of course, fears the quick sight of any workman of intelligence, lest it may see through his iniquitous designs. He, therefore, gets the best hands marked on the Black List, and does the utmost in his power to reduce the active, skilful, and industrious working-man to the standard of the stupid, slothful, sluggish sot. Britons may keep boasting that they never will be slaves, but so long as Mr. PORTER and his myrmidons have sway, the slavery of negroes is not more complete.

As the law at present stands, a few months on the treadmill is the most that can be given as a punishment to Delegates who illegally prevent a man from working where he likes. But when we see a national work suspended through their means (as was a month ago the case with the new Exhibition Building), we feel tempted to suggest that a suspension of the works should be followed now and then by a suspension of a Delegate.

LATEST DEFINITION OF M.P.—Marylebone Pet.

KING BUMBLE OF MARYLEBONE.

GREAT BUMBLE—mightiest of Kings—whose throne
Looms high and haughty over Marylebone,
Within whose vestry-room, a big Bashaw,
Thou rul'st the rate, and layest down the law—
Local self-government's triumphant son—
Unfetter'd majesty of Number One—
Fresh from the *'Tizer* or the *Morning Star*—
Guide of the tap, and leader of the bar—
Student sublime in penny-wisdom's school—
Great art thou in thy hour of vestry rule,
Sneering humanitarian humbug down
With Beadledom's big voice and savage frown,
Patting on jobs a face of stubborn brass,
And writing down who differs with thee—ASS;
'Gainst Central checks still warring to the knife,
And saving rates at the expense of life:
Mighty to teach thin Chaplains whence their bread,
To snub pert Doctors, better taught than fed,
Or to crush sunken paupers lower still,
That Poor-Law Boards may reverence BUMBLE's will.

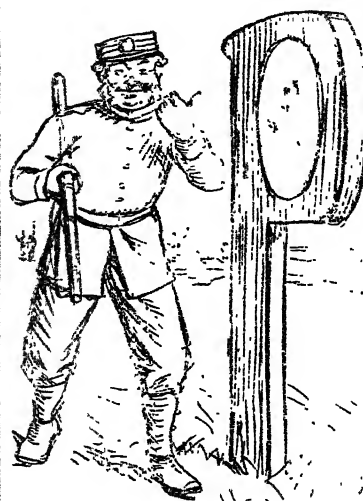
Great art thou, too, in genial hours of ease,
When nor job calls, nor vile Inspectors tease;
Whether within the tap thou spend'st thy noons—
King of clay-pipes, and sovereign o'er spittoons—
Or, venting oracles behind thy smoke,
In frowzy club-room crack'st the midnight joke,
Or, taking what thou wilt not give—a drain—
Heark'nest the nigger minstrels' graceful strain.
Thine is the graceful pleasantry that grows
From calling names to pulling by the nose;
Thine British drinks—hot with or cold without,
The quassia'd ale, or treacle-coloured stout;
No light, low-tariffed foreign wines for thee—
Leave them to washerwomen tired of tea—
KING BUMBLE needs a more sustaining tap,
His brain in muddled majesty to wrap,
To feed the mulberry blossoms on his nose,
And in his bloated cheek maintain the rose.

But if thou'rt great in act of Vestry-power—
Great in the public-house's festive hour—
Greater by ten- and twenty-fold art thou,
When an Election bids thy subjects bow!
Oh, 'tis a sight England alone can show,—
(Unless America the like may know,)
The struggle who shall kiss thy greasy palm,
Who smooth thy moods with flattery's oiliest balm,
Who lowest grovel at thy dirty foot,
Who lick most mud from thy unsavoury boot,
Who, at thy bidding, nimblest turn his coat,
Or gulp down pledges with the readiest throat.
Then art thou every inch a king, when, bowed
And bowing, thy poor slaves the hustings crowd,
And offer up themselves, obsequious still,
To pelt, poke fun at, hoot, howl down, at will.
Praying, all abject, that their King will deign
To put them to the question—once—again!
True Christians they—when the left cheek you smite,
They turn to you, submissively, the right,
"Wilt please your Majesty repeat the blow—
Too happy to amuse my sovereign so."
"But condescend once more my powers to try
Of eating toads and swallowing humble-pie."
"Nay, Sire, a rarer sport your slave affords;
Before your throne I'll eat up my own words."
"A Six-pound Franchise SNOBSON recommends;
For Household Suffrage I go in, my friends;
And if for Household Suffrage SNOBSON call,
For Universal I'm prepared to bawl;
If he goes the whole hog, I'll let him know
I am the man a wholler hog to go—
Under his lowest deep I'll find a deep more low!"

At country-fair or wake so have I seen,
Upon the stage that decks the village green,
Amid the peasant minstrels' brazen din,
Ambitious rustics through horse-collars grin.
And he—for such the rule that guides their play—
Who grins the widest bears the prize away.
So have I seen four rival clods, set high,
In eating red-hot hasty-pudding vie,
And his the honours of that painful feast
Who eat the fastest, and who winced the least.

Like games are thine, but on a scale for gods—
Who hast would-be M.P.s for village clods;
To grin through Bumbledom's horse-collars wide,
And eat the dirty puddings you provide.
For the rude village stage, the scene they grace,
Is the tall hustings reared in Portland Place.
For hat, or smock, or leg-of-mutton thin,
A seat in Parliament's the prize they win;
And for the judgment of the rustic crowd,
KING BUMBLE's mighty will is law avowed!

BANKS ON BOARD SHIP.



ERUSING the *Times*, we observed a novelty in naval arrangements thus proposed by a Portsmouth Correspondent of that journal, with a view to prevent the evils of the present system of paying sailors:—

"The simple plan to remedy all this is now before the Admiralty, and there may be hopes of its being at some time adopted. This plan is the establishment of banks on board each ship in commission, the men receiving a fair rate of interest."

We read the foregoing at breakfast; when, suddenly, a quick succession of raps upon the table made the tea-things dance. Having, as the editor of the *Spiritual Magazine* says, changed our opinions on the subject of Spiritualism, we immediately seized an alphabet, in order to see if the knocks proceeded

from any spirit desirous of communicating any message. The invisible agent knocked out "Ship ahoy!" Fact. We directly answered "Yoho!" to which the reply was "Avast! Belay there!" We then shouted, "Who are you?" and the spirit responded "DEBON!" whereupon we put the question, "What cheer, ho?" but instead of directly answering that interrogatory, our unseen visitant gave some violent raps, the letters corresponding whereunto spelt "Shiver my timbers!" In reply to further inquiries, the spirit said, that he was in a good berth, but that his rest was disturbed by the idea of such a prodigious innovation as that of a bank on board ship, which he could conceive to be capable of serving no purpose with regard to JACK, who spent most of his money in helping messmates in distress, and the remainder in purchasing watches to fry, except that of supplying him with notes to light his pipe with. A sweet little Providence sat up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor JACK; but poor JACK had no providence of his own, and must now have become rich JACK to be ever in a position to put money in a bank. "If JACK required a bank on board ship, scuttle his soupppers, JACK was not what he used to be, d'y'e see, but another guess sort of fellow." Having delivered this opinion, the spirit wished us good-bye, saying that he must now go, because all hands were piped aloft.

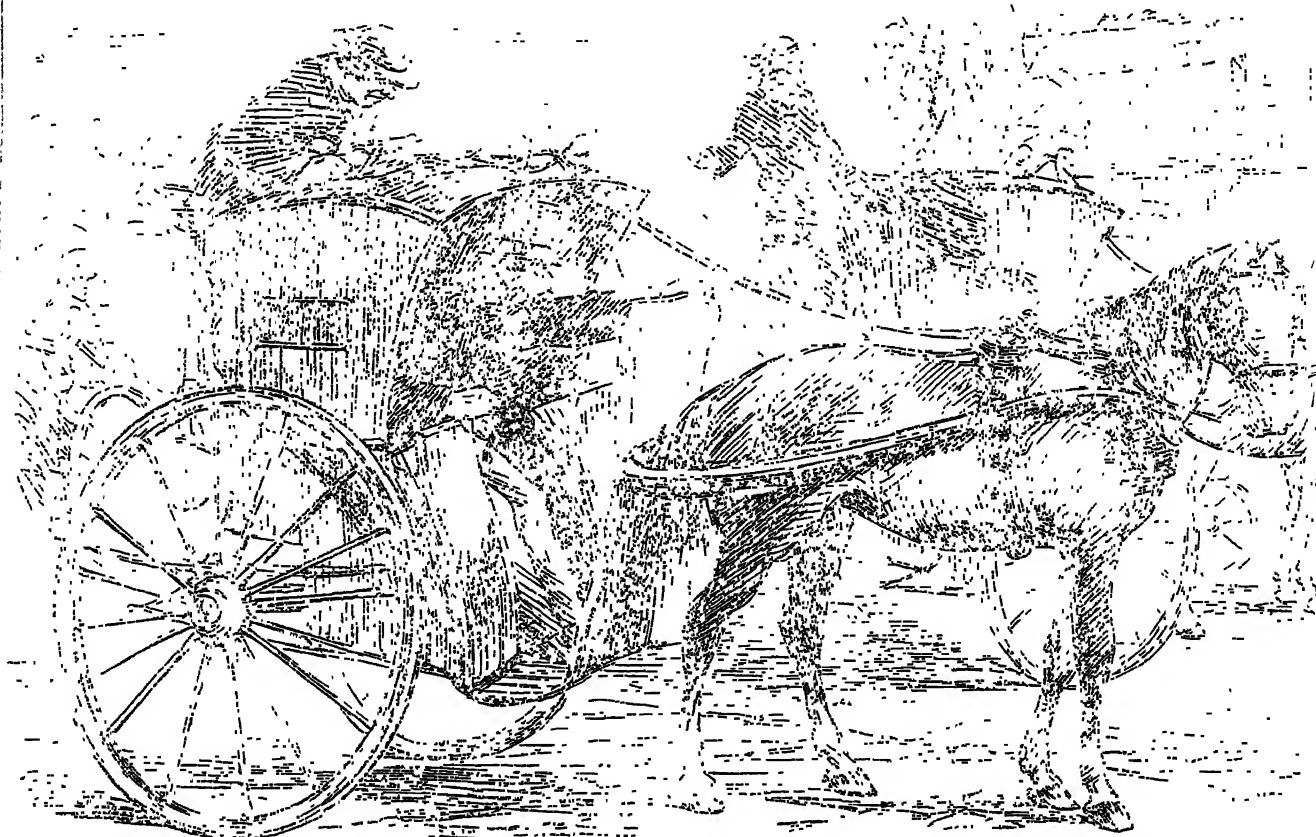
Whosoever shall refuse to credit the foregoing narrative, let him be confounded. He is a prejudiced, unreasoning bigot, who will not investigate facts for himself, nor allow due weight to the testimony of others.

A Complete Disguise.

AN Englishman and Roman were walking through the galleries of the Vatican, where certain statues and pictures have been slightly clothed so as not to shock the minds of purists as fastidious as the late KING OF NAPLES, when the Englishman made some allusion in the course of conversation, to the "naked Truth." "Excuse me, Sir," replied the Roman, half plaintively, "the Truth is no longer allowed to go naked in Rome—good care is taken that it shall be draped by a Cardinal."

"BLESS HER DEAR SIDES."

THE French have just launched another steel frigate, but our Admiralty are so slow with theirs that BRITANNIA, in her leisure moments, will have plenty of time to sing, "Still, so gently o'er me steeling."



RIVAL CABBY. "There, now, if that ain't ungrateful—goes and 'ires 'im in prudence to me as voted for the Saturday 'alf'oliday, let alone 'aillin' me first. Shame!"

CIVIL SERVICE NEWS.—Mr. Charles W. Brigstocks has bought himself twelve new reversible collars, marked C. W. B. Mr. Joseph Jugg has received notice from his landlady to quit at Midsummer, because he snores so. Mr. Tobias E. Griffins has gone through his examination of his old clothes, and has parted with portions thereof to Mr. Issachar Moses. Mr. Erasmus P. Linkinshop has got that invitation for the Lesleys' ball on the 29th, and isn't he cocky? Mr. Josiah Paling has split his trousers in the most awful manner by getting over a gate as he came home from drill. Mr. Jackson J. Johnson has proposed for Flora Windermere, and if he can get the tin together, they will be married in August. Mr. Martin Swallow is going to give up oysters and tobacco, in compliance with the imperative requisition of his medical man. Mr. Tardykanute Dawdle got a severe wiggling from the head of his department on Tuesday for bringing a Skye terrier into the office, and letting the animal bite a deputation. Mr. Jawley Whoopps has got places for the Princess's theatre for Monday week, and means to take his sisters to see M. Fechter. Mr. Archibald Sucker is laid up with neuralgia consequent upon his extreme exertions to colour a Meerschchaum pipe. Mr. Dennis Flincher has finally quarrelled with the waiter at the Intoxicated Salmon, on the evening-paper question, and transfers his custom to the Infuriated Lobster. Mr. Eustace Walker is learning to swim, and Mr. Beckwith gives a very good account of him, but wishes he would not blow so. Mr. Young Codlings has been refused by Miss Matilda Julep, on the alleged ground of his High Church principles, but more probably on that of his High-Low boots. Mr. Walter Bunning is the writer of the beautiful verses in the *Family Journal*, beginning, "I sat upon the thistle blue." Mr. James X. Bungaree had too much to drink on Wednesday last, and made obnoxious remarks to his mother-in-law about her alleged turpitude in filling up the Census.—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Great Soreness felt by Russia.

THE Polish Telegraph brings us news of a revolutionary character from a place called "Thorn." For once the telegraph speaks truth, for we always considered that not merely a part, but the whole of Poland was a thorn in the side of Russia.

A NEW FASHION.

We are continually being told that "Pride will have a fall," but we never could understand it. As Pride is never ashamed of showing her features, but on the contrary is rather proud of displaying them, being generally noted for the unabashed boldness of her countenance, we do not see the necessity why she should have a Fall, when it is very clear that she does not want one. Now, if it were Prudery, instead of Pride, we could the better appreciate the force of the meaning; for the Fall would be of use to Prudery, to enable her to smirk and leer, and make pretences of blushing behind it; and we can only say, that the sooner Prudery does have a Fall, or in other words, takes the veil, the more highly we shall be pleased, for we are sure that no one ever wants to see her ugly face again.

Un-English Slang.

THE phrase "project of law" is getting familiar to the public eye by repeatedly occurring in REUTER's telegrams. Continental nations may please to describe the measures introduced into their "Chambers" as "projects of law," but it is to be hoped that reporters of the proceedings of the British Legislature will continue to call a proposed enactment by the good old parliamentary name of Bill. We are anxious to keep all foreign rubbish such as "interpellations," "complications," and "projects of law," from tumbling into our well of English undefiled.

A Lady's Verdict on the Marylebone Election.

THE name of MR. TWELVETREES being mentioned in the presence of a lady, who is a kind of female BERNAL OSBORNE in petticoats, so great is her reputation for saying happy things, she exclaimed, with the most charmingly-feigned innocence, "What a very curious name! I wonder if MR. TWELVETREES came originally from Sevenoaks. The latter may have been younger branches of the same family, you know?"

"GOING TO COVER"—The Royal Exchange.



Sunday-School Teacher. "OH, JOHNNY, I'M SHOCKED TO SEE YOU PLAYING WITH YOUR TOP. YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR TOYS AT HOME ON A SUNDAY!"

Johnny (quick, but impudent). "THEN WHY DO YOU COME OUT WITH YOUR HOOP?"

SACRED BEAR GARDENS.

DEPRECATING the enactment of the proposed Nonconformists' Burial Bill, the *Morning Post*, in a recent article, argued that if that measure became law, and dissenting ministers were accordingly empowered to read funeral services in Church burying grounds, the next concession Dissenters would demand would be that of liberty to perform part of the service also within the churches. And then:—

"Once throw the churches open to all sorts and conditions of modern dissent, and there will be no end to the confusion. Disputes will arise as to the modes of service, the relative claims to this or that portion of the ground, and to this or that time of the day for service."

Yes; and disputes may even arise as to the costume wherein the minister is to officiate. The consequences may be hissing, hooting, whistling, stamping, coughing, crowing, scuffling, and fighting. In churches open to Dissenters differing from one another, it certainly is very probable that there would sometimes be rows resembling those which, within the memory of man, have occurred at St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and St. George's-in-the-East.

A Fatal Mistake.

FOOLHARDY buffoons sometimes attempt too much. They risk their necks as extraordinary acrobats, and turn out to be mere tumblers.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

APRIL 22, *Monday*. British subjects who possess personal property have no business abroad, because, if they have the means of living in England, where, only, *Punch* can be procured on the day of publication, it is wantonly making light of their privileges to be out of the way of that great advantage. However, there may be exceptional cases, and as at present no British subject who makes a Will when he is abroad has the slightest certainty that he has made it in the proper way, and as the personality is pretty sure to be expended in the personalities of law, LORD KINGSDOWN (MR. P. LEIGH) is to be commended for bringing in a Bill to provide that a will of personality shall be valid, whether made according to the law in foreign parts, or according to the domicile of the testator. The excellent Post Office Savings' Bank Bill went through Second Reading, but the intelligent British public, into whose head it is excessively difficult to beat any new system (and which still directs its letters to "James Thompson, Esq., 300, Cheap-side, E.C.," because that name and address were given in the form issued by SIR ROWLAND) must understand that it is not to regard the letter-slits in the light of the slit in the domestic money-box, nor to suppose that if a penny is dropped into the letter-column at Hammer-smith, it may be asked for at the receiving-house at Poplar that day two years. *Mr. Punch* foresees a good deal of trouble to himself in getting this new system into gear, but the object is so good that he intends to take the public in hand.

LORD RAYNHAM proposed to MR. GLADSTONE to lay a tax on Linendrapers' Shopmen, in order to drive those elegant beings to more manly work, and to substitute women behind the counters. MR. GLADSTONE said that it might not be unfair to do something for women, especially as in some trades a systematic resistance is made by the men to the employment of feminine labour, but he did not quite see his way to getting coin out of the counterjumper.

The Budget Debate began, and went through this night and that of Thursday, when it was adjourned until the Monday following. MR. THOMAS BARING made an elaborate speech against the Budget, and thought that we ought to look forward to a deplorable financial future and not remit taxes. MR. WHITE said—what can it matter what MR. WHITE said? MR. BAXTER defended the scheme of MR. GLADSTONE, and the battledore and shuttlecock business continued until midnight, MR. BENTINCK's tirade against things in general being the most

amusing feature of the evening. There was much grumbling, but the Opposition did not offer to fight.

Tuesday. SIR JOSEPH PAXTON, with the instinct of a true lover of the Landscape, demanded whether Government really contemplated the letting the Agricultural Society bring their fat pigs, ploughing machines, and mangle wurzle (spell it right, Wiscount) into Hyde Park in 1862? MR. COWPER made an evasive kind of answer, and thought that "some" park might be used for the purpose. *Mr. Punch* hereby invites SIR JOSEPH to stick to this party COWPER, who is a good man, but has no moral pluck, and would give up the QUEEN's private flower-garden if Swelldom put the screw upon him. He may stick the beasts in Battersea Park, if he likes, as there is nothing to spoil, and nobody goes there, and it would be the making of the locality. But we really cannot have the other place desecrated, though cattle may not seem out of place in Hyde Park, as it was originally called.

MR. BERKELEY brought on his Ballot motion. He is a valiant old man, but *Punch* is reminded of a fine passage in the *Lord of the Isles*. The Ballot battle stagnates:—

"DOUGLAS leans on his war-sword now,
And WILLIAMS wipes his moistened brow.
DUNCOMBE undoes his vizor clasp,
And ABERNETHY for air must gasp,
And BERNAL OSBORNE quits his spear,
And sinks thy falchion, BASS OF BEER,
The blows of BERKELEY fall less fast,
And gallant GIBSON'S bugle blast
Has lost its lively tone,
Sinks, brave JOHN BRIGHT, thy battle-word,
And BRADY'S shout is fainter heard,
'Mee merry men, fought on.'"

It will be evident to an acute reader that *Mr. Punch* introduced this citation chiefly because BERKELEY and DOUGLAS, being proposer and seconder of the motion, two of SIR WALTER'S lines can be given intact, and *Mr. P.* distinctly states that he has not the slightest reason for affirming that the SOLICITOR-GENERAL was out of breath, or that the Wiscount had a tendency to perspiration. To return to our sheeps—when the said mover and seconder had affirmed that the Ballot would bring in the Millennium, the House "answered not but with its legs," as *Morose*, in *The Silent Woman*, desires *Cutbeard* to do. It walked into the lobby, and declined the Berkeleyan Millennium by 279 to 154.

Wednesday. The old Universities return Members to Parliament, and the constituency is a curious one. The voters are the Masters of Arts, and they are, of course, scattered all over the country, and indeed over the world. It is proposed that, instead of giving an M.A. not in residence, the trouble and expense of coming to his University to vote, the scholarly character of his franchise shall be still further indicated by its being permitted to him to write his vote, and send it to head-quarters. There is much to be said in favour of this plan, but what is to be said against it is, that inasmuch as nearly all the Clergy are Masters of Arts, you will be giving the Clerical element a huge preponderance. All the stupid bigoted Welsh Curates and their congeners,—the worthy and disagreeable men who live in small villages, and get a habit of regarding everything in a village way,—the excellent pig-heads who quarrel with the Dissenters on little points that a priest of the world would smile at,—all this mass of conscientious small-mindedness will be brought to bear upon the elections. Distance, time, trouble, expense keep a majority of these parsons from voting now; but when they can vote for a penny, they will pour in their papers, and we shall see such a man as the *Record* would support (can we say anything more contemptuous?) added to overthrow a Gladstone, a Macaulay, a Carlyle, or a Thackeray, or some other candidate who would be an ornament to the House of Commons and a stone of stumbling to bigotry. On the whole, therefore, and in the interests of the Universities, *Mr. Punch* thought it better to refer the Bill to a Select Committee, which of course was done at his suggestion.

SIR MORTON PETO.—but LORD PUNCH said a precious good thing to him, and that must be told here. You know the great fishmonger's at the top of Parliament Street—don't the salmon look scrumptious? Well, on Wednesday, the MARCHIONESS OF PUNCH had (respectfully) requested her Lord to send home some fish, and he, immersed in thought for the good of the nation, passed the shop without thinking of the request. But, remembering it, he hurried affably back, and SIR M. PETO was standing, admiring some red mullet. "Did you want to speak to me?" said SIR M. P. to LORD P. "No," said LORD P., quoting the classical speech of the ancient Gladiator—

"Non te, Peto,—piscem peto."

Upon which, SIR M., delighted, was moving off, but LORD P., continuing the speech of the Retiarius, added, "*Quid me fugis, Galle?*" (*Galle*, on the present occasion, Wiscout, means Old Cook). And, after ordering a few salmons, they went down to the House together, laughing like fun, and in capital spirits, to discuss the Bill for burying Dissenters.

This Bill is squashed, so there is no use in talking about it; but its intention was to permit Dissenters to bury in Church of England churchyards, with whatever forms, or absence of forms, they might please. The Jumpers might have come and jumped over a deceased friend, and the Shakers might have taken and shaken him, and people who have even briefer rituals, for instance, folks like the woman MADEN, who has again been making a fool of herself in a court of justice, might have stood upon the tomb, and proclaimed the doctrine that "we dies like dogs." These processes would have been very distasteful to right-minded people, and the House of Commons, by 236 to 155, majority 81, voted for preserving the sanctity of our last earthly home.

Thursday. A queer petition was presented from some Worcestershire attorney, who complained that at the Assizes for that county he had been severely and unjustly walked into by MR. HUDDLESTON, Q.C., and he wants the law altered so that MR. HUDDLESTON may not be able to walk into him in future. As that eminently courteous barrister is about the last man likely to say anything harsh or inconsiderate, *Mr. Punch* will not give his Royal Assent to the proposed alteration of the law until he has further evidence before him.

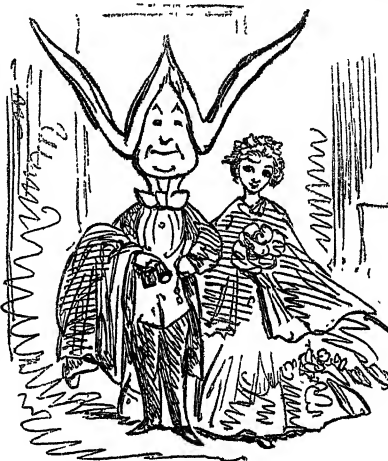
The Budget Debate was resumed, as aforesaid, and MR. STYMOUR FITZGERALD and MR. MILNER GIBSON did battle. A great lot of nobodies talked in a grocery way about tea and sugar—the *épicer* class is by no means so absent from our Chamber as the French think. Later, MR. SAM SLICK made a vehement speech against MR. GLADSTONE, whom he curiously charged with ridiculing the people of Canada; and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE (saying that he had received a lesson not to be Light or Violent) made some fun of MR. SLICK. MAJOR EDWARDS, who may have dined out, for he called the SPEAKER "Gentlemen," termed the cheap newspapers "the penny-a-lining interest," for which this Major (he is only a Yeomanry Major, mind, and partner in some mercantile firm, which facts extenuate his intensely aristocratic feelings) was well castigated by JOHN MAGUIRE of Cork, more power to his elbow.

DR. BRADY tried to get a Select Committee appointed to consider the Street-Railway question, but this respected Apothecary is not celebrated for his successful treatment of popular complaints, and the House would not follow his prescription, thinking perhaps that he understands Opiates better than Sleepers.

Friday. The conversation was short, but a good many topics came up. LORD PALMERSTON made some exceeding biting remarks upon

the Prussian administration, *apropos* of the MACDONALD case, and declared that the Prussian Government had behaved in a way that was most unfriendly, and unworthy of a country in alliance with (he should have said under the patronage of) England. Won't the beery beggars be riled, and shan't we have infuriated scoffs at the PREMIER? The question of flogging boys in prisons, came up, and Members took different sides, some thinking the punishment cruel, and others defending it because they themselves were flogged at Eton. At the latter seat of instruction it is etiquette not to bellow under the rod, but to look as if you rather liked it, or, at all events, are obliged to the Doctor for his trouble; but this refinement is not comprehended by plebeian offenders, who, it seems, howl with all their might. The Constable could not say whether the POPE was going to appoint a successor or not. *Mr. Punch* regrets to add that the indictable nuisance, the East Wind, has actually violated propriety so far as to afflict the SPEAKER with neuralgia, and incapacitate him for the Chair, though whether an attack of that prettily named complaint be not preferable to a Budget Debate, MR. DENISON has now an opportunity of deciding. Happy will *Mr. Punch* be to say with OVID, *Eurus ad Auroram recessit*—meantime he makes everybody else a roarer.

SCOTCH HUSBANDRY.



E subjoin an advertisement taken from the *Glasgow Herald*. It suggests the expectation that the Census Returns for Scotland will show a great preponderance of the female part of the population. Men must be scarce in the matrimonial market to render such an offer worth advertising; and if it were not, the advertiser probably would never have gone to the expense of its insertion. The Scotch lassies, with all their charms, must find husbands scarce, if any one of them can condescend to accept such a bargain as the author of this proposal:—

MATRIMONY.—A GENTLEMAN, aged 30, of considerable prospects, being in temporary want of about £300, is willing to enter into Matrimony with a LADY of his own age, who can command the above amount. No objection to a Widow. Must be of a religious turn of mind. Address "Confidence 97," Herald Office.

DR. JOHNSON described a man who had contracted a mercenary marriage as a contemptible fellow who had at length obtained the certainty of three meals a day. "Confidence 97" is willing to dispose of himself for a much meaner consideration. He is to be sold for temporary accommodation to the amount of £300. As he does not object to a widow, perhaps he would not strongly insist upon parity of years. He would probably not refuse to negotiate with any old crone who has got the sum that he requires hoarded in her stocking. No doubt he is ready to come to terms with any witch who can help him to raise the wind. Only he requires that the beldame should be of a religious turn of mind; whereby, of course, he means that she must possess the one thing needful.

A PREJUDICED PROTESTANT.

A COSTERMONGER, in a public-house, reading aloud to a Dustman the Roman correspondence in the *Times*, came to the following passage:—

"The Archimandrite, who is a venerable old man, then knelt before the Holy Father, and kissed his feet."

"Yah!" cried the dustman. "The What d'ye call him?"

"The Harchymandrite," replied the costermonger.

"Humph!" his comrade grunted. "And 'oo's the 'oly Father?"

"The POPE, stupid."

"The POPE. Oh!" said the meditative dustman, "Kissed the POPE's feet. Wot a unpleasant haction! A Harchymandrite—kissed the POPE's feet. Jest like one. Yer wouldn't expect no better of a Harchymandrite, would yer? A kissin' hof the 'oly Father's feet; in course that 'ere blessed Harchymandrite be-aved as sich."

THE POPE AT HOME.

(To the REV. DR. CUMMING.)

REVEREND DOCTOR CUMMING, hey!
 CUMMING, reverend Doctor, ho!
 Listen what the papers say,
 Tell us, is it true or no?
 If, as serious thousands deem,
 You are an enlightened seer,
 Say if you did ever dream
 What you are about to hear!

You, who understand the scope
 And intent of prophecy,
 Should his Holiness the POPE
 Be deposed, resign, or die,
 What do you think? The papal chair
 Is to be transferred from Rome;
 Popedom destines, I declare,
 London for the Pontiff's home.

This is how the story goes;
 WISEMAN will the next POPE be.
 BOWYER may salute his toes;
 Well he'll fill the holy See.
 In what oily bulls and briefs
 To the faithful he'll impart
 All the customary griefs
 Rending his paternal heart!

Tidings strange are these to hear;
 They must make you sit on thorns.
 England may be—don't you fear!—
 One of your symbolic horns.
 Shall you not, when Rome's released
 From her present ruler's care,
 Read the "Number of the Beast"
 On a door in Golden Square?

When we see the scarlet Dame
 Sitting there in pomp and state,
 Shall we have no cause to name
 London "Babylon the Great?"
 Tell the women, and the men,
 On your sleeve their faith who pin,
 If the Cardinal will then
 Not become the "Man of Sin."

CUMMING, when I once made bold
 To encroach upon your sphere,
 We should soon, I then foretold,
 See the POPE take refuge here.
 I don't claim to equal you
 In your own prophetic line;
 But have your words e'er come true,
 Half so near the mark, as mine?

THE USE OF FRANCE AT ROME.

THE French occupation of Rome is generally objected to on the ground that Catholicism, which it professedly supports, is quite able to stand alone. In justice to our pious allies, it must be admitted that there is reason for doubting the perfect ability of the Faith to take care of itself. Mother Church, if left to her own devices, might lose some part of the credit which she derives from the filial protection of her Eldest Son.

The Paris correspondent of the *Post* informs us that an Italian gentleman invited him, a few days since, to meet the devil, whom that gentleman had lately brought from Italy. He accepted the invitation; and, he says:—

"On entering the room my attention was directed to a handsome carved and gilt Confessional, on the upper panel of which was painted a head of our Saviour; the lower panel showed a painting of the cross. This piece of church furniture stands about six feet high, and appears to belong to the 16th century. It was lately discovered at a monastic establishment near Florence, one which the revolutionary events of the last few months had caused to be invaded by the civil authorities. The remarkable feature of the Confessional consists in its internal mechanical contrivances. The priest who may be interrogating a sinner, and pointing to the panel representing the Saviour, has only to touch a spring when the screen suddenly falls, and a figure representing the devil, the size of a man, falls forward."

The devil of the Confessional appears pretty much in the same form as that wherein he comes for *Mr. Punch*, in our popular exhibition. This is his portrait:—

"A horned brown head, with large round protruding eyes, rolling fearfully; the tongue hanging out of the mouth, and made to move, a few tufts of negro-like hair, in fact, a monster. The hands are like the long-nailed claws of a quadruped."

In the original text of our celebrated tragi-comedy, a stage direction describes us as being alarmed, on the apparition of the fiend, by "hearing a strange supernatural noise, like the rapid motion of fifty spinning-wheels." So, in the case of the Confessional puppet:—

"When the figure appears, a sort of infernal rattling noise comes from the internal machinery."

It is only fair to admit that a priesthood which plays this kind of tricks, urgently requires that attestation of its sanctity and wisdom which can only be afforded by the defensive bayonets and bullets of a great and generous nation.

But this Romish devil is a sham of the sixteenth century. Perhaps an unchangeable Church has ceased to play the devil. If so, nevertheless it still plays the saint in such a manner as to need all the countenance which it can derive from the tutelary veneration of intelligent France. Witness the subjoined extracts from the official journal of Rome:—

"Among the images of the most blessed Virgin, the Mother of God, which are chiefly distinguished in Rome for antiquity, and the reverential worship that is paid to them, the most celebrated is that which is venerated near the Jesuit's College, in the oratory where the congregation assemble, which, being the mother and chief of all others, throughout the whole world, which are dedicated to MARY, assumes the title of 'Prima Primaria.'"

Then follows a description of "this revered 'Icône.'" The sacrosanct doll was originally painted in one of the ambulatories of SAINT ERME; was sawn out of the wall under CLEMENT VIII., and removed to a museum, whence, in 1761, it was translated to its present position over the altar of the Jesuits' oratory, where it stands to be worshipped. Yes; to be actually and absolutely worshipped, not merely venerated as a memorial, but specially adored as an image distinct from other images. So official authority itself declares in the following courageous assertion:—

"And in evidence of the satisfaction with which the Virgin regarded the worship paid to this her image, she deigned to grant, through its mediation, numberless

graces and prodigies, insomuch that it was solemnly crowned by HENRY, Duke of York, Cardinal and Arch-priest of the Vatican Basilica."

The CARDINAL DUKE OF YORK was not the first of his family whose faith cost him his crown. Such a faith might be in danger of being deemed no better than Joss-worship, if it were not upheld, with force and arms, at the expense of Italian liberty, by the enlightened French people and their clever EMPEROR.



SCENE—A QUIET STREET. TIME, 9 P.M.

M'PHILMSEY (who has just succeeded in collecting his thoughts for an hour or two's quiet work). "Oh, dear, dear, there's that dreadfully powerful Volunteer Band coming by again! Do oblige me, Maria, by keeping that child quiet!"

Not so Far Out, after All.

ASKED lately a young lady, "Pray, dear *Mr. Punch*, as people say that you know everything, can you tell me why the modern waltz is called the *deux temps*?"

Replied the gentleman, "Well, really, I scarce know if I can say; unless it is that, as a rule, the music plays in one time and the men dance in another."



A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

Old Gent (with tender feet). "Now, BOY, BE VERY CAREFUL!"

Boy. "OH, YES, YOUR HONOUR! THESE 'ERE KNOBS'LL TAKE A BEAUTIFUL POLISH!"

SOMETHING SHORT FOR SNAKE-BITES.

OUR ideas of the medicinal uses of alcoholic spirit are enlarged by the information, conveyed by M. JULES CLOQUET to the Academy of Sciences, that it is a cure for snake-bites. M. CLOQUET received this intelligence from M. DE LA GIRONNIÈRE in a letter dated from the Philippine Islands. One of M. DE LA GIRONNIÈRE's workmen had been bitten in the finger by a very venomous serpent. His hand and arm swelled up to the shoulder; and he appeared to be at the point of death. M. DE LA GIRONNIÈRE made him drink a whole bottle of *vin de coco*, described as a "very strong spirit." He almost immediately became drunk and incapable; tumbled down, and talked mandlin. The pain, however, ceased, and the swelling did not proceed. In half an hour he began to get sober, but his suffering returned with his senses; so M. DE LA GIRONNIÈRE extinguished both by the exhibition of another bottle of the medicine as before. A third full dose completed the cure. He made his patient, in fact, dead drunk three times over, and so, by putting him repeatedly to the death of drunkenness, prevented his decease; killing him, in a manner, to save his life. Gentlemen of the United Kingdom Alliance, there was no mistake about the matter. "I had heard," says M. DE LA GIRONNIÈRE, "that alcohol, pushed to the extent of inducing complete drunkenness, was a specific against the bite of serpents, and now I have a convincing proof of it."

If, as the teetotalers maintain, alcohol is a poison, the above-quoted case is a confirmation of the homeopathic axiom, "Like cures like." Spirit is an antidote to serpent's venom, such as, in hydrophobia, is said to be afforded to the moribund matter by a hair of the dog that bit you. The like, however, cures the like in quantities which are far from infinitesimal. Such appears to be the case when spirits are taken for the relief of despondency, or any other medicinal purpose. The proportions in which grog must be mixed to be administered as a remedy for the bites of serpents are not at all those which DR. HAHNEMANN prescribes for globules and tinctures, but rather such as were wont to be taken for the removal of thirst by MYNHEER VON DUNK. Indeed, VON DUNK, if he had had the misfortune to be bitten by a viper, would have been obliged considerably to augment the strength of his customary potion; would have had to heighten it much above proof. Mere Cognac would never have sufficed him as it did that countryman of his who, being recommended a bottle of brandy for a bad leg,

drank the brandy and rubbed his leg with the bottle. VON DUNK would have required to get tipsy, which brandy-and-water did not make him; which most likely he could never have been made by brandy of any dilution, or by anything of the kind short of absolute alcohol.

In ordinary cases of snake-bite a cure, perhaps, will be obtainable by drinking the milder forms of spirituous liquors in sufficient quantities. The patient will only have to take unlimited goes. There is a certain alcoholic compound which is deservedly celebrated for curing the gout, the colic, and the phthisic. Who can say that it will not also cure the consequences of the envenomed wounds inflicted by the cobra, the rattlesnake, and the marsh-moccasin? Let the sufferer try Punch. There is something in Punch which is peculiarly antagonistic to the virulence of poisonous reptiles.

THE VOLUNTEER TO HIS TOOTH-BRUSH.

I LAY no stress upon my dress,
No dandy arts are mine:
A sponge and tub for morning scrub,
A wash-hands ere I dine:
Two hair-brushes together plied,
(I could make shift with one,)
A rude skin-parting roughly made—
And so my toilette's done.

And yet, all Spartan as I am,
A pang my hand doth stay;
When stern MACMURDO order gives,
"Your tooth-brush fling away!"
I little thought, when in the ranks
A rifle first I bore,
That when gunpowder's day set in,
Tooth-powder's day was o'er.

Defiance in the foeman's teeth
I am prepared to fling;
But leaving my own teeth uncleaned
Is quite another thing—
By turning Rifle Volunteer
JOHN BULL his teeth doth show,
And I should like my ivories
To be a polished row.

What if the British Lion draws
His weapons from their sheath,—
Out of their velvet shows his claws
Out of their lips his teeth—
Will there be less of terror hid
In that grim mouth or paws,
When nail-brush to his feet's forbid,
And tooth-brush to his jaws?

We're ready when we're called on,
To take the field—I know:
And though mere babes in arms, we'll try
A brush with any foe.
But betwixt us and the foemen,
As fierce the brush will be,
If we are first allowed a brush
Betwixt our teeth to see.

That cleanliness to godliness
Is next allied we're told:
And though I'm no DROGENES
Still to my tub I hold.
But tubs and Turkish towelling
Upon campaign, I know,
Are luxuries which Volunteers
Must cheerfully forego.

With unblack'd boot I'm game to shoot,
To fight with unbrushed hair,
But thou, my tooth-brush—I had hoped
That thee at least they'd spare.
In pack or pocket, fob or pouch,
For thee there's surely room,
Whatever Spartan NAPIER preach,
Or stern MACMURDO doom!

WHITESIDE'S LEGAL OPINION ON GLADSTONE'S BUDGET.
—"Bad for Surplusage."

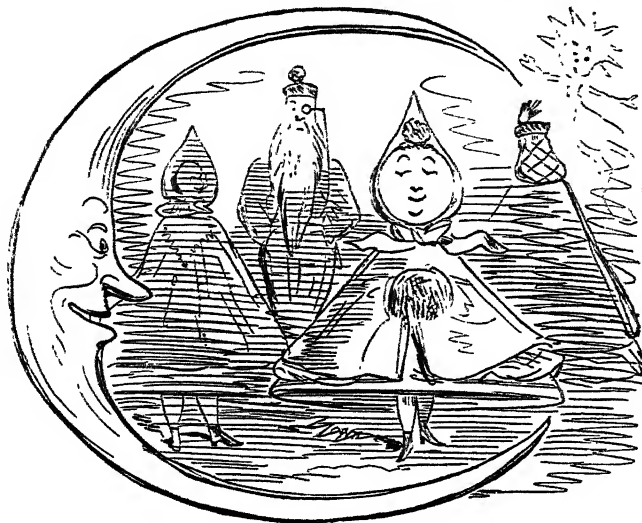


OUR CABINET MAKER.

MR. PUNCH (OVERSEER OF WORKS). "WELL, PAM, OF COURSE I SHALL KEEP YOU ON,—BUT YOU MUST STICK TO PEACE WORK!"

OUR PRIZE CENSUS PAPER.

(A Letter just received from our Laziest Contributor, and which only a regard for his young wife and family induces us to print.)



times "call my study. Seated in my largest chair, and assuming a majestic Head-of-House-hinting deportment, I placed the family Bible imposingly before me, opened at the flyleaf which contains the dates of birth. After an amusing little skirmish with my wife, who declared that, as I had but little brains to boast of, and very seldom meddled with family concerns, I ought by rights to call her the real Head of the Family, I chronicled my name, condition, sex and age last birthday, only deviating (by accident) one twelvemonth from the truth. '*Private Gent and Public Writer*'—conscientiously described my 'rank or occupation,' though my wife thought it might expose her to being charged with bigamy, as it appeared to her to indicate a duality of persons. Having however calmed her fears upon this head, there next came the puzzling query, 'Where had I been born?' Having neglected to apply for my certificate of baptism, I wrote that Meddington in Slopsire in my belief was honoured by having been my birthplace; but I added, that although I had been present at the ceremony, I could not speak with personal remembrance of the fact. In the column that inquired if I were deaf and dumb or blind, I conscientiously replied that I had sometimes been all three; but, I added, this had been at the instance of my wife, who continually required me to be blind to her defects, and deaf and dumb when she tormented me with galling curtain-lectures or importunate requests.

"Having nobly thus unbosomed myself about myself, I next filled in my wife's return as nearly to the truth (in point at least of her antiquity) as could in reason be expected. This being the first time I had ever had the courage to ask her what her age was, it was not much to be wondered that it threw her in a flutter, and, had there been anything to gain by it, she would no doubt have tried to faint. But I had previously explained that hysterics were prohibited by the Census Act of Parliament; and, as I was merely acting as the proxy for the Government, she must look to them, not me, to give her a new bonnet for telling them the truth. Her occupation I described as that of '*Wife of my Buzzum, and Keeper of my Priory Purse*;' for whenever I come home with any money in my pocket, she is sure on some pretence or other to take charge of it. The half-a-dozen olive-branches wherewith (at present) we are blest I put down all as '*scholars*,' as I found the instructions bade me; though what our eldest joy is learning excepting to play pranks, and to dislocate his raiment, it would puzzle one to say; and as our youngest hope has only reached the age of one, it almost seemed a joke to describe her as a 'scholar,' excepting in so far as she is being schooled to walk.

"Coming next to my Mamma-in-law, I felt perplexed to know in what position I should place her: whether I should claim her as a resident relation, or put her down as a chance visitor staying in my house. She wrote me word when she first entered it, exactly nine years since, that she thought she might be able to stay a week or ten days with us, and of course I need not say, she has remained here ever since. Feeling there was reasonable doubt about the matter, and not wishing to incur the £5 penalty impossible for giving in a false return, I deemed it best to leave the 'relation' column blank, and to explain in a footnote the real reason why I did so. Putting '*Widow*' for her 'condition' and a great '*F*' for her 'sex,' I next was under the necessity of asking her her age; upon which after some screaming and calling me a brute, she confessed to being two-and-forty her next birthday, but would not let me call her a fraction of a year more. I pointed out that this return would show she'd been a mother at the early age of twelve, for her daughter had acknowledged that she was nine-and-twenty, which I really do believe to be within five years of her veritable age. However, she at once turned a deaf ear to my logic, and declaring that she knew I only wanted to insult her, she swung out of the room with a most emphatic bang. So all that I could do was to fill in '*Age Unknown*,' and make a marginal affidavit that I had done my utmost in attempting to discover it.

"The servants being summoned, Cook couldn't spell her surname but confessed she was a 'widdier,' and said she had been married 'somewheres in the Shears;' so if the Government choose to institute the proper sort of search, they might find out if 'JOHN BROWN,' to whom she was united 'more nor thutty year ago,' spelt his surname with, or without, a final 'e.' Forty-one, she said, her age was, 'for why should I deceive you, Mum?' (looking

at my wife) and this again is a clear proof that strangely early marriages are sometimes made in England, for Cook could have been scarcely more than nine years old when she became a wife 'more nor thutty year ago.' The housemaid and the Nurse-ditto each confessed their ages with more or less reluctance, and rather more than less, I fear, of actual truth. But when I asked if they were married, I could at first elicit nothing but a giggle, which I could not well record as an intelligible reply. On being further pressed, the Housemaid said that she was 'married to No man,' but she only smoothed her apron and put on a smirking look, when I asked if Mr. NOMAN spelt his surname with a K. Our 'Buttons,' whom my wife wished me to enter as her 'Page,' showed no such mock modesty in answering my questions, for when I asked his age, he said 'I'm comink on hateen, and hif you don't believe me 'ere's my stifticate of buth,' producing as he spoke a legal-looking document, which I fervently believe that he had forged for the occasion. Upon my asking further whether he were married, he first winked at the Cook, and then said, 'No, I ain't eggsackly married yit, but I'm hingaged, and I don't mind tellin' yer the lady's name, hif Guv'mink wants to know 'er!'

"The first thing after breakfast on Monday the 8th ultimo, I called my wife and family together in my smoking-room, which, as I often take a nap in it, I some-

times call my study. Seated in my largest chair, and assuming a majestic Head-of-House-hinting deportment, I placed the family Bible imposingly before me, opened at the flyleaf which contains the dates of birth. After an amusing little skirmish with my wife, who declared that, as I had but little brains to boast of, and very seldom meddled with family concerns, I ought by rights to call her the real Head of the Family, I chronicled my name, condition, sex and age last birthday, only deviating (by accident) one twelvemonth from the truth. '*Private Gent and Public Writer*'—conscientiously described my 'rank or occupation,' though my wife thought it might expose her to being charged with bigamy, as it appeared to her to indicate a duality of persons. Having however calmed her fears upon this head, there next came the puzzling query, 'Where had I been born?' Having neglected to apply for my certificate of baptism, I wrote that Meddington in Slopsire in my belief was honoured by having been my birthplace; but I added, that although I had been present at the ceremony, I could not speak with personal remembrance of the fact. In the column that inquired if I were deaf and dumb or blind, I conscientiously replied that I had sometimes been all three; but, I added, this had been at the instance of my wife, who continually required me to be blind to her defects, and deaf and dumb when she tormented me with galling curtain-lectures or importunate requests.

"Having nobly thus unbosomed myself about myself, I next filled in my wife's return as nearly to the truth (in point at least of her antiquity) as could in reason be expected. This being the first time I had ever had the courage to ask her what her age was, it was not much to be wondered that it threw her in a flutter, and, had there been anything to gain by it, she would no doubt have tried to faint. But I had previously explained that hysterics were prohibited by the Census Act of Parliament; and, as I was merely acting as the proxy for the Government, she must look to them, not me, to give her a new bonnet for telling them the truth. Her occupation I described as that of '*Wife of my Buzzum, and Keeper of my Priory Purse*;' for whenever I come home with any money in my pocket, she is sure on some pretence or other to take charge of it. The half-a-dozen olive-branches wherewith (at present) we are blest I put down all as '*scholars*,' as I found the instructions bade me; though what our eldest joy is learning excepting to play pranks, and to dislocate his raiment, it would puzzle one to say; and as our youngest hope has only reached the age of one, it almost seemed a joke to describe her as a 'scholar,' excepting in so far as she is being schooled to walk.

"Coming next to my Mamma-in-law, I felt perplexed to know in what position I should place her: whether I should claim her as a resident relation, or put her down as a chance visitor staying in my house. She wrote me word when she first entered it, exactly nine years since, that she thought she might be able to stay a week or ten days with us, and of course I need not say, she has remained here ever since. Feeling there was reasonable doubt about the matter, and not wishing to incur the £5 penalty impossible for giving in a false return, I deemed it best to leave the 'relation' column blank, and to explain in a footnote the real reason why I did so. Putting '*Widow*' for her 'condition' and a great '*F*' for her 'sex,' I next was under the necessity of asking her her age; upon which after some screaming and calling me a brute, she confessed to being two-and-forty her next birthday, but would not let me call her a fraction of a year more. I pointed out that this return would show she'd been a mother at the early age of twelve, for her daughter had acknowledged that she was nine-and-twenty, which I really do believe to be within five years of her veritable age. However, she at once turned a deaf ear to my logic, and declaring that she knew I only wanted to insult her, she swung out of the room with a most emphatic bang. So all that I could do was to fill in '*Age Unknown*,' and make a marginal affidavit that I had done my utmost in attempting to discover it.

"The servants being summoned, Cook couldn't spell her surname but confessed she was a 'widdier,' and said she had been married 'somewheres in the Shears;' so if the Government choose to institute the proper sort of search, they might find out if 'JOHN BROWN,' to whom she was united 'more nor thutty year ago,' spelt his surname with, or without, a final 'e.' Forty-one, she said, her age was, 'for why should I deceive you, Mum?' (looking

VOICES OF OUR NIGHTS.

SUBMITTED TO THE AMERICAN POET, BY
MR. WRONGFELLOW.

I HEARD the feline footsteps in the night
Pad through the court and hall!
I saw the sable wretch in the moon's light
Climb Mrs. Cox's wall!

I felt her (that I did!—I'm sure I'm right!)]
Step o'er me just above;
With shrill pathetic mewings through the night,
As of a cat in love.

I heard the sounds of passion and of fight,
The caterwauling chimes,
That fill each attic chamber in the night,
Where some starved poet rhymes.

My night-capped head in the cool midnight air
Sought vainly some repose;
The echo of perpetual squalls rose there,—
From the new cistern rose.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this
prayer!
Descend, you green-eyed fright!
I hate, while thus you screech, and spit, and
swear,
The cat-infested night!

Justification.

MR. SMITH O'BRIEN writes: "I was applied to by somebody for subscriptions in aid of certain foreigners. I answered that appeal by sending to somebody else a contribution for certain Irishmen." It is an Irish "answer," and yet not more Irish than the conduct of our own QUEEN who was assailed by the Irish in America with every kind of abuse, and "answered" that abuse by sending a pardon to a silly old Irishman who, it was idly thought, would live at home gratefully and quietly.



ADOLPHUS. "Have a Cigar, Fred?—No!"

FREDERICK. "Well, I used to smoke a good deal; but I was rather sweet upon Julia Weston, you know, last season, and—fact is, she made me give it up!"

POTTER'S LAST PUSH.

Ho! strike for justice, one and all,
Ye downtrod worms of toil,
Or still your neck the yoke must gall,
And still your blood must boil
To fat and feed your tyrant's greed,
And swell your tyrants' spoil!

Workmen were worth their hire of yore,
In the world's earliest stage;
They must be worth a great deal more
In this enlightened age:
But all we ask for nine hours' task,
Is only ten hours' wage.

LUCAS and KELK by hourly pay
Our grievance try to burke—
Why scores, if such a scheme gets way,
Our Unions will shirk.
We've selfish knaves and grovelling slaves,
Who'd stoop to twelve hours' work!

What earnest working-man unmoved
These slaves could see and hear,
At work, while we our minds improved
In tap or club-room near?
Our pipes past doubt it would put out,
And bitter make our beer.

Each hammer's stroke, as if it spoke,
Would ring upon the nail,
"That pint o' beer is costing dear—
By KELK and LUCAS' scale:
And half a bob each hour doth rob,
Not counting pots of ale!"

And when these selfish drudges go
A Sundaying with their wives,
Each jade will come it strong to show
How well her husband thrives;
While ours will pine for clothes as fine,
And aggravate our lives.

No! Uniformity of wage—
For good and bad the same!
For shirk or striver, sot or sage—
Nine hours for ten we claim!
Be this your motto, "We stick by POTTER,
And strike in POTTER'S name!"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"BEFORE this letter sees the light the gallant *Miles-na-Cop-paleen* will have begun again to take his 'tremendous header' nightly in the lake at the Adelphi, which (the house and not the water) I suppose will be crammed nightly to see the daring plunge. However high-flown critics may have carped at the *Colleen*, and sneered at its defects in writing and construction, which I see no good in attempting to defend, there is clearly no denying it has been a great success, and the cause of its so being it is worth while to inquire into, and if possible find out. Of course the 'header' aforesaid has been to some eyes an attraction, and the business of the Cave scene is so cleverly contrived that I am not disposed to wonder at the plaudits it calls forth. Still I can't believe the Strand would have ever been blocked up with *Colleen* cabs as it has been, or that by wish of the Police the doors need have been opened sooner than their wont, merely on account of this one aquatic feat. I am more inclined to think that play-goers have been pleased by the care and the completeness wherewith the piece is played, and the attention that is given to whatever can enhance the illusion of each scene, or add a whit in heightening the general effect.

"In attending thus to details in a piece for which two 'Stars' have been especially engaged, MR. WEBSTER does what few of his profession care to do, and I trust that his example may lead others to success. Though MR. BOUCICAULT's engagement must clearly be regarded as a part of the 'Star' system, MR. WEBSTER's careful labour in mounting the *Colleen*, entitles him to praise for making some departure from it. Mostly, managers are found to spend so much upon the 'Stars' that they feel afraid to swell their risk by further outlay, and so pay little heed to the acting of subordinates, or the upgetting of the piece.

Shall I more incur the wrath or the thanks of the profession, if I state as my opinion that the Star system has done great evil to our stage, by making managers unmindful of the general effect, and regardless of the way in which the minor parts are filled? Hence authors have of course grown careless in their writing, and have bestowed their thought and wit alone on the chief characters, knowing well that what they put into the mouths of the subordinates will be wretchedly delivered, and therefore labour lost. Upon the actors too the system has a lowering effect, for while the rule is not to care about the lesser characters, the men who have to bear them get disgusted with their work. Moreover, while this is the rule, the exception of a man who really tries to do his best, and make the most of a small part, stands out in such strong contrast to the acting of his fellows that the part appears unnatural and loses its effect.

"I may say another word upon the Star system ere long, but at present my space warns me I must shunt this train of thought. For of course you want to know what I think of the new comedy: which, as it is written by MR. STERLING COYNE, small punsters will no doubt declare is sterling stuff. Well, if *Black Sheep* be not equal to the *Honeymoon* and *Hunchback*, and other of the comedies that modern writers have produced, it at least is something better than a three-act farce, and has the merit of possessing an intelligible plot. Though devoid of thrilling interest or exciting situations, the story is both pleasantly and evenly sustained; and the language never sinks into tameness or vulgarity, though it never rises much above the common level of ordinary talk. The action may not be fast-paced, but at least it never drags; and, save perhaps in the last act, there is small need for the critic to prescribe an operation with that vastly well-worn instrument, the judiciously-used pruning knife. The three acts only occupy two hours and a quarter, and so the play is greatly free from the great fault of spinning out. As I have hinted, too, the writing is agreeable throughout; and, unlike some modern comedies, has enough

of pleasant humour, without its making people so unnaturally witty as to drop a pun or epigram every time they speak. There may be nothing very novel in the characters presented, but they have at least great naturalness, and that to me is a great charm. This is somewhat marred, however, by the stale old stogy way in which they are all hurried on together to the footlights, to make a situation at the climax of each act. The drunken scene, moreover, I consider an excrescence, and could wish it were cut out. Is it likely the smart widow would say 'yes' to the sleek humbug, so quickly after being so disgusted by his drunkenness? and however Mr. Bunny could have sobered himself down in a quarter of an hour, it quite passes my experience of soda water to conceive. Add to this, that lawyers' clerks at fifteen shillings a week don't chat pertly with their masters about confidential clients, and if caught polking in the office do make some sort of excuse. But such slight slips as these are rarely shunned upon the stage, although they sadly mar the naturalness there may be in a piece.

"Mrs. Young deserves my praise for her quiet even acting, and for saying what she has to say, of pathos or of banter, without straining for effect. This lady, I believe, had her stage schooling in Australia, and one is pleased to find that people who are born there talk good English, and don't burlesque our language as our friends the Yankees do. You can fancy Mr. BUCKSTONE in a smooth wig and white choker, and a suit of solemn black, plaguing people for subscriptions to the Clothing Fund established for the Naked Ashantees, and lining his own pockets with the cheques that he collects. His rascality excepted, Mr. Bunny is the male form of the wheedling Mrs. Clutchley, so admirably personated by Mrs. GERMAN REED. Charity-hunters are fair game, and a shaft or two of sarcasm will do the real cause of charity no harm, though I doubt if Exeter Hall this month will vote its thanks to Mr. CORNE for the check he may have given it. He will however have the thanks of those exhausted swells who vote—aw—ballroom work a baw, and are disinclined to dance lest they should disarrange their whiskaws, for suggesting the idea of a Gentlemanly Partners Purveying Association, whereby attendance of good dancers may be nightly guaranteed; the order being given for a dozen or two *deus-tempus* men, just as one would order a few dozens of champagne or a pail or two of ice. To see how Mr. COMPTON acts upon this notion, and is a lawyer's drudge by daylight, and a gay and sportive butterfly of fashion under gas, is a sight that may remind one of one's *première jeunesse*, and which I may advise all those who like the wholesome exercise of laughing not to miss.

"ONE WHO PAYS."

FASHION AND ITS FOLLIES.

WE much rejoice to learn that the EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH has quite recovered her lost health. This, although it has not been officially announced, we gather from the following most interesting paragraph, which we cut for lady readers from a country print. Describing how Her Majesty appeared at a late ball, given, it was stated, for a charitable purpose, the writer wins our admiration and delight by stating this:—

"The dress worn by Her Majesty was much admired for its elegance and simplicity, being of white crape, festooned into full bouffans by simple ruches of white taffetas cut *en perseil*. These fastoons, by crossing each other, supported the dress in the most artistic manner, avoiding the thick and heavy effect which bouffans in general produce round the figure. At each crossing a bouquet of *marquises*, mixed with diamonds, was placed so that the skirt seemed, as it were, dependent on that support.

"It is no wonder that, in spite of the immense display of diamonds, and the utter absence of all calculation in the expense of the dress worn on this occasion, the one chosen by Her Majesty should have been pronounced the most elegant and most characteristic of the exquisite taste exhibited by Parisian artists, amongst them all. We have been informed that the mere adjusting of the dress on the night of the ball occupied the space of three quarters of an hour, as the placing of the bouquets and diamonds on the skirt cannot be accomplished until the dress is on and the whole toilet be complete, excepting the last touch, upon which, however, according to the tiring-woman's idea, 'everything depends.' For the more convenient accomplishment of this most important portion of the evening's task, a high stool is prepared in Her Majesty's dressing-room upon which Her Majesty stands while the bouquets are being placed upon the skirt, so that they are on a level with the eye of the *habilleuse*, who—under the direction of the head tiring-woman, who stands at a distance viewing the reflection of the labour in a swing glass—gives her orders where each bouquet shall be placed."

We can fancy what a chorus of "How lovely's!" and "Oh my's!" will arise from lady-readers of these interesting facts; and we are quite as much inclined to cry, "By Jove!" ourselves, or indulge in any other exclamation of astonishment, not indeed so much at the beauties of the ball-dress, as at the patience of the sufferer who had to bear the toil of the toilet here described. If such attire be there admired as being "elegant and simple," one wonders what costume would be in Paris thought elaborate, and how many hours or days would be required to put it on. We have heard that our great grandmother, when dressing for a ball, was forced sometimes to sit up all the night before, for fear that she might disarrange the curling of her wig; and to stand on a high stool for some three-quarters of an hour, while one's skirts are being loaded with jewels and bouquets, appears to us a not less needless operation, and one that few would have the

patience or the fortitude to bear. A lady's maid, we think, is very fitly called a tiring woman, when she exhausts her mistress's temper by such a task as this; and whatever her physicians may continue to allege, while the *Express* has capacity to undergo such labour, we cannot but believe she is robust in health.



That very young Architect, Faddy (who believes in nothing of later date than the Thirteenth Century), invents a Gothic Hat!

THE TUNE OF MANY MILLIONS.

TOUCHING MR. GLADSTONE'S oration on the Budget, the *Saturday Review* says:—

"Whether the spirits grant his bold request or not, the tones in which he clothed it were agreeable to all—except, perhaps, to the jealous ear of Marsyas, if a Marsyas there be."

If there be a Marsyas, exclaims JOHN BULL! I should think there was. If I am not skinned alive, I don't know who ever was. But stop. Wasn't that Marsyas a performer on the pipe? Now I am not, but on the contrary, confound it, I pay the piper!

Happy Faculty.

"Gravis ingenium, Gravis dedit ore rotundo
Musa loqui."—HORACE, *De Arte Poetica*.

AN ambitious youth translated this: "To the Greeks the Muse has given genius, and the power of speaking with their mouths full." (*N.B. He has been plucked since.*)

"BRITONS, NEVER, NEVER, NEVER."

THE jars in the Building Trade are at an end, we are rejoiced to think, now that it is proved that the workmen are not quite PORTER'S clay, to be moulded as that agitator pleases.

Ironsides, Chairman.

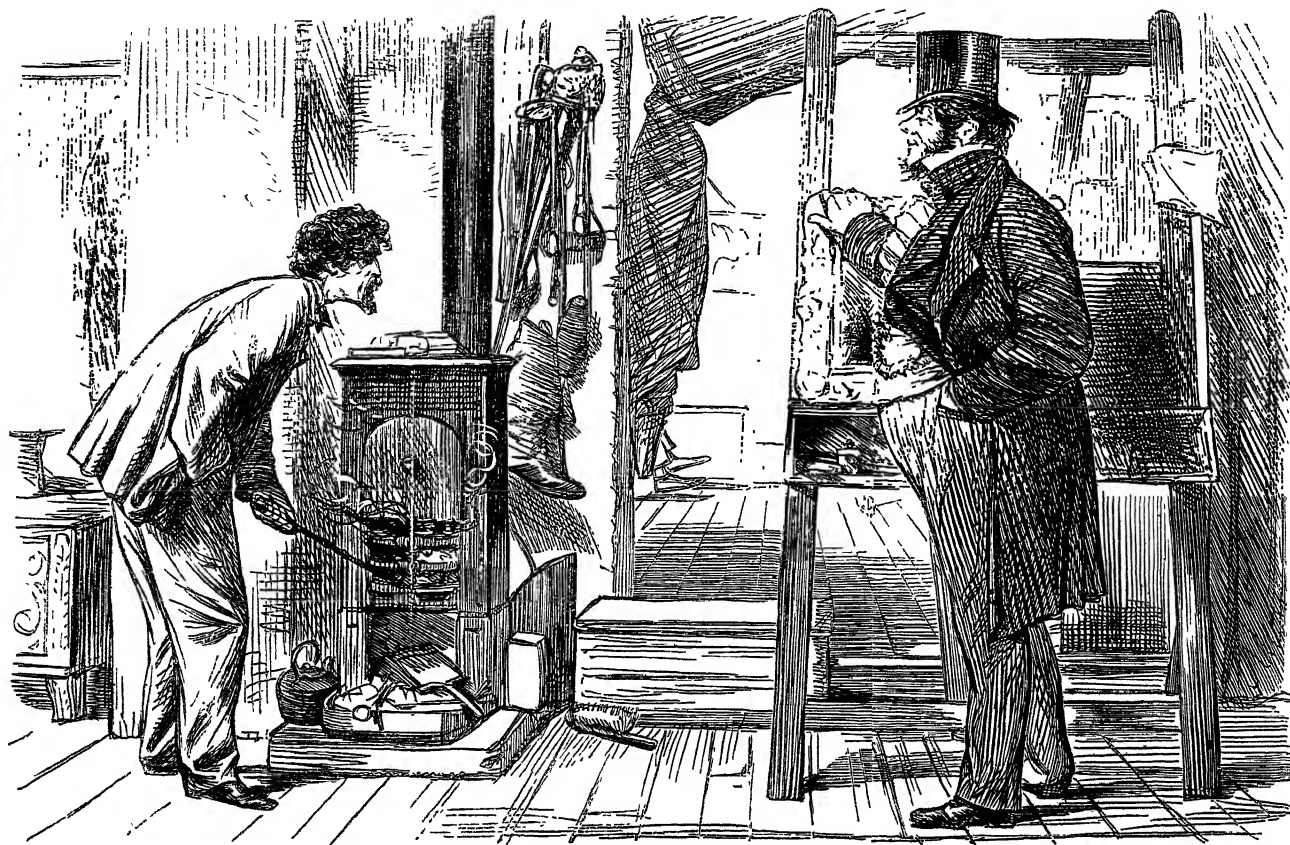
OUR wooden walls are being cased
With iron plates we see;
But if they're SHEFFIELD IRONSIDES,
How very SOFT they'll be.

The Wiscount's Last.

WHEN the Wiscount heard the gratifying intelligence that no person had been killed or wounded at the destruction of Fort Sumter, he exclaimed with a tremendous giggle, "Why it was quite a *piano forte* affair!" What on earth this means nobody knows.

EQUITABLE ADJUSTMENT.

IN a very few words *Punch* proposes to correct the injustice of the Income-Tax. Instead of taxing a man's earnings under Schedule D, tax his expenditure.



"THE NIMBLE NINEPENCE."

DEALER. "Hundred Guineas! Nonsense!—Fifty, you mean! and Pounds, of course—I always call 'em Pounds. My Carriage is here, so I'll take it with me; and here's a Bill at Six Months. I can't say fairer than that, can I?"

TAKING OF FORT SUMTER.

WE have reason to believe that the following were the actual telegrams which passed between GENERAL BEAUREGARD, MAJOR ANDERSON, and L. P. WALKER, the Secessionist Secretary of War:—

(No. 1.)

"TO L. P. WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"An authorised messenger from PRESIDENT LINCOLN has just informed GENERAL PICKENS and myself that several hampers of Canvas-back Ducks, Wild Turkeys, Corn Cakes, and materials for brandy-smashes and cock-tails will be sent to Fort Sumter, peaceably or otherwise.

"Charleston, April 8."

"G. F. BEAUREGARD."

(No. 2.)

"GENERAL G. F. BEAUREGARD, CHARLESTON.

"Stop 'em! Keep what you like, and send the rest to me. Give MAJOR ANDERSON notice to quit. If that won't do, put your men in possession.

"Montgomery, April 10."

"L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War."

(No. 3.)

"L. P. WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"Luncheon is ordered at 12 o'clock.

"Charleston, April 10."

"G. F. BEAUREGARD."

(No. 4.)

"L. P. WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"Demand sent at 12—Allowed till 6 o'clock for dinner.

"Charleston, April 11."

"G. F. BEAUREGARD."

(No. 5.)

"GENERAL BEAUREGARD, CHARLESTON.

"Telegraph what MAJOR ANDERSON says to that."

"L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War."

"Montgomery, April 11."

(No. 6.)

"L. P. WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"MAJOR ANDERSON replies: 'I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, demanding me to evacuate this fort, and to dine before six, without waiting to receive supplies. I regret that my obligations to my Government, and my own digestive organs, prevent my compliance.' He adds, 'I will await the first shot, and then drink your good-health in a brandy-smash.'"

"Charleston, April 11."

"G. F. BEAUREGARD."

(No. 7.)

"GENERAL BEAUREGARD, CHARLESTON.

"Fire away (but don't hurt anybody), unless MAJOR ANDERSON will send you the latch-key of the Fort."

"L. P. WALKER, Secretary of War."

(No. 8.)

"L. P. WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

"He won't consent. He's not such a fool as you think."

"Charleston, April 12."

"G. F. BEAUREGARD."

The bombardment then commenced, and after 40 hours' gallant resistance, MAJOR ANDERSON having nothing but his umbrella left to cover him, hoisted a flag of truce.

(No. 9.)

"MAJOR ANDERSON, GINGHAM UMBRELLA, FORT SUMTER.

"I see your condition through my telescope. We have intercepted your supplies. Give in, like a good fellow, and bring your garrison to dinner, and beds afterwards. Nobody injured, I hope?"

"G. F. BEAUREGARD."

(No. 10.)

"GENERAL BEAUREGARD, CHARLESTON.

"MAJOR ANDERSON presents his compliments to GENERAL G. F. BEAUREGARD, and has much pleasure in accepting his kind invitation to dinner and beds. As no one is hurt, MAJOR ANDERSON fears he shall put GENERAL G. F. BEAUREGARD to some inconvenience, the party being a large one."

And so ended the first (and we trust the last) engagement of the American Civil War.



A PAPAL BEADLE.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 29. LORD MALMESBURY wished to know whether Government were trying to compose the differences in America. LORD WODEHOUSE replied that Government beheld those differences with great concern, but thought that it was not for us to obtrude uninvited counsel. Independently of graver considerations, *Mr. Punch* cannot help feeling strong compassion for his esteemed friend, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who has just got into his new White House, and might be so comfortable, but for the Blacks coming down the chimney. It must be a bore, too, for Her Majesty MRS. LINCOLN, who naturally looked forward to a pleasant reign. But if all be true that *Mr. Punch* hears, that lady is eminently qualified to be her Lord's companion and consoler in his difficulties, and though, according to the English proverb, a smoky chimney and a scolding wife justify a man in removing himself to some other planet, one may, in the company of a good wife, endure worse things than a smoky chimney. So, on second thoughts, MR. PRESIDENT PUNCH withdraws his compassion from MR. PRESIDENT LINCOLN, slaps that Wood-chopper on his sturdy back, and bids him keep up his Pecker, and at his earliest convenience smash the Morrill and immoral Tariff.

Get your Savings ready, for the Post Office Savings' Bank Bill is passed. LORD MONTEAGLE, who thinks that he ought to speak upon all money questions, because he was about one of the worst Chancellors of Exchequer who ever blundered over the national accounts, opposed the Bill to the last, and wrote a Protest against it, which *Mr. Punch* did not insult himself by attempting to read, knowing MONS AQUILA of old, and not "rejoicing therefore."

A pleasant little scene took place in the House of Commons. MR. HODGSON (why of course not KIRKMAN DANIEL, Wiscount, he sits for Bridport doesn't he? do shut up) had just been elected for Tyne-mouth, and inasmuch as he had been reported guilty of bribery at the last election for Berwick-upon-Tweed, he wanted to know whether things were going to be made unpleasant for him. SIR RICHARD BETHELL answered, in the very frank manner, that he believed the honourable HODGSON had been guilty of bribery, but as a necessary witness, one M'GALL, had absconded, he, SIR RICHARD, should show the milk of human kindness instead of the (M')gall of legal bitterness, and so MR. HODGSON might vote in happiness.

FASHIONABLE REVIVAL.

COME, let us wear three-cornered hats,
With gold or white lace bound;
Big wigs; fine linen scarf cravats;
Long coats, with skirts wide round,
All faced with silk of various hues,
Or gilt or silver twist;
Long flowered waistcoats; buckled shoes;
And ruffles at the wrist.

Ourselves 'tis meet we thus expose,
In order that the Swells,
Who answer to the ancient beaux,
May match the modern belles,
Hooped petticoats are worn again;
So now, by all the rules
Of gallantry, ought gentlemen
Once more to dress like fools.

A BLACK TENNYSON.

A CERTAIN MR. CLOSE, who seems to rejoice in local additions, as he calls himself at once the "Kirby Stephen Poet and Poet-Laureate to the KING of BONNY, in Western Africa," has extracted £50 a year out of the Civil Pension Fund. To work out such a sum is indeed an achievement, and if the art that did it was acquired in the Castle of the KING of BONNY, it may be said to be the last and greatest triumph of BONNYCASTLE'S *Arithmetic*.

When MR. W. STIRLING asked a question on this pension, BERNAL OSBORNE suggested that, as his Bonny Majesty's Laureate does not seem to have got any sack from his Bonny Majesty, he ought certainly to have got the sack from LORD PALMERSTON.

Rather a High Note.

THE Critic of the *Times*, speaking of MR. SIMS REEVES at the Crystal Palace, described him as the best singer that had been heard in HAYDN's oratorio—in fact, as the greatest man in *Creation*!

MR. SPEAKER, (who'd ceased to be sick, sick,)
Then gave MR. MASSEY the chair,
And the House took a spell at the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

MR. HORSMAN, he flourished his stick, stick,
And made the Queen's Ministers stare,
And how he pitched into the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair!

MR. BRIGHT gave them compliment, thick, thick,
And stood on his legs to declare
That he hugely approved of the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

JAMES FERGUSON lent him a lick, lick,
(An Inkerman hero, from Ayr)
And made a good slash at the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

POET PUNCH, who takes only the pick, pick,
Of course has no laurel to spare
For every critique on the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

BUT GLADSTONE stood up like a brick, brick
Gave HORSMAN a toss in the air;
And boldly defended the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

DISRAELI answered him quick, quick,
"Tax Paper, but Tea shall not bear
War taxes: I'll fight on your chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair."

Then PALMERSTON rose at the nick, nick
Of time with his jaunty "Don't care,
We all mean to stand by our chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair."

Then they voted the Tax which no tick, tick
Makes lighter at any man's prayer,
The Income-Tax—part of the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

When the clock with remonstrative click, click,
Pronounced it a shame to be there;
And the night heard no more of the chic, chic,
Chicory Budget so fair.

Tuesday. The Lords did nothing, and what the Commons did was briefly explained by the Noble Wiscount, "My dear *Mr. Punch*, we couldn't make no house no hows. Yours, W. W."

Wednesday. The Bill for the Recovery of Debts was rejected by 121 to 23, the House thinking that debts recovered quite fast enough without fresh medical aid.

MR. LOCKE KING moved the Second Reading of his Religious Worship Bill, so entitled, *Mr. Punch* supposes, to distinguish the Worship from Hero-worship, Mammon-worship, and other idolatries. The object of the Bill was—(you will observe the preterite, Wiscount, and a preterite means a past tense, and a tense means an inflexion of a verb, and a verb means a part of speech that expresses action, motion, being, suffering, or a request or command to do or forbear anything; don't ask so many questions) to enable any bishop to give any parson leave to go into the pulpit of any other parson in the said bishop's diocese, whether the resident parson liked the visitor or did not. The House did not think that clerical brotherly-affection would be promoted by this arrangement, and on division, another of the batch of volunteer reforms which MR. KING and his friends have been inflicting on Parliament with such signal ill-success, was pitched out by 191 to 145. LORD JOHN MANNERS specially protested against placing the clergy "under the thumb" of the bishops.

Thursday. LORD NORMANBY emitted one of his long and absurd tirades against the kingdom of Italy, and was answered by LORD WODEHOUSE in a speech in which the contempt he felt for such spiteful twaddle was a little more evident than such a sentiment is usually permitted to be in House of Lords speeches; but, to be sure, NORMANBY has become a nuisance that must be abated.

Before the Tea-Fight in the Commons, MR. COWPER explained that certain necessary repairs at Windsor Castle are being done with all respect for the ancient character of that edifice. MR. STIRLING complained that £50 a year had been given by LORD PALMERSTON to a Westmoreland poet called CLOSE, who describes himself as Laureate to the KING of BONNY, Western Africa. LORD PALMERSTON defended the gift, said that CLOSE might be placed in the same category with BURNS, and made some fun about the black king's Laureate not getting a butt of Sack. MR. STIRLING is still dissatisfied, and we are to hear again about this poet. MR. HODGKINSON tried to get an alteration of the Budget in favour of House Agents; but MR. GLADSTONE very properly refused any concession to a set of men who are really the great obstacles to the rapid and beneficial letting of houses. Hundreds of dwellings would be promptly and pleasantly let, but for the intermeddling of these stupid and griping folks, whose first business is to take care not to know anything about the houses they are ordered to let, and their second is to take care that principals shall not meet. Stick any tax you like on them, WILLIAM; and if it tends to their extirpation, *tant mieux*.

Then came the battle on the Budget. As hath been said and sung, MR. DISRAELI proposed that, instead of taking off the Paper-Duty, the Duty on Tea should be reduced. And the whippers whipped with their whips, and the Members were gathered together in tremendous force. A certain quantity of talk is a necessary formality before a trial of strength, but *Mr. Punch* will boil down the debate into the smallest compass. MR. GLADSTONE defended his own proposition; MR. HORSFALL moved the amendment, which was to keep on the Paper-Duty, and reduce that on Tea from One and Fivepence to One Shilling.

The MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON had heard nothing—
MR. POPE HENNESSY would confine himself—
LORD HOLMESDALE was greatly surprised—
MR. NORRIS knew two respectable grocers—
SIR S. NORTHCOTE would not attempt to answer—
SIR G. C. LEWIS trusted the House—
MR. DISRAELI had been very much amused—
LORD PALMERSTON objected to personalities—

These formularies having been gone through, the Tellers proceeded to the real business of the night, which was to ascertain whether the Conservative Whip would enable MR. DISRAELI to place the Government in a minority. Never mind deduction from argument, but deduct 281 from 299, and you have got the answer. The Government expected a majority of about 30, but got only 18, which MR. DISRAELI said was the "majority" at all, because "it was in its teens." *Tea Duce*, however, the Conservatives do not storm the Treasury Bench, and the pennies are again levied.

Both Houses the interesting announcement was made that OUR ALICE has engaged herself, with the consent of her

parents, to PRINCE LOUIS of Hesse. *Mr. Punch* despairs of saying anything so truly sweet upon the subject as is said in the report of the *Morning Chronicle*, touching the delivery of the message to the Lords:

"During the reading of the above message the House became almost quite dark, from a sudden change in the atmosphere, but, as it was concluded, the chandeliers flared up with a startling brilliancy—a circumstance which may be taken as a happy omen of the approaching nuptials, initiated during a period of royal mourning, but destined to be bright and joyous in its sequel."

In the Commons, LORD PALMERSTON, in speaking upon the subject, said that he knew OUR Daughter ALICE, that she was an exceedingly charming young lady, and the young gentleman who had been happy enough to gain her affections, was in every way worthy of her. LORD PALMERSTON added that the House "could not but view with great satisfaction an announcement intended to direct HER MAJESTY's thoughts to the anticipation of joys and of happiness in the future, and which may gently withdraw her mind from dwelling with too great intensity upon the melancholy recollections of the past." That it may do so, every subject of our Sovereign will cordially pray. For *Mr. Punch* himself, he will merely remark, that he hopes the House will do what is handsome by the young couple, and that—

"When LOUIS and ALICE are wed at the Palace,
He'll empty, in their honour, a very large chalice."

LORD DERBY has compelled the Ministers to consent to the sending the Bankruptcy Bill to a Select Committee. His Lordship explained at a Mansion House dinner, early in the week, that the Conservatives could easily turn out the Government, but preferred to keep it in and keep it from mischief, because it was not for the credit of England that her Ministry should be always changing, and though the Budget division did not exactly confirm the Eri-King's allegation, the consenting to this manipulation of the only important Bill of the year does not show much Ministerial valour. LORD DERBY said that there were many technical errors in the Bill, but it may be suspected that the Committee will not stop at the correction of technicalities. The measure is not safe yet.

In answer to an idiotic question by LORD HARRINGTON, LORD GRANVILLE said he didn't know, and meant that he didn't care, whether the new tram-roads would interfere with the present conveyances. The question *Punch* supposes to be some prompting of the Omnibus Company. Well thought on—where are the beautiful new vehicles, and elegantly-attired and civil attendants, that were with so much puffing promised us in lieu of the dirty and inconvenient Busses, and the unclean, bellowing, foul-mouthed cads that at present afflict society? We shall want a little omnibus legislation soon, and the present buss-folk had better be warned, for if the House does take them in hand, they will catch it hot and hot.

The Commons approved of certain resolutions by which it is proposed to enable the House to get a little faster through its work, but there was not much in them; and LORD JOHN RUSSELL gave some Foreign Affairs' explanations, but there was not much in them. *Mr. Punch* then adjourned to supper, and before him were placed a couple of bottles of champagne. When he rose, there was not much in them.

A ROYAL CHRISTENING.

"My dear *Mr. Punch*," said the PRINCE CONSORT, as the two field-marshals were inspecting the new Horticultural Gardens, "you christened the CRYSTAL PALACE, give me as pretty a name for this place."

"My dear PRINCE ALBERT" promptly returned the other Prince, "when I look at CAPTAIN FOWKE's beautiful garden and elegant arcades, an appropriate name springs to my lips."

"Which is—?" asked the PRINCE CONSORT.

"ARCADIA," responded the PRINCE PUNCH.

The name was instantly adopted by acclamation, and the motto on the tickets was ordered to be "*Nos etiam in Arcadia*."

An Endless Series.

We see that a French book has been brought out called, "*La Bête Humaine*." It is complete in one volume. This strikes us as a very narrow field for all the *bêtes* of the human race to gambol about in. We suppose the subject of "*La Bête Française*" is reserved for future volumes. If so, we are afraid that few of us will ever live to see the completion of the work.

ANIMAL ENJOYMENT.

AN epicure recommends cucumber to be eaten with salmon, for the reason that it enlarges the pleasures of the palate, by enabling man to enjoy the delight of rumination.

"A SORDID EXISTENCE."—That led by KING DEMOCLES with the sword continually suspended over his head.

THE TEUTONIC SERENADERS.



R. CHARLES BABBAGE, the other day, at Marylebone, summoned four German vagrants, members of a brass gang, for continuing to make a noise in the neighbourhood of his house after they had been ordered to move on. A MR. HERRING appeared for the brigands, and took occasion, in the course of the case, to offer MR. BABBAGE a piece of advice; for which he could hardly have expected six-and-eightpence. We quote the Police Report:—

"MR. BABBAGE. Although I have had no less than 165 cases of disturbance, this is the first summons I have taken.

"MR. HERRING. If you will take my advice you will not summon any more; for you will find that they will come every quarter of an hour, and at your request one will go and another take his place, and so it will keep on throughout the day."

How very kind of MR. HERRING, who appeared for the defendants, to volunteer advice to the prosecutor. How disinterested too; for the more vagabonds MR. BABBAGE summons for annoying him with their din, the merrier for MR. HERRING. The more clients he will have to defend at Marylebone Police Court.

It is doubtful, however, how far he is correct in suggesting that German brass bauditti and Italian organ-grinders might, by a system of mutual co-operation, be enabled to create a continual disturbance under MR. BABBAGE's windows with impunity. That gentleman made no reply to the friendly counsel gratuitously presented to him by the defendant's advocate; but the Magistrate delivered something like a practical commentary upon it; for—

"MR. MANSFIELD, after going over the evidence, fined the defendants in a penalty of 40s each, or one month's imprisonment."

The friends of the poor foreigner, who claim for him the right of exercising his sonorous industry unrestrained by the refined requirements of aristocratic intellect, will be pained to learn that—

"They were locked up in default, the youngest crying loudly."

So perhaps their accomplices, now at large, who may meditate the scheme which MR. HERRING is afraid they will practise to annoy MR. BABBAGE, will think twice before trying it on.

The Wrong Word in the Wrong Place.

AN evening contemporary informs us that there is "great excitement about the Match for the Championship that is on the tapis." From this last word, one would imagine that a prize-fight was fought in a drawing-room, and not in an open field. Perhaps, the *tapis* above mentioned means the *tapis vert*, in allusion to the gambling that takes place upon it, to say nothing of the stakes that are necessary for the formation of the ring, before the little game can be opened? or does the *tapis vert* refer to the Turf, and the number of green blades that on such blackguard occasions are always to be found collected on it?

ART PROGRESS AND ART PURPOSE.

FROM the Report of the Council of the Art Union, we take the liberty of extracting a few interesting passages. This is one of them:—

"The full-sized figure, as was stated last year, was executed for the corporation of the City of London, and is placed in the Mansion House, with others commissioned in accordance with a wise order of the court, made in 1852, for procuring suitable works of art for the decoration of the Egyptian Hall in that building."

It has of late become customary with foreign, and especially German, artists to make statues which are intended to signify cities and towns. These marble personifications of places are of the female form, and mostly of colossal stature. The full-sized figure, executed for the corporation of the City of London, and put up in the Mansion House, may be presumed to be an image of this description. It is described as full-sized, not, probably, inasmuch as it is as large as life, but as being considerably larger, especially in circumference. We suppose that this work of Art is, in fact, the symbol of the City, represented as a corpulent middle-aged party; an abstract LADY MAYORESS.

There is something in the following remarks:—

"Art should not be viewed as a mere accomplishment, but as essential to the well-being of the State. It is not to be cultivated solely as a luxury for the few, but made to enter into, cheer, adorn, and elevate the whole life of the whole people; and the study of it should be forwarded in a grave and serious spirit, as a matter of the utmost and widest consequence."

Certainly, Art should not be looked upon as a mere accomplishment; for then it would remain stationary at the level of the drawing which ladies practise in drawing-rooms. But to assert that Art is essential to the well-being of the State is to lay commendation upon Art rather too thick. Merry England got on pretty well when the principal creations of her pencil resembled the portraits and other sketches in chalk with which our contemporary street boys decorate the walls. It may be desirable that the study of Art should be forwarded in a grave and serious spirit provided always that the gravity and seriousness of that spirit shall not check the development of such a genius as that of HOGARTH, and that which has produced many celebrated cartoons and woodcuts, which extreme bashfulness alone prevents us from more distinctly alluding to. The study of Art as exemplified in these humorous productions is, in that case, a matter of the utmost and widest consequence—if it is in any.

To the next position we object considerably:—

"Such pursuits interpose a wholesome safeguard against entire absorption in money-making—the danger of our day; and, in a country like this, cannot be too highly valued."

The Art of making money is the Art to which every other branch of Art is subservient—except in the case of amateurs. But who, that does not paint or carve in order to get money, paints or carves anything to speak of, except joints and fowls? People who write music or poetry for nothing, produce works for the most part worth just that for which they were composed. The prize of distinction in every line, even in the clerical, is money. The love of money was the root of all evil as long as there were misers; but there are hardly any misers now. We are nearly all spendthrifts. We have a splendid appearance to keep up, a terrific house-rent to pay, tremendous rates and taxes to meet, a luxurious style of living to maintain, or else renounce Society; a retinue of servants to support at a high cost; vast sums to bestow annually on the education of our boys and girls if we wish them to know much; and when to all the foregoing charges we add those of keeping horses and vehicles, the sum total of our expenditure becomes gigantic.

Besides, our jaded nervous systems demand recreation; our women and offspring continually want change of air, and the dresses of the former have attained to such immense proportions that the corresponding figures are incalculable. Moreover, we must insure our lives heavily, or invest fortunes for our children. Everybody but a very rich man, unless he is content to vegetate with his wife and family, and even that is not to be done on moderate terms, has to work as hard as he can for money in order to pay his way. The old Mammon-worship is now confined to your bill-discounters, usurers, speculators, and people of that class; it is they alone who adore the divinity of that altar whereof the front is stamped with £ s. d. No doubt the Art Union itself is desirous of making as much money as it can in a respectable way. Those only who do not want any money can sincerely decry money-making; and everybody must be absorbed in that pursuit to the extent of his liabilities, unless he is such a rogue as not to wish to discharge them, and such a philosopher as not to mind going to prison, and finally to the workhouse itself. The pursuits of Art resolve themselves, in these expensive times, into the pursuit of wealth; and the artist who is entirely absorbed in his art, is entirely absorbed in money-making. That, after all, is the Artist's true Mission.



ANXIOUS TO PRESERVE OUR FIGURE, WE TAKE A TURKISH BATH!

INK, BLOOD, AND TEARS.

(THE TAKING OF FORT SUMTER.)

A FORTY hours' bombardment! Great guns throwing
 Their iron hail: shells their mad mines exploding:
 Furnaces lighted: shot at red-heat glowing:
 Shore-batteries and fort-armament, firing, loading—
 War's visible hell let loose for forty hours,
 And all her devils free to use their powers—
 And yet not one man hit, her flag when Sumter lowers.

"Oh, here's a theme!" quoth *Punch*, of brag abhorrent,
 "Twixt promise and performance rare proportion!
 This show-cloth, of live lions, giving warrant,
 Masking some mangy, stunted, stuffed abortion:
 These gorgeous covers hiding empty dishes,
 These whale-like antics among little fishes—
 Here is the very stuff to meet my dearest wishes.

What ringing of each change on brag and bluster!
 These figures huge of speech, summed in a zero:
 This war-march, ushering in *Bombastes'* muster:
 This entry of *Tom Thumb*, armed like a hero.
 Of all great cries e'er raised o'er little wool,
 Of all big bubbles by fools' breath filled full,
 Sure here's the greatest yet, and emptiest, for JOHN BULL!

JOHN always thought JONATHAN, his young brother,
 A little of a bully: said he swaggered:
 But in all change of chaff with one another,
 Nor JOHN nor JONATHAN was e'er called 'laggard.'
 But now, if JOHN mayn't JONATHAN style 'coward,'
 He may hint Stripes and Stars were better lowered
 From that tall height to which, till now, their flag-staff towered."

Punch nibbed his pen, all jubilant, for galling—
 When suddenly a weight weighed down the feather,

And a red liquid, drop by drop, slow falling,
 Came from the nib; and the drops rolled together,
 And steamed and smoked and sung—"Not ink, but blood; }
 Drops now, but soon to swell into a flood,
 Perchance e'er Summer's leaf has burst Spring's guarding bud.

Blood by a brother's hand drawn from a brother—
 And they by whom 'tis ta'en, by whom 'tis given,
 Are both the children of an English mother;
 Once with that mother, in her wrath, they've striven:
 Was't not enough, that parricidal jar,
 But they must now meet in fraternal war?
 If such strife draw no blood shall England scoff therefore?

If she will laugh, through thee, her chartered wit,
 Use thou no ink wherewith to pen thy scoff:
 We'll find a liquor for thy pen more fit—
 We blood-drops—see how smartly thou'lt round off
 Point, pun and paragraph in this new way:
 Till men shall read and laugh, and, laughing, say,
 'Well thrust! *Punch* is in vein: 'tis his red-letter day.'"

The weight sat on my quill: I could not write;
 The red drops clustered to my pen—in vain;
 I had my theme—"Brothers that meet in fight,
 Yet shed no blood!"—my jesting mood turned pain.
 I thought of all that civil love endears,
 That civil strife breaks up and rends and sears,
 And lo! the blood-drops in my pen were changed to tears!

And for the hoarse tongues that those bloody gouts
 Had found, or seemed to find, upon my ears
 Came up a gentle song in linked bouts,
 Of long-drawn sweetness—pity breathed through tears.

And thus they sang—" 'Twas not by chance,
 Still less by fraud or fear,
 That Sumter's battle came and closed,
 Nor cost the world a tear,



THE AMERICAN DIFFICULTY.

PRESIDENT ABE. "WHAT A NICE WHITE HOUSE THIS WOULD BE, IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE BLACKS!"

'Twas not that Northern hearts were weak,
Or Southern courage cold,
That shell and shot fell harming not
A man on shore or hold.

It was that all their ghosts who lived
To love the realm they made,
Came fleeting so athwart the fire,
That shot and shell were staid.
WASHINGTON with his sad still face,
FRANKLIN with silver hair,
LINCOLN and PUTNAM, ALLAN, GATES,
And gallant WAYNE were there.

With those who rose at Boston,
At Philadelphia met;
Whose grave eyes saw the Union's seal
To their first charter set.
ADAMS, and JAY, and HENRY,
ROUTLEDGE and RANDOLPH, too—

And many a name their country's fame
Hath sealed brave, wise, and true.

An awful host—above the coast,
About the fort, they hung;
Sad faces pale, too proud to wail,
But with sore anguish wrung.
And Faith and Truth, and Love and Ruth,
Hovered the battle o'er,
Hind'ring the shot, that freight of death
Between those brothers bore.

And thus it happened, by God's good grace,
And those good spirits' band,
That Death forbore the leaguer'd place,
The battery-guarded strand.
Thanks unto Heaven on bended knee,
Not scoff from mocking scorn,
Befits us, that to bloodless end
A strife like this is borne!"

MEDICAL NOTES IN NEWSPAPERS.



HE subjoined is part of a paragraph which appeared the other day in a morning paper, among other items of miscellaneous news:—

"DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL.—CURABILITY OF CONSUMPTION.—The following communication from ALLEN G. CHATTAWAY, Esq., the eminent surgeon of Leominster, describes the most certain means of cure for consumption.—'Nearly four years since two cases of confirmed phthisis were placed under my care. In both, the lungs were a mass of tubercular deposit. The sole remedy employed was DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT BROWN COD LIVER OIL, and now, 1860, the patients are strong and fat; and in one case (male) hunting, fishing, and shooting are freely indulged in.'"

To the foregoing narrative succeeds a statement of the prices of DR. DE JONGH'S Cod Liver Oil. Next comes a string of medical observations on the "Diseases of Advanced Years," directed to show that those diseases may be always successfully treated by rubbing HOLLOWAY'S ointment over the pit of the stomach, and taking his pills into the interior of that organ. As these therapeutical remarks are not headed "Advertisement," they may be supposed to have been written either by the editor of the journal, or by some contributor to its columns. Their author, whoever he is, should make himself acquainted with the possibilities of physic, before he ventures to publish unqualified assertions as to the curative powers of any remedial agent. It is not true that any medicine whatever, in any single case, proves a speedy, safe, and effectual remedy always, as this writer declares that HOLLOWAY'S Ointment and Pills do in cases of congestion. It is also impossible that any kind of cod's liver oil, DR. DE JONGH'S or anybody else's, light-brown or colourless, could have cured consumption in the case of patients whose lungs were a mass of tubercular deposit. People whose lungs are masses of tubercles have lost their lungs, and nothing in the world can replace the destroyed tissues any more than it can turn a wooden into a natural leg. MR. CHATTAWAY is above represented as saying what is as absurd as it would be to say that DR. DE JONGH'S cod-liver oil had restored sight to a person stone blind with cataract. Could it do that, it would be fine light brown oil indeed—warrantable to repair any kind of lights. A man might perhaps make the declaration ascribed to MR. CHATTAWAY, believing it—if he were afflicted with softening of the brain; and if cod liver oil could restore disorganised lung, it would no doubt as effectually reconvert the addled contents of his cranium into healthy cerebral substance.

Editors of respectable journals should be particular about the truth of everything which they allow to appear in their papers, involving, if erroneous, the deception and delusion of sufferers and their friends in matters of life and death.

A PATRIOTIC CRY.—LORD PALMERSTON'S boast that an Englishman dared, wherever he was, to exclaim with pride, "*Civis Romanus Sum*" will soon be out of the power of the POPE, and soon, let us hope, in the power of GARIBALDI.

THE POETRY OF LOCOMOTION.

PERSONS of either sex, who, by the unexpected inheritance of property, have been suddenly elevated from among the industrious classes into the sphere of genteel Society; men who have hitherto despised dancing, but having fallen in love, are now desirous of ingratiating themselves with some young lady by the practice of that elegant accomplishment; may be interested in the subjoined notice, taken from our fashionable contemporary:—

"TO ADULTS, WHO HAVE NEVER LEARNED TO DANCE.—A Lady of celebrity as a teacher of dancing, undertakes to TEACH LADIES and GENTLEMEN who have never before had the slightest knowledge or instruction, in 12 private lessons, to go through all the fashionable ball-room dances with ease of manner and grace of deportment, including leaving and entering a room, curtsy, &c.—Apply for address to 'The Professor of Dancing,' &c. &c.

From the statement that the pupils will be taught to go through all the fashionable ball-room dances with ease of manner and grace of deportment, including leaving and entering a room, it is to be inferred that "The Professor of Dancing" considers leaving and entering a room as proceedings comprised within the compass of her art. In her view, and perhaps in that of other the like Professors, going into a room and out of one, are acts of dancing; people who mean to be elegant must not simply walk, but dance into and out of a room. Is this necessity limited to the instance of a ball-room, or does it extend to all manner of rooms? Ought we to dance up-stairs, down-stairs, into the ladies' chamber, the servants' kitchen, the butler's pantry, the library, and every other apartment in the house and afterwards to dance out again as we danced in? The reader has probably been accustomed to enter and leave a ball-room in just the same manner as that in which he has used to enter and leave an office. No doubt he has entered the room by quietly stepping in; left it by simply turning round and stepping out. Some diversion might be caused by a succession of guests, as the footman announced them, bounding in upon the scene of an evening party, or tripping away from it as ballet-dancers frisk on and off the stage; but where would be the dignity of such deportment? It would be a manner of ingress and egress which might be characterised with great ease, and some elegance, if performed under favourable conditions of age and figure; but would prove extremely difficult, and provoke immense derision, if attempted by elderly and corpulent gentlemen and ladies.

Joke for Johnny Raw.

I ZEE a creetur at a fair,
As did astonish me uncommon;
The veace on 't was a hog's, shaved bare;
All downwards a wus like a 'ooman.
The Pig Faced Lady she wur called;
And when the Showman told us that,
"I say, you Mister," out I bawled,
"Thee put her on a Pork Pie Hat!"

A FRENCH CRITIC says, "M. MONTALEMBERT is another Boileau." It may be so—anyhow his last furious pamphlet is another Boil-over.



"It certainly does set off the Uniform wonderful—and gives a sort of a Toot on sombel to everybody, I don't wonder at the Volunteers liking to wear 'em."

SHOCKING OBJECTS OF CHARITY.

THE Education Commissioners have recommended the discontinuance, in charity schools, of "Grotesque peculiarities of costume." In a school, founded in 1689, for poor boys born in Cripplegate, the coat is red, and the breeches are—not blue, like the devil's; no, but they, and the shoes, and stockings, used to be orange; wherefore the boys were nicknamed yellow-hammers. The rector of the parish is said to desire the maintenance of this dress, being of opinion that any objection to it is overweighed "by its picturesque appearance in church, and by the fact that it is a visible commemoration of a great event in national history." The treasurer of Christ's Hospital is for retaining the inexpressibly ridiculous costume of that charity, on the ground that it identifies the boys, and insures them protection in the streets. It insures the poor boys derision if not insult in the streets; and we should like to see its advocate himself dressed up in it, and forced to walk from Newgate to Apsley House, and back again. We should also like to have the parson above alluded to rigged out in the Cripplegate uniform, and obliged to make a picturesque appearance in church. Then we should like to have the reverend gentleman, and the other, put into a pound along with a donkey for a certain time, during which the spectators might compare those three.

SONG BY MR. MERRIMAN.

AIR.—"Hope told a flattering Tale."

As I was stealing geese,
And fancied no one near,
Up came the unobserved police,
And caught me by the ear.

I told my artless tale,
Entreaty was in vain;
And so they took me off to gaol:
But here we are again!

Nigger Impudence.

THE coloured inhabitants of New York have established among themselves a Club, in which members are balloted for not exactly in the usual manner. Unsuccessful candidates for admission are whiteballed.

INSULT TO FRANCE.

(From "The Friend of Religion"—French Paper.)

"AND while we are permitting our POPE to be outraged and our commerce to be ruined to please grasping and infidel England, how are we repaid by the insular fanatic? The office of Mistress of the Robes, as honourable as any office about the person of the heretical VICTORIA can be, falls vacant by the promotion of the DUCHESS OF SOUTHERLAND to the Episcopal Bench. To whom is this office given? With a deadly and devilish recollection that the Mistress of the Robes stands at the foot of the throne when the English QUEEN goes to open the House of Commons at Westminster, and therefore must be in full view of the Ambassador of France, when he attends that barbarous ritual, the Francophobic PALMERSTON ordains that the office shall be given to the DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON. Memory of NAPOLEON, behold the last Anglican tribute to thee! But there is more. Not only is that Duchess's name an outrage to us, her very pedigree is a genealogical insult to France. Her father, TWEEDLE, fought at Vittoria, and was at WELLINGTON's side in all his other defeats throughout the Peninsula, and at Busaco received a wound, a chastisement from France, which he now avenges from the vantage ground of the British throne. And we hear this—why not? The destiny of France is to weep tears of blood," &c., &c., &c.

ADVICE TO PAINTERS OF SEA-PIECES WHO COPY THE OLD SCHOOL.—
"If you can't do better than that, Gentlemen, you had better Hook it."

FALSE HEARTS.

A NEWSPAPER advertisement offers to the patronage of Society:—

PRATT'S PATENT AURICLE. A New Invention for the Relief of Deafness.

It is quite proper that the name of this invention should be accompanied with an explanation of its meaning. If we did not understand it to be an ear-trumpet, we might, in these days of mechanical contrivance and moral insensibility, have supposed it to be a contrivance for remedying some injury of the heart. Sentiment is out of fashion, whilst Crinoline and Pork-pie hats are in; and hearts are now reduced to their lowest denomination, which is simply anatomical; they are only hollow muscles. One would think that, if a heart wanted mending, a patent auricle might be easily fitted on to it, or a patent ventricle either, and that if a heart were lost, its place might easily be supplied by an artificial one.

Gladstone the Husband's best Friend.

A Fond Couple are walking down Regent Street.

Wife (spell-bound outside a milliner's shop). Do stop, HENRY, there's a dear, I won't keep you a moment. I only just want to look at this beautiful bonnet.

Husband (impatiently). No, JULIA, I will not listen to it. Besides, I certainly agree with the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, that it is high time a stop was put to this "profligate expenditure."

[Hurries her impetuously away.]

THE SONG OF THE "SKYED" ONE.

As Sung at the Academy on the First Monday in May.

WAKE I must, and
early, a proceed-
ing that I hate,
And cab it to Tra-
falgar Square and
ascertain my fate;
For to-morrow's the
Art-Derby, the
looked-for open-
ing day
Of the Fine Art
Exhibition, nearly
shown by the R.A.

There's full many a
work rejected, or
thrown out for
want of space—
"Excessive breadth
in frames" has
robbed some do-
zens of a place;
But for me, my mind
is easy—my great
picture's hung,
they say,
And I shall be made
an R.A., brother,
I shall be made
an R.A.!

I've smoked so many pipes to-day, the fumes are in my head,
And I fear I may be lazy in tumbling out of bed;
So please come and call me early, and let me haste away,
For I'm to be made an R.A., brother, I'm to be made an R.A.!

My ANGELINA's coming there to see how well I'm placed:
She thinks my work a "perfect love," and thereby shows her taste;
She prophesies some connoisseur a thousand pounds will pay
For this my grand *chef d'œuvre*, quite the gem of the R.A.!

The morn is come: I rush in quick, and round the rooms I tear,
I run my eye the "line" along—"Not there, my che-ild, not there!"
I cast a shy glance upwards, and—"Oh, Mr. FRITH," I say,
"Oh, who will hang the hangers?—here, I'm 'skyed' by the R.A.!"

Don't talk to me of "high lights:" alas! ah woe is me!
My high lights here are hung so high that no eye can them see.
I never aimed at high art, yet my picture (so friends say)
Can't be seen without a field-glass, where 'tis hung by the R.A.

They tell me TINTO's daub is sold—he's chuckling loud with glee,
And chums with BROWN are shaking hands: him further first I'll see.
There's many a better painting I could show them any day,
Without paying a shilling entrance to the show of the R.A.

They praise GREEN's tints so pearly, and STEPPLE's greys so cool,
Psha! Newspapers are nothing now: each critic is a fool:
"Not much above the average." Pooh! 'tis what they always say,
They've not looked at my *chef d'œuvre*, that should make me an R.A.

'Twas for this I got up early, and worked hard to make a name,
Spent my time with beery "models," spent my gold on gilded frame:
There's many a wretched man in town, but few with heart less gay,
Than he who finds his picture has been skyed by the R.A.

Shall I plunge in dissipation? Shall I go and have some beer?
This life is full of bitters: malt and hops may bid me cheer:
Ha! there's ANGELINA coming—let me get out of her way—
I daren't show myself, oh bother! now I'm skyed at the R.A.

"LÈRE-MAJESTÉ."

OUR beloved Wiscount, in reading a judicial book that he had accidentally picked out of the Library of the House, stumbled over the above word. "I wonder who he was?" he exclaimed aloud. "Why, you know well enough," said BERNAL OSBORNE, who happened fortunately to be just close by, "that CHARLES le Poinéant is the only Lazy Majesty mentioned in history. It is the stupid way the French have of spelling it." "Ah! to be sure," and the good-natured Wiscount laughed, and reproached himself for his forgetfulness.

MODESTY AND MUSIC.

It is no new thing to find a gentleman advertising to the world his willingness to marry; but it is not very often that we see the matter treated in so extremely cool and businesslike a manner as it was the other day through the columns of the *Era*, which was fitly chosen, we think, to be the mouthpiece, being usually anything but a sentimental print:—

WANTED, to form the acquaintance of a YOUNG LADY VOCALIST (capable of giving finishing lessons in singing,) with a view to Matrimony, by a young Gentleman, Composer, and Professor of the Pianoforte, in a large town, with an excellent teaching practice of eight years' standing. Satisfactory references given and required; good health, voice, appearance, and an unblemished reputation indispensable. A fair complexion preferred. All letters strictly confidential. Address, "Modestas," Poste Restante, Leeds.

The only thing that we have changed in copying this notice is the name by which the writer desires to be addressed; but the word we have inserted is vastly more appropriate than that which stood before in print. We almost indeed wonder that "MODESTAS" thought it needful to hide his real name, for we should fancy from his style that he is not at all a man who would shrink from such publicity, or blush at the remarks which it might possibly call forth.

For all his brag about his business, it seems clear that this "young gentleman" is looking out for means of income as well as for a wife. That he intends, when he gets married to some "capable young lady," to make her singing somewhat of a step to his subsistence, although he may not say so actually, is clearly enough betrayed. Now, giving music-lessons is no pleasant occupation, as any one who thinks about the matter may soon learn. If the teacher have an ear, the work is aural torture, and the pay is rarely adequate to the pain which is incurred. It is hard for a young lady to maintain herself by music teaching, without having to support a "young gentleman" as well. In spite, therefore, of the chance of being taken to his bosom as well as to his business, we should advise young lady teachers not to answer Mister "MODESTAS," at any rate unless they have a brother in the background who could come forward and prevent their being taken in.

It is very well to say that "Union is Strength," but a union with a person who, in spite of eight years' practice, is scarce able to support himself, would be clearly more a weakness than a proof of a strong mind. We think too this "young gentleman" has been a little negligent in not giving more particulars about his views and prospects, his person and his purse. This was surely to be looked for, seeing how particular he is in his inquiries, as to what may be the personal and moral charms and qualities enjoyed by the young lady of whom he is in search. That a man should be desirous of good health in a wife is not at all unnatural, or out of common sense. But when he states his want of a "good voice and appearance," and avows he has a preference for girls of "fair complexion," one feels tempted to inquire on the part of the young lady with whom he wants to wed, what are the advantages he has himself to offer her, in the way of moral reputation and good looks. Does he go to church on saint days, and what colour is his hair? Does he want luxuriant whiskers, or has he a bad squint? Judging from his style of addressing the fair sex, and the Sultan and insulting air with which he orders them to show themselves (by medium of pen and ink) before him, that he may throw his handkerchief to her who suits his taste, one might think that this "MODESTAS" is an absolute Adonis, whom to see is to fall in love with at first sight.

On second thoughts, however, it is plain that his good looks are not reflected by his looking-glass, and have existence only in his own conceit. For if he have no other personal deformity, he must at any rate be far from handsome in his features, since he has so monstrous an exuberance of "cheek."

"De Bello Gallico."

OUR fashionable contemporary, *Bell's Life*, has a column every week devoted to "Fights about to come off." Amongst those about *not* to come off might be mentioned the fight between the DUC D'ANGULÊME and PLOX-PLOX. The above is decidedly *not* the PRINCE NAPOLEON Column.



"FLATTERING."

COOK. "Lawkaday me, Miss Mary, if it ain't a most like waz-work, I dew declare!"

THE MAY-DAY MUSIC-SHOW,

LIKE many another kindly hearted father of a family, *Mr. Punch* is always glad of an excuse to take his wife and daughters to the Crystal Palace. And what better excuse could possibly present itself than that which on May-Day was very seasonably afforded him? There is a freshness and a vigour in the airs of the *Creation* which seems exactly suited to the incoming of Spring. The flow of HAYDN's tuneful genius never welled forth more deliciously than in the showers of sparkling melody besprinkled through the work; while the sunshine that pervades it is the sunshine of the spring, that refreshes and invigorates, and brings neither scorch nor blight.

Mr. Punch may thank his stars that he is not a musical critic, or he might not have enjoyed last Wednesday's performance so much as, he is free to own, he really did. While his critical friends around him were keeping their ears stretched for acoustical shortcomings and architectural defects (without allusion to which, no account of any concert in the Crystal Palace Transept would be deemed to be complete), *Mr. Punch* was calmly revelling in the charms of HAYDN's music, and drinking strains delightful to his ravished sense. A grander or more careful performance of the work it has never come within his power to enjoy; and without descending to musical slangography, and mystifying readers with a lot of high-flown bosh about "melodic progression" and "contrapuntal skill," *Mr. Punch* will simply say that the *Creation* was as well done as is possible at present, and that nowhere but at Sydenham could thirteen thousand pairs of ears have so at once enjoyed the hearing of HAYDN's "marvellous work." If any minds were disappointed, it was because their bodies were not seated in good places; and for this such persons had themselves alone to thank. The Crystal Palace Concerts are invariably well advertised, and if people choose to put off the selection of their seats, they cannot blame managers if persons more foresighted get a better place.

MUSICAL MARTYRDOM.

AFTER all, our English language is a wretchedly defective one.

Of this we came to be convinced a night or two ago, when 'sitting quiet in our study after hearing the performance of BEETHOVEN's grand Mass—we beg your pardon, Exeter Hall, not to offend your Protestant tastes, we should have rather said, grand *Service*. While revelling in memory in the soul-inspiring strains wherewith our ears had just been filled, and recalling to our mind the glorious grandeur of the *Gloria*, and the devotional sublimity of the softer *Benedictus*, a barrel-organ struck up at the corner of the street, and a German band began to bray close by our doorstep. Surely, we reflected (and we leave PROFESSOR MULLER when he lectures next on language to make what use he pleases of our logical conclusion) surely, we reflected, that language is imperfect which has but one word "music" for the music of BEETHOVEN and the music of the streets.

DR. WATTS TO JONATHAN.

(A Spiritual Communication. Medium, Miss PUNCH.)

LET Dons delight to shoot and smite
Their fellers, no ways slow,
Let coons and wild cats scratch and fight,
'Cos 'tis their natur' to;
But, Yankees, guess you shouldn't let
Sitch 'tarnal dander rise:
Your hands warn't made to draw the bead
On one another's eyes.

A Groan from a Husband.

AN unfortunate victim of a husband, who had been detained on a high stool for something like half a day inside SWAN AND EDGAR's, was heard to exclaim—"By Jove, NAPOLEON called us 'a nation of shopkeepers,' and the reproach must originally have been brought down upon us by the love that the English women have for shopping, and of keeping their husbands for hours there."

A ROUNDABOUT RIDDLE.

For the Geographical Society.

Q. WHY may the sisters of *Pendennis's* father be said to resemble a town in Cornwall?

A. Because, you see, they're Pen's aunts.

As the hearing of good music is a part of education, for it both refines the mind and elevates the taste, such music-shows as that which was on May-Day held at Sydenham, should be frequently repeated, and so turned to good account. One may call such concerts "Music-Shows," because the sight of that big orchestra is quite as wondrous as the hearing, and eyes as well as ears have a pleasure in the treat. Nowhere else is there a concert-room capable of holding some twenty thousand hearers, and of delighting them with music performed with such effect. It is absurd to say the solos are perfectly inaudible, and that an acre of the audience don't know what is being done. Every note that TITIENS sung reached *Mr. Punch* as surely as the notes which he each Wednesday receives for what he prints. From HERR FORMES, he confesses, he did not hear so much, partly owing to that singer's alterations of the text, and singing deeper notes than those which HAYDN wrote. But where else could the chorusses have been so grandly given, and did not their sublimity gloriously make up for many a small defect? A "new created world" of musical enjoyment has been brought before the public by the Crystal Palace orchestra, and whatever its shortcomings, it will certainly be long before we elsewhere find its like.

News for Newmarket.

"WHAT is the grand object of these new Post-Office 'Savings' Banks; can you tell me, Sir?" inquired one coffee-room politician of another. "I am sure I don't know, Sir, unless it is to give sporting men greater facilities for posting their ponies."

A WAG IN A TOBACCONIST'S.

"OH! you call these cigars *Clay King's*, do you? You should bring out a pipe as a companion to them, and call it *King Clay's*."



A POSER.

Preocious Pupil. "PLEASE, MISS JONES, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF SUBURBS?"
Governess (who is extensively Crinolined). "THE OUTSKIRTS OF A PLACE, MY DEAR."

Pupil (seizing Miss J. by the Dress). "THEN, MISS JONES, ARE THESE YOUR SUBURBS?"

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"THE Royal Dramatic College (for the benefit whereof I attended a performance on Friday evening last) is, I think, a very excellent and useful institution, and one that well deserves to dip into the pockets of the public. By making known this fact through the medium of your columns, and by adding that the College is, like most of us, much in want of funds, and that the largest contributions will be most thankfully received for it, I have doubtless done enough to secure its present welfare, and to draw some surplus thousands to lay by for rainy days.

"I hope, however, that the public who subscribe so very liberally to whatever is suggested to them by their *Punch*, will not fancy I have any further interest in the matter than any one of them may in fair reason entertain. I am neither actor, scene-painter, nor dramatic author, and have no hope to profit by the praiseworthy arrangements which have been lately set on foot for the advantage of the stage. But, as a member of the public, I feel it is my duty in some way to contribute to the benefit of those who have in very many ways done much to entertain me; and if any word of mine can be of help to this new College, I shall be very glad that you have let me say it.

"I am perfectly aware that by blowing my small trumpet in favour of this charity, I shall incur the serious anger of pious Exeter Hall, and be doomed to brimstoned blazes for encouraging immorality. I know that anything in any way connected with the Stage is by certain of the Strand saints viewed as Devil's produce; and that, to them, it is profaning the sacred name of Charity to apply it to the work of aiding Satan's imps. Exeter Hall just now is in its rampantest of postures; and its horn is so exalted, there's no dropping any sense in it. Exeter Hall is now presenting its annual reports, and showing how many beefsteaks it has supplied among the cannibals, and how many nude niggers it has put in Christian clothes. Of course while Exeter Hall views actors as children of perdition, and adds the fell word 'BOTTOMLESS' in the direction 'TO THE PIT,' it is of little use expecting a charitable word from it, and of course far less a

charitable gift. But saints should have a care how they scatter their strong words, or, if not in the Pit, they may be found in the wrong box. For instance, to speak ill of the Royal Dramatic College is to prove oneself disloyal and ill-speaking of the Crown. While the QUEEN allows her name to head the Patrons of this charity, her loyal subjects surely should abstain from thinking evil of it. There never yet was known a more moral Court than hers, yet the QUEEN goes to the play, and gives her charity to players. To doubt the goodness of the Stage, and its new appanage the College, is to cast a shadow of suspicion on the QUEEN; and under such a shade no son of England ought to see her.

"*Hec volens animo* (which, peradventure, some future KEMBLE may be taught at the College to translate) I went to Covent Garden, 'kindly lent by Mr. GRE,' prepared for bravely sitting through a nearly seven hours' sight. That it occupied this length of time, was simply owing to the fact that so many willing hands were anxious to assist in it. Does this sympathy exist in other trades, I wonder? Do hatters send the hat round for decayed and stricken hatters? or lawyers give their precious time, or lend a helping brief, to aid a learned brother who, alas! hath come to grief? As Heaven helpeth those who try to help themselves, the promoters of the College, who in person do so much for it, will surely be rewarded with proportionate success.

"I have heard the British playgoer is sadly apt at times to growl and grumble at not having enough shown him for his money. But the bill of fare on Friday must surely have contented the most gormandising appetite. From tragedy and comedy to melodrama and farce, every line of acting had its best representative. We had an interview with MR. HAMLET (otherwise known as MR. FECHTER) and with MR. TOUCHSTONE KEELEY, MR. PROTEAN WEBSTER, and MR. JACK TAR T. P. COOKE. It made me feel quite young again to see this latter veteran, who was as cheery in his voice, and as lively in his legs, as though he were eighteen, instead of verging upon eighty. To how many a British playgoer is T. P. COOKE the *beau idéal* of the true-blue British Tar? and where are we to hope that we may look to see his like? When he comes bounding on the boards, he brings a sniff of the sea with him. Stagy as perhaps it may appear in other hands, he makes the part of the Stage Sailor the most natural of characters. There is nothing coarse or common in his talk, as he delivers it; but he shows the British Sailor to be one of nature's gentlemen, whose heart is his POLL'S, whose purse is his friend's, and as for his life—'tis the QUEEN'S.

"But I must not longer dwell upon my dear old T. P. COOKE, or I shall find myself deploring the declining of the drama, and, in confirmation, citing MR. TAYLOR's clever 'Dialogue' between old-fashioned high-flown *Comedy* and modern low *Burlesque*. The 'fast' school, with its slangy puns that pass for wit, has, I think, done much to vulgarise and to degrade the Stage. Through it, actors have been taught to lose thought of their bearing as it bears upon the plot, and to pay attention only to the smartness of their speech. For a lady to deliver a near-the-wind allusion, so as not to cause a blush, has been considered chief among the charms of comic art; and how this can be otherwise than, lowering to taste, it passes my perception as a critic to perceive.

"But the fast school, I thank goodness, is fast wearing itself out, and the tide of a reaction is now strongly setting in. Let actors hold their heads up and not stoop to be buffoons, and I am sure the better-thinking better portion of the public will readily accord them its respect and its support. The 'palmy days' we hear of may be again revived, and the Royal Dramatic College will flourish in its funds, and stretch its Wings until they cover all who need its shelter.

"I remain, Sir, a well-wisher to the Stage and all its works, especially the work of charity here noticed,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

The Two Bishops.

FROM DURHAM TO OXFORD—AND BACK.

SAYS CHEESY to SOAPY, "Your chaplains are Popey,
 Who knocks at my door other vouchers must bring."
 SAYS SOAPY to CHEESY, "Your ethics are easy,
 You hold that preferment should come with a Ring."

PAM AND THE POETS.



With Heaven's rainbow; alchemists may doubt
The shining ore their crucible gives out;
But Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
To some dear fiction, hugs it to the last."

Great Men's Minds in undress present an improving study for little men. When our great ones come out, in full fig to Grocers' entertainments, in elegant attire to Academy dinners and the like, the speeches of the great creatures leave nothing to be desired except the absence of reporters. Then do they discourse of SHAKESPEARE, taste, and the Musical Glasses in a way that must confirm the conviction of the snob-mind that the race of the Admirable CRICHTON is perpetuated among our Upper Ten Thousand. Even when a LORD CHANCELLOR makes such an abominably lumbering speech as that which he inflicted on SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE and his fellow-sufferers at the Academic feast the other day, the snob-mind is not drawn away from its religion—

"The lover may
Distrust the look that steals his
soul away;
The babe may cease to think that
it can play

and consolation is found in the recollection that, after all, LORD CAMPBELL is not a real Swell, but only a lucky Scottish lawyer.

But sometimes our real Great Men permit their minds to appear in undress. Sometimes they speak without looking up their themes, or having them looked up by affectionate secretaries, and then the world has an opportunity of knowing the true nature of the creeds of Great Men. *Punch's* friend PALMERSTON (and *Punch* will call him friend in spite of a hundred eccentricities more curious than the vagary about to be mentioned, for PAM is a good and brave PAM, and moreover is a brother satirist, some of whose New Whig Guide is almost up to *Punch's* standard) was induced, the other night, to expose his mind in an edifying fashion.

Out of the small sum which is at LORD PAM's annual disposal for the purpose of helping men of Science and Literature, or of providing for those whom they might themselves have provided for, if instead of labouring for mankind they had been bill-brokers, stock-jobbers, advertising quacks, pet parsons, or marine store-keepers, his Lordship has bestowed £50 per annum upon one JOHN CLOSE, formerly a Butcher, now a Poet, living in Westmoreland. This individual describes himself, seriously (and a gushing poem, presently to be quoted, places his seriousness beyond a doubt) as "Poet Laureate to His Majesty the KING OF BONNY, West Africa." Interrogatory being made to LORD PALMERSTON in the House of Commons, on Thursday the 2nd instant, as to the propriety of squandering public money on a Buffoon, LORD PALMERSTON replied that he had received many letters recommending the said Buffoon as a proper person to receive a pension, and that he considered CLOSE to be "in the same category with BURNS." An indignant "Eh, sirs!" probably broke out from his Lordship's Scotch colleague, the Lord Advocate, for LORD PALMERSTON, amended his declaration,—"not equal to BURNS, but in the same category."

So, *Mr. Punch*, on such a recommendation from his friend, thought that a better acquaintance with the works and character of this Westmoreland BURNS would be desirable. The Poet's works lie before him, and the Poet's character does not lie very deeply hidden in them.

The Westmoreland BURNS, fiery, like POPE, BYRON, and his other compeers, seems to have had a difference with the Editor of the *London Critic*. BURNS himself had differences with many persons, and occasionally castigated his adversaries, but never so dashing as thus.—

"In reply to the sneers of the wise Editor of the *London Critic* [who longs to put his Fingers in 'Mr. Close's Dish, who never thanked him for the Stamps sent! he begs to say that had this Hungry 'Critic' only got a slice of the same Royal Loaf, he would, like Jack Horner, be 'sucking his thumbs' in a corner, too happy to say 'boo to a Goose!'] In the meantime we can excuse the contemptible jealousy of a Dog in the Manger who hates 'that excellence it cannot reach,' and has no right to be ungrateful 'sorry dog' a bone to give him to the full enjoyment of his Spicery.—J. CLOSE."

Thus, LORD PALMERSTON'S ROBERT BURNS upon

the scene, and such are the epigrams which he launches at those who offend him. There is some vigour in *Holy Willie's Prayer*, but its irony is feeble in comparison to the polished sarcasm of the Butcher-BURNS. *Mr. Punch* believes that the Editor of the *Critic* has been ordered to Madeira, with faint hopes of his ever returning, the contributors have been sent to Malvern Wells, but the lives of the printers may, it is thought, be saved by a few weeks at Hastings. Such is the scathing power of genius!

But let us now see genius in "its softer hour." Here is the poem in which LORD PALMERSTON'S BURNS dedicates his Poems to the respectable black man called KING OF BONNY:—

"DEDICATION.

"All hail! KING PEPPLE, hail!
I never bent the knee,
Unless to God in prayer,
For help in misery—
My only help was there.

"All hail! KING PEPPLE, hail!
I'll bow to thee,
The rightful Majesty
Of Bonny, in fair Africa—
I'll bend the knee.

"All hail! KING PEPPLE, hail!
Welcome to Britain's land,
I long to kiss the Royal Hand,
And in thy honour'd presence stand,
With pride I'll write for thee,
As long as life shall be—
True Laureate to Majesty.

"And when above the skies
In yon celestial clime,
I hope to see KING PEPPLE there,
Beyond the realms of time!

"October 10th, 1860."

"J. CLOSE, POET LAUREATE."

How LORD PALMERSTON must be reminded of the other and lesser BURNS, and his votive poem, and "I'll remember thee, GLENCAIRN." How his lordship must exult in the thought that he has done more for the Butcher-Bard than Ministers in other days did for the Exciseman-Poet.

Let us hear a little of the English BURNS. He publishes a memoir of himself, and it is signed by "DELTA." There is an awful mystery about this DELTA. *Mr. Punch* may have his own reason for humbly thinking that this, like "SAM DOWELL," "DR. CAXTON," "DR. SILVERFEN," &c., &c., may be among what MR. DELTA is pleased to call MR. CLOSE's *nom de plumes*. But DELTA himself says:—

"This Enigma will only be known when the disguise is not required—when the Poet shall have reached the summit of Fortune's Hill, and need our help no more—then will the Invisible Cap be cast aside, and all shall know this 'DELTA' even as he is known."

The reverent parody in italics may justify *Mr. Punch* in observing on the cover of the Poems that the work is "under the patronage of the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM, and the DEAN OF CARLISLE." And here is MR. CLOSE's final testimony to himself—it is signed by the mystic DELTA—but published by LORD PALMERSTON'S Poet as a fitting exposition of his own character and genius:—

"In conclusion, we know no man MR. CLOSE takes for his example—no mode which he imitates, no beaten path in which he walks; but like all great minds, he makes one of his own. Genius creates, not imitates. MR. CLOSE seems in all his writings to care neither for Queens or Kings, Bishops or Parsons, Squires or Peasants, but rattles among them as if so many old bones or dry cabbage stalks, and sweeps them all before him! But commends us to his sweet Memorials of the dear, Departed Dead; in these he touches every heart, and in these alone, we say again, *his Name will never die!* As a lady once observed to us, when speaking of these 'Memorials'—'MR. CLOSE sings so sweetly about Heaven, that he makes one long to be there!'"

Glancing through the Poems, in the hope of seeing what had prompted this Lady's longing, it appears to *Mr. Punch* that the special pleasure MR. CLOSE looks to in the upper world is the certainty of meeting there a certain DR. ROOKE, a Pill-Maker, to whom the Bard addresses two long poems. *Mr. Punch* regrets not to have room for them, but here is a specimen:—

"His famous 'Oriental Pills,'
Ship loads they bear away,
To every quarter of the world
Where Britain holds the sway.

"What letters from all ranks of men,
Each praise this great, good man,
Who, humble as a little child,
Same as when he began.

"Where'er the English tongue is spoken,
Waft his name ye gentle breeze;
Worthy of all mortal praises,
Form'd by God to bless and please."

The other BURNS, too, had his "DR. HORNBOOK." But ROBERT was a careless poet, and it never occurred to him to add a certificate that the Doctor must be all right hereafter, by reason of the excellence of his

medicine. The English BURNS is more thoughtful, and appends to his poem the following tribute:—

"Thus the great J. SHELDON KNOWLES, ESQ., speaks of these PILLS, 'Your PILLS are the most extraordinary purgative I ever took. Their operation is gentle, sufficient, and perfectly uniform,' &c.—*See Anti-Lancet*, p. 126."

Genius is shown in trifles, and this last proof that though a Poet, MR. CLOSE is also a man of business, and a complete character, seems to Mr. Punch fully to justify the £50 annual pension. But he will dismiss the Bard with a loftier parting, by adding another little bit of the piety which has commended him to the patronage not only of that eminent Christian, our PREMIER, but of the BISHOPS OF LONDON and DURHAM, and the DEAN OF CARLISLE. It is the conclusion of a poem:—

"P.S. A thought pops in,—I had forgot,
To say a little word, sir;
And now I'll say it on the spot,
'Tis of my own accord, sir."

"When all our toil on earth, sir,
Our mortal troubles o'er,
Let's try to climb to Heav'n, sir,
Where Tears shall fall no more."

A BOX OF ODONTO.



R. PUNCH is very much pleased to observe that the educated and honourable members of a profession which renders invaluable service to the public, have united for an effort to establish a broad line of demarcation between themselves and the quacks and snobs who have brought discredit upon the name of a Dentist. It is true that no thinking person could confound the accomplished anatomical scholar, whose treatment of the Mouth is based upon the principles of science, with the vulgar and greedy

creature whose only object is to make a lucrative job for himself, and who is known wilfully to damage the teeth of unhappy victims for the sake of extorting larger fees; but then the world is not made up of thinking people, and the quacks reap large harvests from the ignorance of the many. Fellows without other qualifications for their calling than a certain brutal strength and a certain empirical adroitness, and other fellows without even these advantages, and who declare that they neither expect nor desire to see their maltreated patient twice, manage by dint of puffing and impudence to gain large incomes at the expense of the fools who trust them. It was time that the real Dentist should bestir himself, and Mr. Punch is happy to say that the Gentlemen of the Profession have joined for the discomfiture of the quacks. An educational test, and the possession of a diploma now offered by the Royal College of Surgeons, are among the conditions of the associated band of honourable practitioners, and it may easily be imagined that the resolution to purge the Profession from even nominal connection with the low fellows who have claimed to belong to it has caused great rage among these disreputable snobs. Henceforth, it will be the fault of a patient himself if he opens either his mouth or his purse to a quack Dentist.

The other day a dinner in support of one of the excellent institutions connected with the movement was held, and one of the very foremost men of the day, PROFESSOR OWEN, did honour to the profession, and himself by presiding over one hundred and thirty gentlemen who assembled on the occasion. PROFESSOR OWEN made an admirable and mordant speech, in the course of which he remarked that "the Profession of a Dentist was now elevated to the level of that of a Physician, or a Surgeon." PROFESSOR PUNCH cordially assents to the proposition, but calls upon the public to take notice that the profession of dentistry is just as much divided into two parts as is either of the other callings mentioned by his friend PROFESSOR OWEN. Mr. Punch is happy to believe that the majority of physicians and surgeons are skilled, humane, high-minded gentlemen, who take pride in their noble avocations,

"Let's strive to enter in, sir,
The realms of endless bliss;
A glorious Crown to win, sir,—
Oh, * * *, I ask but this!"

The stars are substituted for a Name which (the Bishops and Dean may think the objection prudish) we do not print in levity.

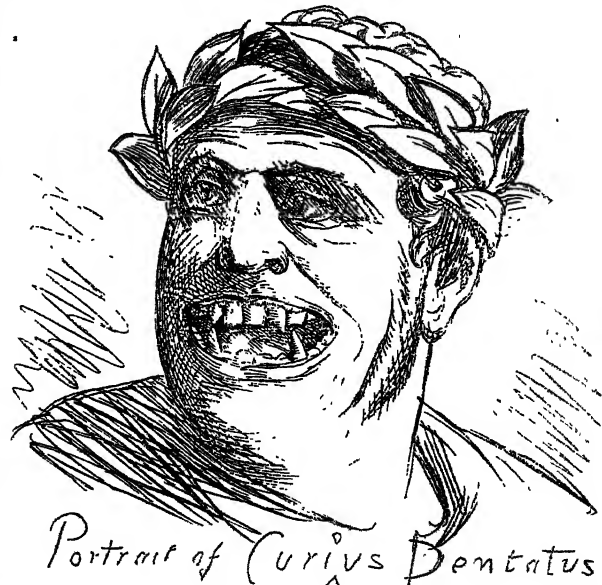
There is the Poet whom LORD PALMERSTON, and ever so many other Lords, spiritual and temporal, think should come into the same category with BURNS, and so he flings MR. CLOSE the same pension which is occasionally given to Literature and Science. Yet, to borrow from the Scottish BURNS:—

"Yet let not this too much, my PAM,
Disturb thy youthful breast.
This curious view of Poet-kind,
Is surely not thy last."

And Mr. Punch doubts not that he shall yet hear his friend announce the bestowal of much more worthily earned guerdons, and perhaps with a graceful regret that in an unguarded moment he put an immortal name into the same "category" with that of a ridiculous scribbler.

PUNCH.

and who devote themselves as sedulously to the case of a pauper child as to that of an affluent Marquis. That there are pestilent quacks who pretend to be physicians and surgeons, who care only for patients whom they can fleece, and are reckless how they ruin constitutions and distort limbs, provided they can plunder the sufferer, is equally true. Now, no one but a fool would call in such creatures, and Mr. Punch, pointing out to the public that similar distinctions prevail in the profession of a Dentist, begs that the public will not be a greater fool in regard to its mouth, than it would be in regard to its leg or its stomach. Folks who put their fingers into other folks' mouths should have clean hands, and Mr. Punch counsels a tooth-aching world to see that it does not employ the dirty-handed outsiders of dentistry. It is open to every honest and clever man to study the science, and to be admitted to the ranks of its honourable professors, and Mr. Punch will only add, in the interest of the human Jaw, that he is proud to lend his aid in behalf of the anti-Quack movement. He has no idea (and intends to have none) how keen a serpent's tooth may be, but the public will be a thankless child if it is not grateful to the true and trustworthy custodians of the Ivory Gate for their gallant confederation in defence of the British Tooth.



Hardness of the Times.

Swell out of luck. What do you charge for blacking a gentleman's boots?

One of the Polish Brigade. Never more than a penny, Sir.

Swell. A penny, eh? Well, youngster, since there are two boots, that's a halfpenny a boot, I suppose—isn't it?

Shoeblick (proud of displaying his arithmetic). In course it is, Sir.

Swell. Well, then, black my right boot—I've only got a halfpenny.

WHAT HEBREW VERMIN INFEST JERSEY?—The Ju-rats.



BY THE FAST TRAIN.

Railway Porter. "ANY LUGGAGE, MISS?"

Young Lady (who is also a little fast). "YES! PORTMANTEAU, A LITTLE BAY HORSE, AND A BLACK RETRIEVER!—AND LOOK HERE, GET ME A HANSON!"

THE LORD MAYOR ON HIS LEGS.

WHO, that knows what is good, would not have been glad to partake of the Banquet of the Royal Academy? The Academicians ventured to invite the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON!—which of course they would not have done if they had not been prepared to entertain the first Amphitryon in the world in the manner to which he has been accustomed. The President proposed Prosperity to the City of London, and the Health of the Right Hon. the LORD MAYOR; and in responding to that toast the Civic Monarch said:—

"I feel highly honoured in being on this occasion the mouthpiece of the City of London."

It is not every Lord Mayor that is qualified to be the mouthpiece, in the sense of being the spokesman, of the City of London. Some City Kings have not had sufficient command over that English which is supposed to be included among the peculiar royalties of the QUEEN'S Majesty. A difficulty of exercising due discretion in the use or omission of the aspirate, has rendered it expedient for too many of them to abstain as much as possible from public speaking. Even so long ago as the time of RICHARD THE THIRD we find SHAKESPEARE making the *Lord Mayor* himself inform the *Duke of Buckingham* that:—

"The people were not used
To be spoken to but by the recorder."

That officer has almost always been the only member of the Corporation with a tongue in his head fit to be employed in elocution. The mouth of the LORD MAYOR has been simply a devouring aperture, and he could only have acted as the mouthpiece of the City in a representative character at dinner, and not in that of a speaker afterwards. But LORD MAYOR CUBITT is a Member of the House of Commons, in which assembly of educated gentlemen everybody pronounces without ever misapplying his H, and nobody clips the English of our Gracious QUEEN.

A ROD IN PICKLE FOR ROGUES.

A BILL now before Parliament declares the selling of any article with a false quantity affixed to it to constitute a misdemeanour, punishable as fraud by fine and imprisonment. This, if it passes, will be a piece of legislation apparently based upon severely classical principles, whereas the false quantity which will subject its perpetrators to punishment is no mere mistake in thieves' Latin, but the wilful and fraudulent substitution of short measure for that which ought to be longer. It is to be wished that all offenders of this kind should have an "imposition" set them consisting of exertations upon that *Gradus* which they would not reach Parnassus by climbing, although they would perform a kind of labour resembling too much poetry in the peculiarity of being unproductive.

The Frozen-in Bees.

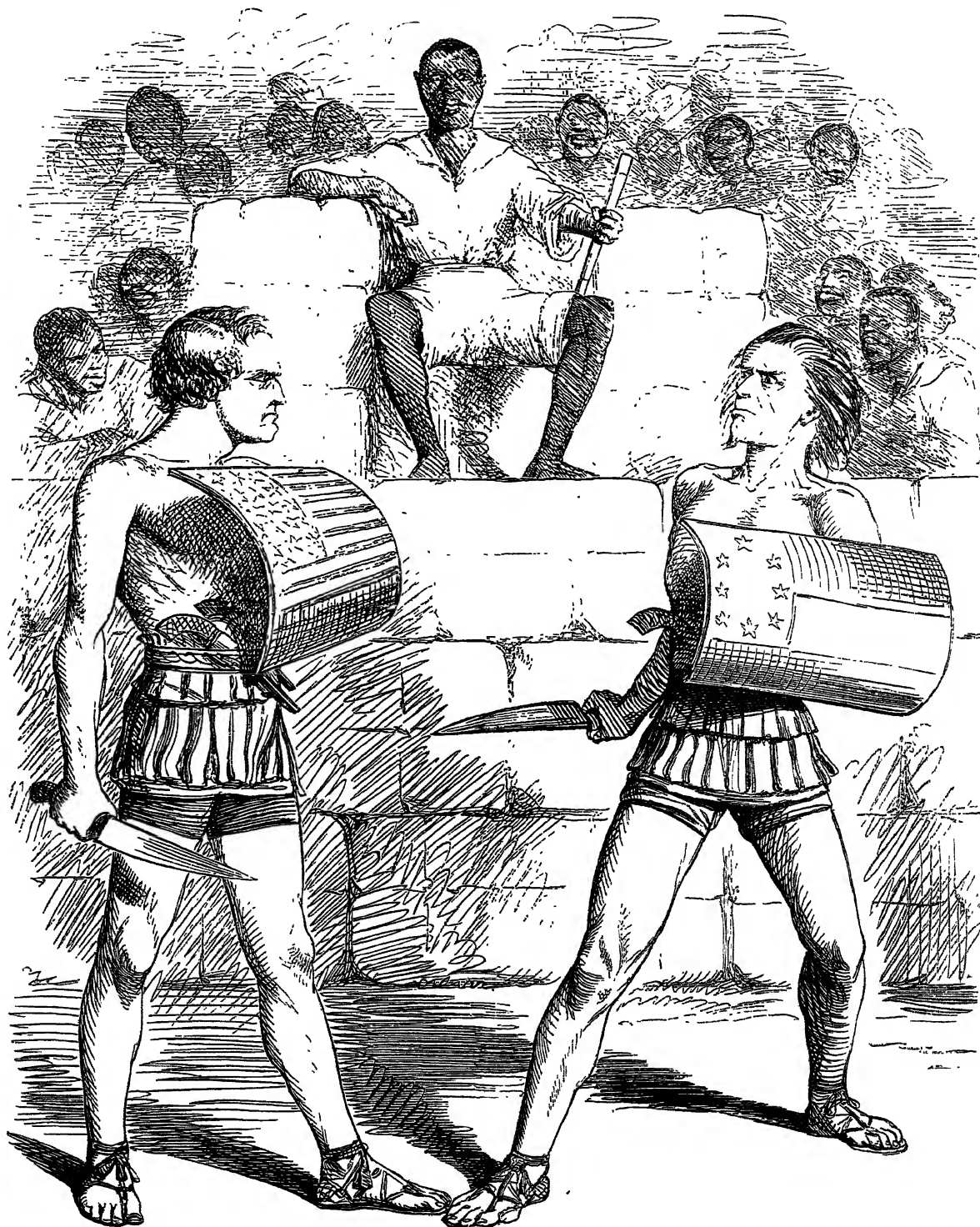
THE beautiful couplet of the celebrated DR. WATTS:—

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour!"

is generally supposed to be especially applicable to the "merry month of May," but this year, up to the day whereon these words are recorded, May, has hardly afforded the unhappy bees a single shining hour to improve. If some improvement would take place in the cloudy hour, the bees, which at present are not busy, but out of work, would be delighted.

ADMIRABLY QUALIFIED FOR THE OFFICE.

SINCE most of our Chancellors of the Exchequer have been guilty, or at all events accused, of the crime of "profligate expenditure," why not offer that financial post to the MARQUIS OF WESTMINSTER? for that is about the last accusation that could ever be laid to that esteemed nobleman's charge.



“CÆSAR IMPERATOR!”
OR,
THE AMERICAN GLADIATORS.

"THE BATTLE OF THE BUDGET."

OR PAPER *versus* TEA.

THE times they were bad, and GLADSTONE looked sad,
As he sat at the seat of Exchequer;
And in spite of his pluck he felt down on his luck,
And puzzled to keep up his pecker, his pecker,
Sore puzzled to keep up his pecker.

"Behind Whitehall scenes we must find ways and means,
Or soon we from office must trudge it;
Who 'twixt surplus and deficit, a *tertium quid* efficit,
Is the man to determine our budget, our budget—
Is the man to determine our budget."

Then to lighten his griefs he summoned the chiefs
Of Boards far as Fifeshire from Finland;
The Customs due East, by four miles at the least,
And the Board of Revenue called Inland, called Inland—
And the Board of Revenue called Inland.

Thus summoned expressly came grave MR. PRESSLEY,
With no end of returns in his pockets;
And SIR THOMAS FREMANTLE, of his wares brought a hantle,
In the shape of a cartload of dockets, of dockets—
In the shape of a cartload of dockets.

With subtraction, division, and compound addition,
Went to work these two Revenue Rustums;
Proved that Customs must rise by the fall of Excise,
And Excise rise by fall in the Customs, the Customs—
Excise rise by fall in the Customs.

Till GLADSTONE grown buoyant, of manners defiant,
Over ANDERSON'S head cut a caper;
"A surplus," says he, "or its shadow, I see,
And I'll dock the Excise upon paper, on paper—
I'll dock the Excise upon paper!"

"'Tis a tax upon knowledge, which each Oxford College
For removing can hardly abuse me:
And whatever's got off it, swells newspapers' profit,
So their good word they'll hardly refuse me, refuse me—
Their good word they'll hardly refuse me."

"I've my surplus *en Pair*: 'tis not like GLASSE'S hare;
You're not forced to catch e'er you cook it.
In your balance you dip: up your income you whip;
For a bad debt—as good you can book it, can book it—
For a bad debt—as good you can book it."

"A penny reduction in Income-Tax suction,
Makes JOHN BULL my much obliged creditor.
With the Paper-Tax off, at my surplus to scoff
I defy you to find me an Editor, Editor—
I defy you to find me an Editor!"

When the surplus was made, it looked well, but 'tis said,
It would hardly bear close overhauling:
Like *Don Quixote's* new vizor, which the good Don was wiser
Than allow to be tested by mauling, by mauling—
Than allow to be tested by mauling.

When the Budget came out, immense was the rout
Of HER MAJESTY'S strong Opposition.
"Are we blind, dumb, or deaf? Is it surplus or deficit,
Or Cabinet compound division, division—
Or Cabinet compound division?"

"Let JOHN BULL ere he snaps up the brown GLADSTONE wraps up
In Paper, of duty new lightened,
Think, Paper-Tax gone can no more be laid on,
But the Income-Tax screw may be tightened, be tightened—
The Income-Tax screw may be tightened."

"As a friend of the masses—the stout working-classes—
Dares GLADSTONE out impudent capers?
He who lives in a fright of GIBSON and BRIGHT,
By soft sawd'ring the vile penny-papers, the papers—
Soft sawd'ring the vile penny-papers!"

"'Tis *we* who would cure the wrongs of the poor,
In the social scale lifting the masses,
By giving 'em tea from war duties set free,
Cheap sugar, and ditto molasses, molasses—
Cheap sugar and ditto molasses!"

"Cheap papers, cheap knowledge—for taproom or college,"
"Cheap tea is the poor man's salvation,"
Working-men's rights and wrongs—to it, hammer and tongs,
Go the Ins and the Outs of the nation, the nation—
Go the Ins and the Outs of the nation.

Till 'twixt one and the other JOHN BULL they so bother,
He asks where the argument's tending;
Surplice-rows, he well knows, never come to a close,
And this surplus-row seems as unending, unending—
This surplus-row seems as unending.

So from Placemen to *Punch* (the best of the bunch,
Of JOHN BULL'S unofficial path-finders),
JOHN turns for advice, and *Punch* in a trice,
Cracks the nut that is placed 'twixt his grinders, his grinders—
Cracks the nut that is placed 'twixt his grinders.

"When off tax-payers' backs the State lifts a tax,
The relief never question, but take it;
If a Chancellor declares there's a surplus to spare,
Don't be curious how he may make it, may make it—
Don't be curious how he may make it."

"And if you inquire which side most aspire
To your good—friends of tea, friends of paper?
Six of one, my dear brother, half-a-dozen of t'other—
On each side equal volume of vapour, of vapour—
On each side equal volume of vapour."

"I haven't a doubt, in what GLADSTONE'S about,
And in that which DISRAELI professes,
They are prompted—the two—by as much love for you,
As the cook's for the poultry he dresses, he dresses—
As the cook's for the poultry he dresses."

"One your paper would free, t'other cheapen your tea,
And with both 'tis all love of the people—
As we know that the cause of the quicksand that draws
To the Goodwins is Tenterden steeple, its steeple—
To the Goodwins is Tenterden steeple."

A SYMPTOM OF SANCTITY.

In a *Memoir of Joshua Watson*, reviewed by the *English Churchman*, there occurs a funny statement concerning a gentleman of a name celebrated in connection with Parliamentary Debates—a MR. HANSARD, printer to a former House of Commons, and parishioner of St. Giles's; in which parish he is described as having been "the clergyman's right hand." We are informed that:—

"He was a man of most unfeigned humility, seeming heartily to believe every one better than himself. He always used a little 'i' in his letters, not at all out of ignorance or conceit, as the Speaker once bore witness, but out of a true genuine feeling."

Our ecclesiastical contemporary, in circulating the above anecdote, publishes a fact which will be felt as a severe hit by enthusiastic Romanists. The gentleman whose name is above mentioned seems not only to have been quite as good a Saint, for the matter of works, as any one in the Roman Calendar, but also to have distinguished himself by a piece of eccentricity nearly equal to anything of the kind for which the canonised worthies of Popery were, any of them, remarkable. One cannot, however, help feeling that, if any person over whom one had any control took to describing himself by a small "i" under the influences of religious feelings, we should be inclined, if possible, to put a finishing touch to the living portrait of a Romish Saint which he would present, by shaving his head. The ALFONSO LIGUORIS, FRANCIS XAVIERS, and the rest of their cowed fraternity, seem to have usually had that operation performed to their own cheek, as well as upper storey. Their adoption of the tonsure may be ascribed to a medical instinct, which, if not miraculous, was sound, although the remainder of their mental faculties may have been in a state that was very different.

The Coppers of Catholicism.

THE *Giornale di Roma* laments in stating that the sum of Peter's Pence which the Pope has received "is altogether insufficient to carry on a civil war." The total amount of the subscriptions of 250,000,000 of Catholics falls short of 3,000,000 Roman crowns. Peter's Pence, therefore, are something considerably under a penny a-head. Papists pay less than three farthings in the brown; and the HOLY FATHER will perhaps ultimately receive "monkey's allowance"—more kicks than halfpence.

MONKEYANA.



Am I satyr or man?
Pray tell me who can,
And settle my place in the scale.
A man in ape's shape,
An anthropoid ape,
Or monkey deprived of his tail?

The *Vestiges* taught,
That all came from naught
By "development," so called, "progressive;"
That insects and worms
Assume higher forms
By modification excessive.

Then DARWIN set forth.
In a book of much worth,
The importance of "Nature's selection;"
How the struggle for life
Is a laudable strife,
And results in "specific distinction."

Let pigeons and doves
Select their own loves,
And grant them a million of ages,
Then doubtless you'll find
They've altered their kind,
And changed into prophets and sages.

LEONARD HORNER relates,
That Biblical dates
The age of the world cannot trace;
That Bible tradition,
By Nile's deposition,
Is put to the right about face.

Then there's PENGELLY
Who next will tell ye
That he and his colleagues of late
Find celts and shaped stones
Mixed up with cave bones
Of contemporaneous date.

Then PRESTWICH, he pelts
With hammers and celts
All who do not believe his relation,
That the tools he exhumed
From gravelly tombs
Date before the Mosaic creation.

Then HUXLEY and OWEN,
With rivalry glowing,
With pen and ink rush to the scratch;
'Tis Brain *versus* Brain,
Till one of them 's slain;
By Jove! it will be a good match!

Says OWEN, you can see
The brain of Chimpanzee
Is always exceedingly small,
With the hindermost "horn"
Of extremity shorn,
And no "Hippocampus" at all.

The Professor then tells 'em
That man's "cerebellum,"
From a vertical point you can't see;
That each "convolution"
Contains a solution,
Of "Archencephalic" degree.

Then apes have no nose,
And thumbs for great toes,
And a pelvis both narrow and slight;
They can't stand upright,
Unless to show fight,
With "Du CHAILLU," that chivalrous knight!

Next HUXLEY replies,
That OWEN he lies,
And garbles his Latin quotation;
That his facts are not new,
His mistakes not a few,
Detrimental to his reputation.

"To twice slay the slain,"
By dint of the Brain,
(Thus HUXLEY concludes his review)
Is but labour in vain,
Unproductive of gain,
And so I shall bid you "Adieu!"

Zoological Gardens, May, 1861.

GORILLA.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MONDAY, May 6. The Lords had a discussion about the Canal of the Future, that is to say, the impossible trench which M. LESSEPS pretends to think he can cut through the Isthmus of Suez. The Government opinion upon the subject is, that if the Canal could be made, we ought not, for political reasons, to allow it, but that inasmuch as the Canal cannot be cut, the subject may, and the wise course is to let the speculators ruin themselves and diddle the Pacha. This seems straightforward and benevolent enough.

MR. SPEAKER DENISON, who had had a relapse into indisposition, re-appeared, and made his apologies for having been ill. The House cheered him so loudly, that he began to think he had done a clever thing, rather than not, in catching the rheumatism. *Mr. Punch* hopes to behold the brave Speaker "astir in his saddle" (as MR. DISRAELI's song goes) in due season, and to see him, like a true Whig, following forward and avoiding pit.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL made an important reply to an important question from MR. GREGORY. The American Difficulty is beginning to create English difficulties. The North is calling on PRESIDENT LINCOLN to blockade the ports of the South, and the South is sending out Privateers to intercept the commerce of the North. LORD JOHN announced that England can recognise no blockade except a real one, and that she is prepared to regard the South as sufficiently consolidated to entitle her to be treated as a Belligerent, not as a mere rebel, and therefore her right to issue letters of marque must be acknowledged. This is a very prosaic paragraph, but *Mr. Punch* "reserves to himself" the right to be grave, gay, lively, and severe exactly when it pleases him.

Our Daughter ALICE is to have £30,000 down, and £6,000 a year, LORD PALMERSTON remarking, very properly, that she is not our Eldest Daughter, and may not require the same allowance as the future QUEEN OF PRUSSIA, but that it is not for the honour of England, that her Princesses should go out as paupers. Quite the reverse, and what is more, *Mr. Punch* insists that all the money be settled on his amiable young friend ALICE, so that she may draw her own cheques, and not have to ask her husband for money every time she wants to buy pins or postage stamps, or a little present to send over to her dear *Mr. Punch*.

Then was the Paper Resolution moved by MR. GLADSTONE. LORD ROBERT CEIL opposed it, and hoped the Lords would reject the Bill to be based on it; MR. LEVESON GOWER approved it, and paraded the

old arguments for it; MR. BENTINCK said that water-pipes might be made of paper, but that the rats would eat them, and added, looking at MR. GLADSTONE, that he did not like Rats; LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON also assailed the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; MR. BAINES considered that literature would gain by the repeal; SIR LAWRENCE PALK deemed the repeal useless and wasteful; but said that the more cheap Tory newspapers were read by the people the less they would believe in Liberalism; and MR. DISRAELI, declining to oppose the resolution, said he should do as he liked with the Bill.

Then did the House of Commons once more resolve that the Paper Duty should cease—the day of doom being the first day of pheasant shooting next.

There was some sparring over one of the Budget resolutions by which power was given to the police to visit Late Houses of Refreshment, and MR. GLADSTONE withdrew it. Why should people's late hours be interfered with? demands HORACE, a competent authority:—

"Dicitur meriti Nox quoque neniit."

(No, Wiscount, *nenia* signifies properly a mourning, not morning song. You are quite right to make the joke, but you should be informed that the ancients used the word also for a lively sportive song—and HORACE alluded to a Late House where good music is heard.) The three-guinea licence entitling the spirit dealers to sell as little as a quart of spirits was agreed to, as were some other small propositions. MR. STIRLING proposed a tax of a farthing on pawnbrokers' tickets, and thought that 150,000,000 of these tickets were printed every year, the duty would be worth having, besides that the pawnbrokers, who he said offered so much encouragement to intemperance and crime, deserved no favour at the hands of the legislature. MR. GLADSTONE replied that there was much in the suggestion, but that he thought Parliamentary inquiry ought to be made into the system under which our Uncles collar so much plunder. MR. BENTINCK wanted to know whether, after the war-news from America, Government intended to persevere in throwing away the Paper duty. LORD PALMERSTON did not see that the news, distressing as it was, ought to interfere with the Budget. MR. DISRAELI charged the Ministers with trying to press the Budget with "unseemly haste."

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL moved the second reading of a Bill for protecting our Artists against pirates and impostors. He gives a painter or sculptor the sole right of copying his work, and this right is to have a duration of thirty years. Two or three Members thought the enactment over-stringent, but as SIR RICHARD explained, it is perfectly competent to an artist to sell his copyright with the picture, and therefore a purchaser can please himself as to buying either the work only, or the right to do as he likes with the work, and has only to fork-out with becoming liberality to become the sole proprietor. Millions of money are annually offered to *Mr. Punch* for leave to copy his marvellous Cartoons, but he invariably refuses such leave, except in the case of his friends the Princesses, who learn at once their drawing and their constitutional and political lessons from his miraculous delineations.

Tuesday. LORD LYNDEHURST made an excellent speech on the Wills-of-Britons-Aboard-Bill, and laughed at LORD CAMPBELL, who had said that he did not know where his own domicile would be, explaining to that astute Scotsman that his domicile would be in England, if he should happen to become etherealised south of the Tweed, and in Scotland, should he select that country as his place of departure for Elysium. *Mr. Punch* trusts that neither alternative will be embraced by the noble CHANCELLOR for many a year, and perhaps may fix the date as remotely as possible by hoping that it will not occur until somebody has made a worse speech than that of LORD CAMPBELL at the Academy dinner this year.

How much more are we to hear about those tiresome Ionians? *Quousque tandem?* Will they not comprehend that England does not in the slightest degree care about the possession of their Seven Islands, and would gladly be relieved from the charge of "protecting" them, but that the Islands were handed to her by Europe, in order that she might keep them against—never mind, anybody likely to be troublesome to the general peace, and that she is bound, for that reason, to hold them. MR. MAGUIRE made a long and clever speech in favour of transferring them to Greece, because certain of the Ionians wish such a process. MR. MAGUIRE, as we took the liberty of observing the other day, more power to your elbow, and if the late MR. POWER had been at your elbow, TOM MOORE's friend we mean, he would have told you, what you know very well, that when THOMAS, in *Lalla Rookh*, sang of the wrongs of Iran, he meant Erin, and that *Al Hassan* with his "bloody, bold, and countless crowd," was a delicate figurement of JOHN BULL. Do we twig your parable, man of Cork? Ha! MR. GLADSTONE made an eloquent speech, referring to his own mission to the Isles, and declared his opinion that the Ionians are a moral and good people, not difficult to govern, and in their hearts fond of the English; but he added, that they are not only moral, but Moral Cowards. He, of course, explained that we cannot part with a position which we hold under compact with Europe. MR. LAYARD refuted a

good many of MR. MAGUIRE's allegations, and added that Greece was shamefully governed, and after some more debate, LORD PALMERSTON hoped that the Islanders would understand that we like them very much, but must decline to let them have their own way.

A Bill for amending the Royal Court of Jersey, stated to be the very worst tribunal in the whole world, was introduced by SERJEANT PIGOTT. But whether that excessively tight little island will permit its Court to be reformed is dubious. The Jurats of that Court much resemble our own County Court juries. In Jersey the verdict always goes for the Jersey-man, in the County Court always for the Tradesman.

Then came a Storm, about nothing, certainly, but it was none the less fierce for that. LORD ROBERT CECIL did his best to impede the progress of the Budget, and in doing so he used language which must be O. K. ("all correct," Wiscount) from the son of the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, but which might have been thought decidedly low, had it come from anybody else's son. He spoke of MR. GLADSTONE's "vengeance and spite," of his "tricks, more worthy an attorney than a statesman," of his "tyranny," and of his "audacity." SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was obliged to refer to his friend's not "unnatural excitement," but the CHANCELLOR took it very blandly, and conceded an adjournment, which would give LORD ROBERT time to "reconsider his vocabulary." But there was one person who may have enjoyed this display of coarseness and bad temper. LORD ROBERT CECIL has the reputation of being the author of the fierce attack made by the *Quarterly* on MR. DISRAELI, and moreover of having an idea that he, ROBERT, ought to lead the Conservatives. However, if MR. DISRAELI was amused at the rebellious young nobleman's taking so much pains to show how fit he is for leadership, the Member for Bucks did not manifest his satisfaction, but complimented LORD ROBERT on his "constitutional opinions," expressed in effective language, adding that LORD ROBERT had "distinguished" himself. Perhaps, when MR. DISRAELI corrects the report of his speeches he will write "*dele* 'dis,' and read 'ex.'" After an attack, on his own account, upon MR. GLADSTONE, and after tendering to him the information that he might bully his colleagues, but must not bully the House of Commons, MR. DISRAELI signified his opinion that Government had acted wisely in giving way.

Wednesday. SIR L. PALK moved the Second Reading of a Bill for facilitating the improvement of Labourers' Cottages, and did so in a speech for which *Mr. Punch*, his co-labourer in the good cause, offers him all acknowledgment. The measure was not unkindly received, but the Landlords are very much afraid of being touched, and it is doubtful whether the measure will get through. One of LORD RAYNHAM's well meant measures was postponed, the other (*a Cruelty to Animals* Bill) was withdrawn, after some wretched joking from MR. HALIBURTON.

Thursday, being Holy Thursday, the Lords made holiday to go with the Gold Stick and the Charity Boys to Beat the Bounds.

In the Commons the HOME SECRETARY stated that a Proclamation was about to issue, warning all the QUEEN's subjects against any interference in the American Civil War.

Another manifestation, but this time a mild one, was made against the Budget; but the only speech that had any backbone in it was one by MR. MAGUIRE, who argued that the British paper-maker would be unable, under the new arrangement, to compete with the foreigner. The stereotype answer is "Free Trade all round, whatever the foreigner may do;" and what has been sauce for the agricultural goose must now be sauce for the commercial gander. He took a division, but was beaten by 100 to 54. Army estimates then came on, and the natural history of a new animal was discussed. This is not the Gorilla, but a creature to be largely employed by the Horse Guards, and to be called the Soldier-Clerk. We hope he will make good progress, for, otherwise, he will be classed by political naturalists with the Soldier-Crab.

Friday. LORD DERBY, in a becoming speech, called attention to the alarming state of things in America, and dwelt earnestly upon the necessity of warning our sailors and others not to take part in Privateering, especially as the North had "concluded" to treat Privateers as Pirates. The Noble Landowner characteristically selected, as the severest term he could apply to a Privateer, the phrase "Sea-Poacher." LORD GRANVILLE repeated what SIR GEORGE LEWIS had said on the previous night, and it should be notified far and wide to all adventurous British spirits, that if captured in a Privateer those spirits will be hanged, and not a word in their favour will be said by our Government.

In both Houses the Syrian question was discussed. We are to hope that the French will evacuate that country at the appointed time, and a Governor is to be appointed who will, if possible, keep the tribes in order. LORD JOHN RUSSELL delivered a hopeful kind of speech about Austria, and said he did not mind being called an old-fashioned politician holding obsolete notions. To adopt, and therefore to crystallise and immortalise, an ancient saying, a man is an ass who minds being called anything provided he is not called too late for breakfast.



DOING A "BIT OF PAPER."

Pam. "GO IN; THEY'LL DO IT FOR YOU!"

HUMBUGS IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THERE are humbugs in the House of Commons. Yes, there are. It is no breach of privilege to say so. A few Humbugs occasionally contrive to get themselves introduced into the Strangers' Gallery. But, of course, there are no Humbugs among Honourable Members. Accordingly, our contemporary, the *Observer*, in an article on a late division, makes a great mistake in the following remarks:—

"But it is really too bad to think of those Members who continue to fill Liberal seats, and who had formerly been in office with the party at the head of the Government, and who are, no doubt, annoyed because there are not enough of offices left for them now. Some of these are right honourable gentlemen, who owe their seats to the persons they now oppose, and who ought to hesitate before they helped, so far as they could, to make the chances of a dissolution, and the increase of confusion at home and abroad."

It is utterly impossible that any gentleman, right honourable, or simply honourable by name, should be personally so dishonest as to vote against the Government, and the public should be deceived from such dirty motives as those which the *Observer* ascribes to some, whom it does not name, and whose names cannot even be conjectured. There are no more any

such rogues in the House than there are villains and traitors who vote on financial and other home questions irrespectively of their merits, and only to throw out LORD PALMERSTON and bring in the EARL OF DERBY, in order that the latter may take the part of the POPE against the Italian people. We would see the House of Commons at Jericho before we would say that there were any such scoundrels in it as these treasonable papists and equally treasonable ego-tists. If there were any—but the supposition is absurd—among the representatives, so called, of the people, they would, at the next dissolution, cease to represent their present constituencies, unless there are some boroughs and counties in Ireland wherein the majority of the voters regard themselves as the POPE's subjects, and not those of the QUEEN. These places might return papistical traitors to that Parliament in which we all know that there are now none. The ego-tistical traitors, at any rate, would be all sent about their business, which is wholly private, and not one of them would acquire a new seat, unless some extreme Reform Bill should have enfranchised rascaldom. We sincerely trust that the *Observer's* observations will not be applied to any individual, and earnestly hope that nobody whom they may be supposed to indicate will discover, in the event of an appeal to the country, that he has been marked for rejection.

THE WEATHER LAST WEEK.

WHAT is that faint and melancholy note,
Borne feebly on the sharp East wind,
Whose eager blast bites through our overcoat,
With down of eider thickly lined?
It sounded forth of yonder clump of oak,
Darkling beneath the leaden sky; [spoke.
Through the bare twigs some plaintive creature
It was the Cuckoo's cry!

That timid trill outpoured from yonder brake!
Ah! can it be the Nightingale?
That broken jug! That interrupted shake!
The breeze cuts short the poor bird's tale,
The throstle, too, as though for cold in pain,
High perched upon the leafless tree,
Attempts a fitful and a dreary strain,
Sung in a minor key.

There's one, an only, Swallow to be seen;
With feeble wing the straggler flies.
What doeth he out in this air so keen,
Unless he flies for exercise?
On such a day no gnat will stir for him;
All insects find it much too cool:
He would not catch one midge, were he to skim
The nearly frozen pool.

The redbreast shivers o'er her callow brood;
The shrunk, nipped buds, her nest reveal.
Cocksparrows cannot find their children food;
No caterpillar for a meal!
The badger, dormouse, hedgehog, squirrel, creep
All into their respective holes:
This merry May sends all such things to sleep,
A May as at the Poles!

Ah, how I pity birds and beasts that roam
Unsheltered save by fern and briar!
I know what I shall do; I shall go home,
Draw down the blinds; make up a roaring fire;
Command a basin of hot soup, and dine
On Christmas beef; and, having fed,
Brew for myself a tankard of spiced wine;
Have that, and go to bed.

Joking Combined with Business.

WE have it on very good authority (that of one of the 135 young ladies engaged there) that, in the leases of the *London District Telegraph Company*, all their numerous offices are throughout alluded to as "these messuages and tenements."



TOUCHSTONE. "Thou art in a parlous state, Shepherd."

As You Like It.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 13th, Monday. The Lords were engaged upon a subject of course utterly unworthy to occupy the time of well-dressed gentlemen who read HORACE, back *Diophantus*, and applaud GRISI, but which somehow did manage to interest them for a good while. LORD SHAFTESBURY is exceedingly irate at that part of the Report of the Education Commissioners which refers to the Ragged Schools, and to-night he expressed his wrath in very strong language. He described the Report as untrue, unfair, and ungenerous. The Education Commissioners do not think the Ragged Schools sufficiently sound in theory or advantageous in practice to entitle them to Government aid. The Commissioners object to the want of regularity and discipline in the Schools and to the recognition of habitual dirtiness as a condition to be tolerated in a pupil. They also urge that the schools draw away children from better schools, where the system is more rigid. LORD SHAFTESBURY replies, that we are not to wait for a perfect system before doing anything, but are to try to do our best, that the poor regard these schools as a recognition of their class, that in two years people of "the poorer sort" have contributed nearly £250,000 for the schools, that the influence of the school children upon their parents is often very beneficial, and that the great hindrance to doing much more good is the horrible Home of the very poor. He did not want Government money, but considered that the schools had a perfect right to it. He injured a good cause by intemperate language, and made, *more suo*, reference to the Almighty, and talked of protests against "Vile Slanders. The Colonial Secretary, on the part of the Commissioners, said that LORD SHAFTESBURY was exciting himself needlessly, and that he ought not to use before the Lords the "grandiose" style that suited Exeter Hall. He did not set up like LORD SHAFTESBURY a "hyper-claim to infallibility," but considered the great National Schools, on which millions were spent, of far more importance than these Ragged Schools. And he added that these schools did claim Government money, and LORD SHAFTESBURY was not entitled to be their mouthpiece.

MR. ROEBUCK had been informed and believed that in the minority against the Repeal of the Paper Duty, there appeared a

ODE TO THE NORTH AND SOUTH.

O JONATHAN and JEFFERSON,
Come listen to my song;
I can't decide, my word upon,
Which of you is most wrong.
I do declare I am afraid
To say which worse behaves,
The North, imposing bonds on Trade,
Or South, that Man enslaves.

And here you are about to fight,
And wage intestine war,
Not either of you in the right:
What simpletons you are!
Too late your madness you will see,
And when your passion cools,
"Snakes!" you will bellow, "How could we
Have been such 'tarnal fools!"

One thing is certain; that if you
Blow out each other's brains,
'Twill be apparent what a few
Each blockhead's skull contains.
You'll have just nothing for your cost,
To show, when all is done.
Greatness and glory you'll have lost;
And not a dollar won.

Oh, joined to us by blood, and by
The bond of kindred speech,
And further, by the special tie
Of slang, bound each to each,
All-fired gonies, sofhorn'd pair,
Each other will you lick?
You everlastin' dolts, forbear!
Throw down your arms right slick.

You'll chaw each other up, you two,
Like those Kilkenny cats,
When they had better things to do,
Improv'in' off the rats.
Now come, shake hands, together jog
On friendly yet once more;
Whip one another not; and flog
Creation, as before!

gentleman who was not mentally qualified to take part in any business at all. The Member for Sheffield brought the subject before the House, and an explanation of the case was offered by a friend of the individual in question. It was stated that the mind of that person had been perturbed, and that he had voluntarily retired to an asylum, into which he could not be received until two medical men had given a certificate couched in language so strong as perfectly to justify inquiry whether the document were a formality or a representation of facts. But it was also stated that the Member alluded to was placed under no restraint, and, choosing to come from the asylum to the House, did so, conversed rationally, voted, and went away quietly. *Mr. Punch*, having recorded the circumstances, leaves an unpleasant subject, with the single remark that though, as it happened, the registration of the vote was of no consequence, it will be well that whippers-in on both sides use sound discretion when any similar case again arises. In these days people are not so reverent as of old, and cause for a certain kind of talk should be avoided. The rule is not now *quicquid delirant *** plectuntur Achiivi*, in regard to Kings, Lords, or Commons.

Budget again; MR. MACDONOGH, Conservative-lawyer, Member for Sligo, delivered his maiden speech against the annexing the repeal of the Paper Duty to the Budget. SIR JAMES GRAHAM came out vigorously on the other side, and told the Opposition that though the cry "Tea against Paper" would be a good one with the masses, the cry of "Lords against Commons" might not be one which the Conservative party would be so happy to raise. This significant hint—in the old Graham manner—brought up LORD JOHN MANNERS, who denounced the One Bill device as cowardly, and after some more debating, and a smart address from MR. WHITESIDE, who argued against the validity of the marriage between repeal and supply, a spirited reply from LORD JOHN RUSSELL, and some more petulant nonsense from LORD ROBERT CECIL, there was a struggle on the question of adjournment, which was opposed by the Government, but sternly demanded by MR. DISRAELI. A couple of divisions, 247 to 164, and 233 to 145, against adjournment, and then, the motion being again made, LORD PALMERSTON laughingly seconded it.

Tuesday. LORD BROUGHAM elicited from LORD WODEHOUSE the in-

formation that though Spain would probably re-annex St. Domingo, she did not intend to establish Slavery there.

MADAMEISELLE ADELINA PATTI was to make her *début* at the Royal Italian Opera, as *Lucia* in the *Sonnambula*, and *Mr. Punch*, of course, counted out the House, and adjourned to Mr. GYE's theatre. Thanks to the exertions of the brilliant young vocalist, her charmingly black eyes, and his own exceedingly comfortable stall, *Mr. Punch* passed a far pleasanter evening than he would have had at Westminster, and he is happy to have assisted at a very note-worthy first appearance. He wishes, however, that ladies of distinction would take names on which wits of indistinction cannot make silly little jokes, for he has already received several volleys of nonsense, about PATTI's first appearance in *Murtha*, and much folly based upon the unfounded assumption that *pâté*, or its equivalent "patty," is sounded in the same manner as the name of the black-eyed young lady of Madrid. The *Diva*, GRISI was in a box, and warmly applauding her young successor, as became a true artist, and *Mr. Punch*, beholding this, kissed his hand elaborately to MADAME GRISI, and begs to explain that what she probably took for impertinence, was really adoration.

Wednesday. Why is the House of Commons like a Scotch cottage? Because it contains a BUTT and a BEN. Well, the former moved the Second Reading of a Bill for giving new trials in criminal cases. The HOME SECRETARY said that innocent persons were never convicted, that juries would cease to exercise forbearance, and would find everybody guilty if responsibility were removed by a system of revision of verdicts, that every convicted culprit would of course demand a new trial on the chance of getting off, and, finally, that there was no reason for tampering with the system of the country. So the Bill was rejected.

MR. MURE brought in a Bill about Scotch herrings, but whether it was to give them the franchise, or allow them to marry their wives' sisters, or to compel them to be vaccinated compulsorily, *Mr. Punch* could not hear. But this he will say, that a fish so uncommonly good as the article irreverently called in Glasgow a "magistrate" deserves the best attention of the legislature and of the epicure.

Thursday. A discussion on the Proclamation against interfering in the American quarrel was terminated by LORD ELLENBOROUGH's sensible remark, that though the proceedings of that night might tend to

cast a doubt upon the right of the North to hang persons engaged in privateering, it would be as well for persons to keep out of it, as, if caught, they would assuredly be hanged at once, and have their rights debated afterwards.

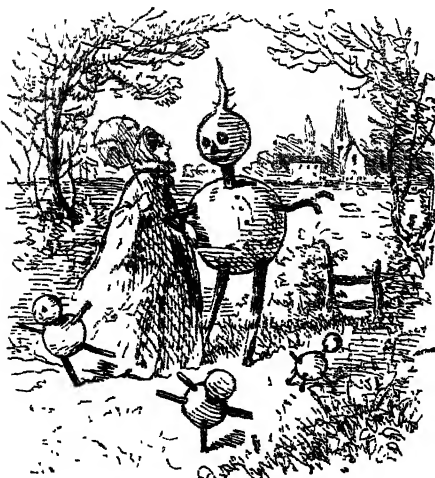
In the Commons, MR. McEVoy, of Meath, complained of having been turned out of a Committee-room by MR. BAGWELL, of Clonmell. This important subject having been ventilated, and two Judges having brought down PRINCESS ALICE's Dowry Bill from the Lords, the Battle of the Budget was resumed, and raged all night, with more or less smartness, and was ended by a couple of speeches from the Leaders, LORD PALMERSTON being very merry, and declaring that the Budget was all right, and MR. DISRAELI being very sarcastic, and declaring that the Ministers were straining the Constitution. He was specially indignant with MR. LOCKE for saying that MR. DISRAELI had flown SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE as a little kite to ascertain the temper of the House. Once more the Opposition "reserved their right" to do something dreadful hereafter, and the Budget Bill was read a Second Time.

Friday. In the Lords, Government made some sort of excuse for not handing over the Delhi Prize-money—they had not got the right names in, or some such stuff. This is really one of the Too-Bad cases. In the Commons there was nothing done or said, except that a question was raised which throws light upon two lines of THOMAS HOOD's that must be Greek to the present generation:—

"Burn the breeks of meddling Vicars,
Picking holes in ANNA's urns."

Once upon a time there was a vicar named BREEKS, who interfered with a monument which a MRS. ANNE Somebody had erected to her departed husband. The BISHOP of RIPON (DR. BICKERSTETH, one of his Lordship the Minister of Religion's chief pets) has been actually, it is said, removing a tombstone from Richmond Churchyard, because he disapproved of the inscription thereon, and the case of BREEKS v. ANNA has been cited in connection with the affair. It is not impossible that the Bishop may hear a little more upon the subject. The Lords rose for the Whitsuntide Holidays, and the Commons availed themselves of an Irish polemical squabble to get themselves Counted Out for the same recreative period.

A YOUNG LADY ARCHITECTURALLY SURVEYED.



but I had not known her three weeks before, I can assure you, I had changed her into a perfect brick." And the youngster laughed over his own folly, as though he had been a practised wit.

Giving Gye a Lift.

DESCRIBING the *début* last week of MA'AMSELLE PATTI, whose performance seemed to promise us a second JENNY LIND, one of the critics made remark that she "raised the house *en masse* to a high pitch of excitement." On reading this, the Viscount, who chanced to be just then in one of his facetious moods, observed to his friend BERNAL, "Raised the house, did she? Why really, then, she must be quite a HIGHER PATTI!"

THE YEAR TO WHICH THE SALMON-CONSERVATIVE REPORT IS WRITTEN.—*See* Brothers, *See*.

DESTRUCTION OF TISSUE.

"We might allege, in answer to the tee-totaler, that the drinking of wine and spirits is beneficial, inasmuch as it tends to prevent the destruction of tissue."—*Saturday Review*.

OH, thanks, dear *Review*, for that comforting creed,
For joining with Temperance Humbug the issue,
In JOHNSON and WEBSTER in future we'll read,
For "drinking"—"preventing destruction of tissue."

MRS. BROWN, when your husband comes late from the club,
Don't push him away as he offers to kiss you,
His step may be totty, but spare him the snub,
He's been only preventing destruction of tissue.

You actor, accustomed to tippie o' nights,
If pedantic spectators take umbrage and hiss you,
Come down, with a satisfied grin, to the lights,
And say you've prevented destruction of tissue.

Diner-out, if you don't take the hint, you're an ass;
When you sit by a matron with elegant *fichu*,
Don't ask her to let you replenish her glass,
But beg she'll prevent the destruction of tissue.

O DANIEL in judgment, for teaching that word,
You cannot conceive what good fortune we wish you:
Punch fills up a bumper, the downy old bird,
And prevents, in your honour, destruction of tissue.

Unfeeling Mockery.

CROSSING sweepers have a most reprehensible way of insulting misfortune. With your boots already splashed by walking in the dirt, you cross the street where they have swept it, and then they get in the way and touch their hats to you.

ONLY A LETTER BETWEEN 'EM.

THE two heroes of G { o } rilla warfare—GARIBALDI and CHAILLU.

LETTERS OF MARK.—*L.S.D.*

THE SALMON'S REMONSTRANCE.

- "Hæch! the Consairvation o' sawmon!"
(Quoth a twenty-pound Tweed King of Fishes.)
"Ye'll allow me to use the word 'gawmon,'
O' a' sic consairvative wishes!"
- "Great your care to presairve us appears
From leaps and from traps and from poachers,
From stake-nets and bag-nets, and weirs,
And a' sic illeceit encroachers."
- "Itsel' yon Commission delivers
In language wi' eloquence burnin',
On the fu' fish that's kept frae the rivers,
And the spent fish that's killed in returnin'."
- "On gaff'd grilse, and poached peel, and lost roe,
The sair sair assaults they describe,
For the whole genus sawmo they show
A love that just teckles the tribe."
- "Till there's some o' our ten-pounders wishin',
(It's an outbreak of young sawmon vanity.)
An address to present the Commission,
O' thanks, for their philo-sawmonity."
- "To my mind siccan love's no that common;
And I'm aiblins a wee bit suspicious
That they'd think gayan little o' sawmon,
If we were na sæe gude when ye dish us:"
- "Gin they'd just pit their buiks on the shelves,
Their Commissions, Reports, and sic clavers—
And leave us puir fesh to oor-selves,
We'd ask for nae lawmakers' favours."
- "We're mickle obleeged for your care;
But we'd no wish sic love to abound,
As that which its aim maun declare
To be sawmon at four-pence the pound!"
- "Deil a thanks we owe ye for your pains
To consairve us and gar us to breed,
That looks but to polish our banes,
And mak souché o' us and oor seed."

"WHAT IS A TACK?"

Two long evenings last week were lost on the above question, and we can only say, that we were just as wise in the end as we were in the beginning. After Hon. Members had tacked and tacked about for we can't recollect how many hours, we were as far off from the truth as ever. It wasn't even in sight. Such [legal navigation betrays great ignorance of the coasts that our parliamentary colliers are anxious to explore. A First Lord of the Admiralty would do better. Our answer, if the House had had the good sense to put the question to us, would have been this: "A-Tack is what a Tory excels in, especially if a Chancellor of the Exchequer, like MR. GLADSTONE, is the object to be fired at, though there are occasions when a Tory is just as clever in defence as he is in a-tack. The plural of 'a tack' is, we suppose, Tax, but that is a talent of such an imposing nature, and one that is so equally balanced between the two parties, that it is really difficult to say whether the Whigs or Tories display the greatest cleverness in it."

We once heard a celebrated fishmonger say of 'an equally celebrated author, "Sir, he's a man of wery great talons, but not the slightest tack." So, that is precisely the verdict we should impartially pass on the protracted debate of those two dreary evenings. We think that the Tories on that occasion displayed an immensity of "talons," but not the slightest "Tack." In fact, this same blessed "Tack" was meant to have been a clencher, a regular dead hit, but it missed the Government's coffin in which it was intended to have been the last nail. However, you will see the Tories will hammer away at it again for all that!

The Parliamentary Bore.

THE tedious and unprofitable speeches which have been delivered in the House of Commons on the subject of the Paper Duties and the Budget, were so long that they converted every British newspaper that reported them into a mere *Journal des Débats*.

THE NATURE OF THE ANIMAL.—The Hon. Member for Sheffield is accused of lacerating people's feelings. But what else could you expect of TEAR 'EM?

IRÆ AMANTIUM.

"LOVERS' Quarrels re-solder Love," saith the Latin, and many English are of the same opinion, despite BUTLER, who singeth that:—

"Sorrow finds, and finds too late,
To wound us is to harden,
And Love is on the verge of Hate,
Each time it stoops for pardon."

The loves of England and Prussia have been perturbed by the unpleasant MACDONALD affair, and high-placed Ministers have blown one another up uncommon. But FREIHERR VON VINCKE has so clearly proved that Prussia must be in the right, that we cannot resist the pleasure of quoting from his address to the Lower House. As the *Morning Advertiser* would beautifully say, *Aude halterum partim*:—

"I cannot forget that Prussia has repeatedly exercised an influence highly favourable to the growth of liberty in England. It was in consequence of the urgent advice of the great ELECTOR OF BRANDENBURG that WILLIAM OF ORANGE undertook to protect the freedom and religion of England against the oppression of the STUARTS. It was Brandenburg soldiers who enabled the Prince to leave for England, by garrisoning Holland during the time of his absence; and it was Brandenburg dragoons who went over with WILLIAM, and made up for his great deficiency in cavalry, which alone must have kept him at home. And this expedition it is by which the liberties of Great Britain were firmly established. The Parliamentary era of England dates from WILLIAM OF ORANGE, who was no Englishman. Then, again, we fought by the side of her in all the wars against LOUIS THE FOURTEENTH, and our troops were the active allies of the great MARLBOROUGH. It is superfluous to allude to Waterloo, and to the fact that WELLINGTON would have been routed but for the timely appearance of our gallant soldiers in the field. At the very time when LORD JOHN RUSSELL wrote his impertinent note upon the MACDONALD affair, I, in this House, declared for siding with England in the great questions of European policy. I still abide by the opinion then expressed, but I feel it incumbent upon me to couple it with the remark that, advisable as an English alliance is to Prussia, a Prussian alliance is absolutely necessary for England. If LORD PALMERSTON—who is not worthy to unlaces the shoes of the great PRINCE OF ORANGE—if LORD PALMERSTON, I say, recollects the tradition of Anglo-Prussian alliance, and then casts a glance upon the present situation of Europe, he would do well to perceive that this is a country combining the double advantage of legitimacy and liberty."

These historical allegations so clearly prove that the Prussians were right in accepting a lying charge against CAPTAIN MACDONALD, incasting him into a filthy dungeon, in visiting him with a further punishment, in supporting their legal functionary who designated English travellers as "blackguards," and finally, in proclaiming through the mouth of their Minister that an English gentleman had "laid violent hands on a lady," the truth being that the lady's companion committed a vulgar outrage on CAPTAIN MACDONALD—all these acts on the part of the Prussians are so admirably vindicated by the queer historical sketch offered by the Baron, that *Mr. Punch* hopes the controversy may now cease. WILLIAM OF ORANGE and WELLINGTON settle it all. It was not "superfluous to allude to Waterloo," for the wreath of second-hand laurel then won by Prussia receives a fresh leaf from her less disputable victory over CAPTAIN MACDONALD.

ANOTHER OF HARPER TWELVETREES'S RECEIPTS.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

MR. HARPER TWELVETREES, Vermin-deströying powder manufacturer, patent washing-crystal inventor, &c., &c., having been requested by numerous patrons to offer the public a receipt for rising in the world, begs respectfully to comply. At a *soirée* recently given to him by MR. WASHINGTON WILKS, the Reverend MR. SNODHURST, MR. GEORGE THOMPSON, and some other of the most eminent men of the age, MR. TWELVETREES had the pleasure of promulgating this receipt *verbatim*, that is, by word of mouth. But as there may be some persons in the world who were not at the *soirée*, MR. H. T. takes leave to publish the receipt in question, and he assures the public that it will be found fully as valuable as any of his other inventions:—

"MR. TWELVETREES referred to the history of his life, and assured those who were struggling to rise in the world that a man having the mainspring of religion within him would rise upon the wings of industry and integrity. He was not ashamed to say that he had blended religion with his business."

N.B. MR. TWELVETREES would add that the mainspring of religion must be kept well lubricated with the oil of wide-awakiness, and that in blending religion with business, care must be taken not to put in too much of the former article, or the wings may not be found to work. Cool the mixture with puffs from TWELVETREES'S Patent Advertising Bellows.

"Hard Lines."

A SYMPATHETIC soul says that the poor shareholders who have invested their money in the Atlantic and Red Sea Telegraphs must think them both "extremely hard lines."

NEW TRANSLATION OF HORACE,

"Delphinum in Silva."

A Dolphin at GROVES'S.



WALTZING OF THE PERIOD.

THE LADY HONORIA D—, AS SHE APPEARED TAKING LEAVE OF HER MAMMA, PREVIOUS TO GOING INTO ACTION!

SOMETHING LIKE A MACHINE.

MR. PUNCH is not easily surprised or delighted, but he owns to having been in both conditions while reading, the other day, the account of a new steam-ship, the *Mooltan*. This, he need hardly say, after mentioning that it is capitally built and that it contains all the latest improvements, is not a Government ship. It belongs to the P. and O. On its manifold merits as a vessel Mr. Punch is not going to dwell, but he must call attention to a marvellous piece of machinery which is described in the report. This wonderful engine does, more or less, everything in the world and a few other things. It shifts the helm, reverses the screw, indexes the rate of the ship's going, fills the baths, pokes the fire, sweeps the chimney, cuts the Captain's hair on a Saturday afternoon, boils the eggs for the lady passengers (hard, by touching an extra valve), announces the proper lessons for the Sunday Service, plays a band of music for the quadrilles on deck, and boxes the steward's boy's ears, and all at the slightest possible expense of power.



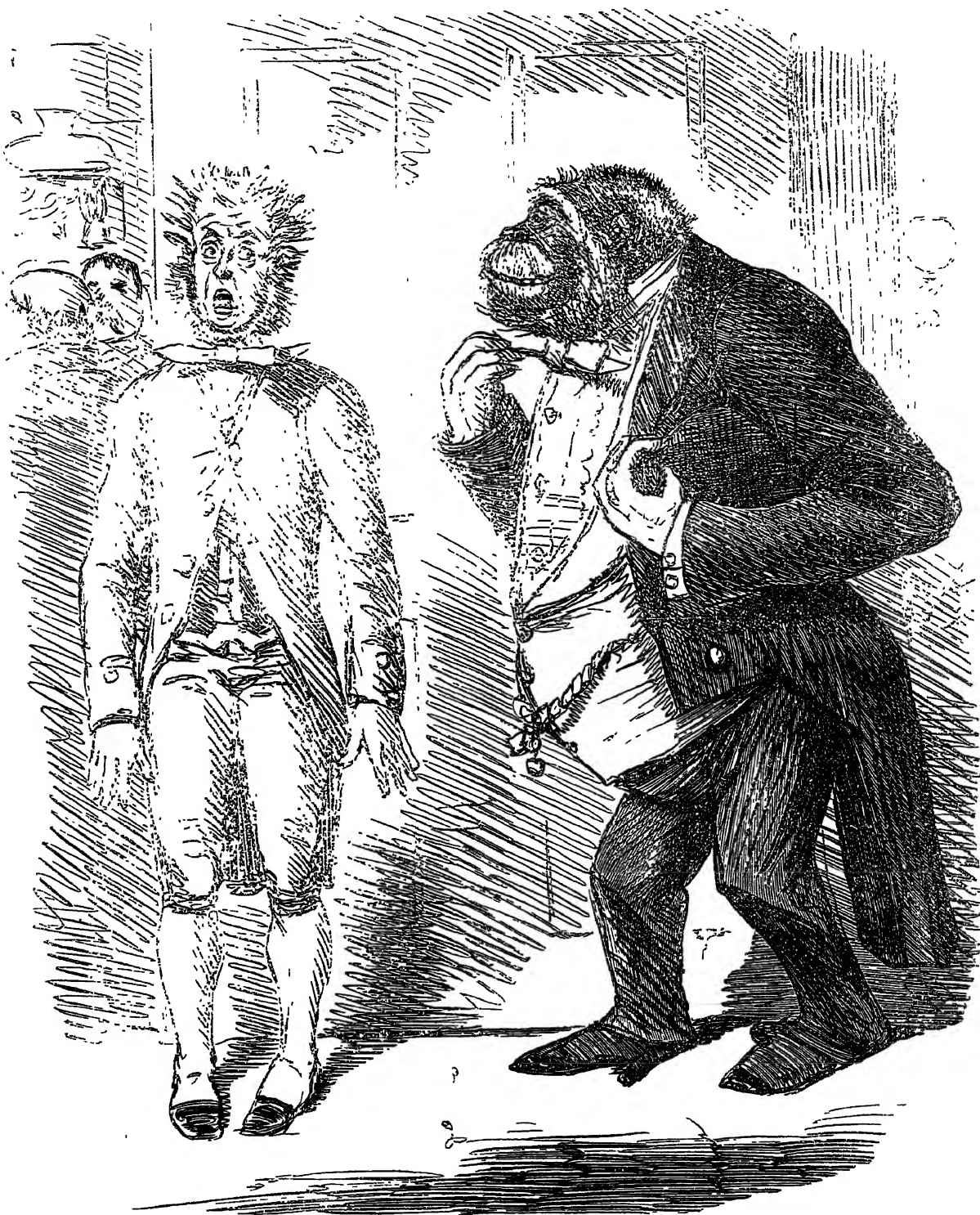
THE LADY HONORIA AS SHE APPEARED WHEN THE ENGAGEMENT WAS OVER!

Surely such an invention might be adopted on shore, with modifications. Could not one of the Clubs be fitted up with a similar invention, with extra screws for black-balling objectionable candidates, backing the bills and kicking the cook? Mr. Punch hopes to see so remarkable a specimen of human ingenuity turned to some better account than the making a parcel of Indian passengers comfortable.

Pleased all Round.

M. DE SAINT MONTALEMBERT complained that MR. GLADSTONE spoke of the POPE as a Sanguinary Mendicant. MR. GLADSTONE (who had been indignantly alluding to the Perugian massacre) replies that he did not *say* Sanguinary, and that when he said Mendicant, he only meant that the POPE was begging for money. M. DE SAINT M. declares himself satisfied. So is M. DE SAINT PUNCH.

A QUAKER'S SENTIMENT, AND A VERY PROPER ONE TOO.—“May the next news across the Atlantic savour still more of the Pacific!”



THE LION OF THE SEASON.

ALARMED FLUNKY. "MR. G-G-G-O-O-O-RILLA!"

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"ONE of the advantages pertaining to the erratic character of this correspondence is the licence which enables me to change my subject as befits the hour. Theoretically, too, I may be said to enjoy a certain amount of ubiquity, and you need never be surprised when I hail at short intervals, from widely remote quarters. What if I date my letters one week from the summit of St. Bernard and the next from the interior of the Thames Tunnel? Even the sticklers for the 'Unities of the Drama' must relax their dogmas in favour of steam and telegrams. So, if on my journey to the Eternal City, I turn back to look in at Trafalgar Square, you will be prepared for the retrogression. True the fountain of Trevi is a more picturesque object than the clumsy syringes behind the Nelson Column, and it is somewhat a shock to look at poor HAVELOCK's statue after gazing on the *chef d'œuvre* of PHIDIAS, but the plain truth of the matter is, the Royal Academy has just opened its doors for the ninety-third time to the British public, and if in Rome I have done as the Romans do, to-day in our own dear Metropolis I followed the example of most Londoners and rushed to the Exhibition.

"The time-honoured pent-house at the entrance, containing the two traditional British Grenadiers, showed me that the late alterations had not affected the exterior of the building, though I soon found from the altered condition of the staircase that steps had been taken towards an improvement inside, while the additional room for sculpture has confessedly given the present a great *haul* over former Exhibitions.

"Having fired off these two beautiful puns (which, you see, I try to bring in as if by accident, and not as if I had lain awake half last night to make them)—having discharged, I say, these tremendous jokes, I will proceed to tell you to the best of my humble ability what I saw in the East Room.

"No. 7. *Pharaoh's Daughter*, by MR. ARMSTRONG, is an Egyptian woman's head, the principal feature of whose coiffure appears to be the body of a stuffed peacock, which is far more becoming to her Oriental features than the bird of Paradise and cock pheasant with which our modern dames have crowned their hats and turbans. If there be authority (as no doubt there is) for the former, it is curious to think that in three thousand years the fashions have altered so little. A bird in the hand, we know, is worth two in the bush—how much a bird on the head costs, I must leave Paterfamilias to settle.

"Next to SIR J. W. GORDON's portrait (painted with his usual ability) of MR. JAMES SMITH, is No. 10, *Dawn—Luther at Erfurt*. The subject is treated originally, and very carefully painted. Here is no striving to enlist the sympathies of Exeter Hall—no rampant Protestantism. LUTHER's head, whether portrait or ideal, is well studied, and there is more than ordinary significance in the grey morning light which is beginning to illumine that pale and earnest face.

"MR. LEE exhibits a painting (16) of the Signal Station, Gibraltar, from the rocks near Breakneck Stairs (and very break neck they look). Portions of the picture are very finely touched in, but if Gibraltar is as cool as this picture suggests, the lizards must suffer severely from influenza."

"MR. FROST tells us that Venus lamented the absence of Adonis—a melancholy fact which has often been brought under our notice before. For my part I am inclined to doubt the endurance of her grief. No doubt she was once attached to the young man (for whose sake, as DR. LEMPHRENE assures us, she temporarily abandoned Olympus) but we find her at no distant period from this event flirting with Anchises, and there is no doubt now, I think, that she was a great jilt, and that when Mesdames Juno and Minerva met over their cup of nectar, they were quite right in their version of that little affair on Mount Ida. So we won't believe that the Paphian goddess broke her heart, and any one who looks at No. 23, will I am sure concur with me in thinking that such an extremely attractive young person soon found other admirers, and that Master Cupid there by her side did not keep his bow unstrung very long.

"A little picture (25) by MR. CARY shows what can be made of a homely subject. Some children and an old man are gathered round the 'village well' to gossip. An old picher (which in spite of the proverb, has evidently gone often to the well without being broken), lies by in the grass. The children appear interesting and interested save one little girl, who by her apathy seems wishing to leave well alone.

"MR. SANT's portrait (41) of a young gentleman in knickerbockers and scarlet stockings is very successful in colour, but why put a boy just entering his teens in the conventionally heroic attitude which M.P.s and Aldermen adopt in their testimonial portraits, viz., leaning on one hand and placing the other in the region of the waistcoat?

"44. *Early Sorrow* is here typified by the mock funeral of a 'dickey bird' conducted by children, who play the parts of mutes (a practice which I shall earnestly recommend to my noisy nephew TOM) and mourners exceedingly well. The father (a shoemaker) looks round from his work amused, and outside the cottage-door a little boy-sexton is digging a tiny grave. It is a taking subject with young folks; but perhaps a little too theatrical in treatment.

"49. *St. Elizabeth of Hungary distributing Alms to the Poor*. The author is Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy, and being so, it would ill become a humble individual like myself to pass criticism on this picture. The subject should make it a tender one; but though MR. HART is the painter, I cannot for the life of me see much heart about it.

"*Mischievous Models* is the title given to a cheerful little picture, representing a dog and kitten playing with the palette and 'properties' of an artist. Perhaps this is the identical cat who having been let out of the bag has got into a helmet. The puppy, imitating as other puppies do, the habits of his master, and having seen his pause over the canvass, claps its own paws over the palette; and to use a familiar expression, is playing old Harry with the colours.

"Passing cheerfully over MR. STANFIELD's clever work, *The Capture of Smuggled Goods in the old Antrim Road*, to which the highest praise I can give is to say that it is STANFIELD's, I come to MR. PHILIP's *Gossips at a Well* (66), one of the many episodes in Spanish humble life which the artist has made familiar to us. What need to particularise the pretty brunette and the roguish muleteer, the gaily-trapped donkey, or the road-side shrine. Spain shares with Italy a rich mine of picturesque material, and as often as MR. PHILIP comes home, these are the sort of treasures he brings with him.

"Of course one could only expect a full-length portrait from the pencil of MR. LONG. The likeness which he has painted (86) seems that of an honest country gentleman who has had the good taste to appear for the occasion in knickerbockers, the only portion of our modern English dress which unites comfort with picturesqueness.

"Comparisons are invidious; but as 84 appears hung as a pendant to 94, one cannot help for once contrasting the rich colouring and unconventional treatment of the latter portrait with the pure modernism and cold touch of the first. Whoever does so, must award, I think, the palm to MRS. WELLS, despite the scornful expression of her *Bella Veneziana*.

"What shall I say of MR. DYCE's exquisite landscape (98)?"

"Sweet day, so calm, so cool, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die."

How can I describe the picture better than by quoting these lines? How better realise the beauty of the poem than by looking at that canvass? It is the perfection of quiet, earnest nature-reading: unaffectedly simple—wonderfully accurate without obtrusion of detail—a pastoral poem in itself. The stream flows on in easy rhythm, the trees are nodding to the cadence of the verse, and there stands good GEORGE HERBERT, at once the key-note and the author of the song.

"Are there any who sneer at that formal cassock, or reject the quaint significance of that uplifted hand? Let them turn then to look at Nature's fashion-book, and remember that the same patterns which delight us now, old ISAAC WALTON, at the river-side, approved 200 years ago.

"110. Is MR. ELMORE tempted by his great success last year to keep us still sighing over *Marie Antoinette*? The poor Queen's features are not less interesting than in his former picture, and the incident chosen is a good one; but I hope he will select another heroine in 1862.

"118. Nothing can be more natural than for MR. HOOK to go in for fishing subjects, and nothing more natural than the way in which he paints them. The bluff hardy Cornishman, his chubby children, that sea-green freshness, which he has made his own, are enough to make poor cockneys sigh for summer, and all the beauties of a sou'-west coast.

"126. MR. CORE's *Convalescent* seems hardly well enough to eat oranges, but one can excuse such apparent indiscretion for the sake of the pretty accident of colour the orange creates—the only accident I hope which may befall Mamma's pet for many years to come.

"How did she do it?" "What's the secret?" "Where's the strap?" exclaim a dozen voices as I push my way politely up to SIR EDWIN LANDSEER's picture (135), and see depicted a young lady reclining triumphantly by the side of a lately restive but now subdued and obedient filly.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Punch, when you have seen the portrait of this horsetamer, you will not ask such senseless questions. I remember an old Greek Epigram in which Minerva seeing a statue of Venus armed, asks what business she has with implements of war—she who can vanquish ever so many Argives with her glance alone.

"And so I say, what is the use of a whip in those fair hands? Where is the brute who requires a strap to hold him near her? Horse-taming indeed!—who but an ass could resist such influence?"

"There are many more pictures which I want to tell you about, but my lamp is going out and MRS. KINAHAN, in a state of alcoholic coma, consequent on her exertions in scrubbing down my stairs, declines to relight it.

"I remain therefore for the present,

"Yours faithfully (in the dark),

"JACK RASSEL."

A C SONG.

Inscribe to SIGNOR TANDERLIK after a hearing of his famous "ut de poitrine."



HE C! the C! the open C!
That cometh from the chest so free;
'Tis cheering to hear that high clear
sound.

Now it rings the house, above, around.
It rings through the stalls, to the pit it
flies,

And e'en to the back of the gallery hies.
I love the C, the high chest C,
'Tis a tone above SIMS REEVES his B;
It would puzzle GRUGLINI so high to go,
And it taketh the shine out of MARIO.
Though a storm in the chorus and band
there be,

What matter their clatter? they ne'er
can drown the C!

I love, O how I love to dwell
In thought on the glories of William
Tell:

Where the shining lake and the silver
moon

Seem to harmonise well with each soft
sweet tune;

When TELL's voice is heard in that
grand tri-o,

And the chorus come trooping from high and low.
I'm fond of HERR FORMES' deep bass roar,
But I love the high C more, far more,
As upward it soareth as clear from the chest
As the nightingale's singing to cheer its nest.
And a wonder it always hath been to me,
How a tenor can touch that high chest C.

The vibrato style I hear with scorn,
In nervousness or weak lungs 'twas born:
And I hate the fasetto, although I'm told
That by it REBAIN made pecks of gold.
Mere quivers and quavers to me sound mild,
But the high chest C just suits this child;
It stirreth the soul, and it quickens to life,
All the pulses that vibrate to love or strife.
I have wealth to spend, I have power to range,
But from TELL at the Garden I wish no change;
And if ARNOLD ever should call on me,
I'll get him to sing me his high chest C!

A SIMILARITY WITH A VERY GREAT DIFFERENCE.

THE QUEEN has recently been sojourning at the White Lodge, Richmond. The usual place of habitation of the President of the United States is, as our readers know, the White House, Washington. Though the two abodes have a similarity of sound in their names, how different must be the feelings of those who at the present moment inhabit them! In the White Lodge, there is comfort, ease, repose, mutual love and confidence, and the strongest sense of security; in the White House, there must be anxiety, bustle, intrigue, suspicion, feverish agitation, and the constant dread of rebels invading the sanctity of the threshold. The inmate of the one is as safe as though she were in Windsor Castle; the inmate of the other cannot surely divest his mind of certain fears that there is a very strong chance of his being turned out, though for ourselves we cherish the hope that old ABE LINCOLN will long remain in. The resemblance of the two names has made us allude to the difference of the feelings that we fancy must just now be resident in the two places. White and Black could not be more different;—in fact, it is all the difference between Liberty and Slavery.

The Return from Syria.

* THE National Air of France under the Empire has been *Partant pour la Syrie*. The full signification of the fondness of our allies for this song was never apparent till now, when, having gone to Syria, and promised to quit it at the proper time, they seem to object very much to being as good as their word.

* A SWELL'S VERDICT ON THE DUKE OF AUMALE'S LITERARY FUND SPEECH.—"Now Ch' AU-MALE."

PROTESTANTS UNDER PROTEST.

In the *Aberdeen Herald* of the 11th instant, a Correspondent from this city mentions, among other highly interesting matters, that at "the future home of the PRINCESS ALICE," which our loyal readers are of course aware is Hesse-Darmstadt,—

"There is a large theatre, where operas are very well done, far better than at Frankfort, a much more important place. The ballet is an object of great care, under an Italian ballet-master. I saw *Norma* and *Giselle* exceedingly well performed, and, Protestants although they be, the great attractions are always given on Sunday evenings."

The latter of these sentences is rather loosely written; but really the writer "doth protest too much," we think, if he means to state that *Norma* and *Giselle* are Protestants. Connoisseurs in music very often boast of being Catholic in taste, but we never heard one speak about an opera as Protestant. The performances at certain of our Puseyite conventicles certainly smack somewhat of an operatic form, and are the nearest approach to a Protestant opera with which we have as yet, in England, been acquainted. Even these, however, are more Catholic than Protestant; and so we are not much helped out of our perplexity. *Norma*, to our mind, is more Druidical than Protestant; and what are the peculiar tenets of *Giselle* we leave to MR. SPURGEON, or any other enemy of dancing, to suggest.

NUISANCES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

1. The necessity of leaving your stick or umbrella, and, on a wet day, owing to the insufficient number of attendants, having to wait a quarter of an hour, at your entrance and departure, before you can deliver your property up, or have it returned to you. *Notes*—The monstrous inconvenience inflicted on the majority of the public by about one fool in a million, who would poke a cane through a picture.

2. The habit of stupid people, especially ladies in the midst of immense muslin, getting close to the pictures, so that those who want to examine them at a proper distance, can never see them at all.



STIPPLES is fortunate enough to get his Picture in the Academy this year: his delight may be imagined at finding it placed on the Crinoline line, below the "sensation-picture" of the year.

3. The still more disgusting habit, of which silly youths are peculiarly guilty, of not only getting directly in front of the finest works of art, but also turning their backs on them, and their faces to their friends, who likewise stand before you, and with whom they hold foolish conversations for some twenty minutes, during which the paintings behind them are covered by opaque blockheads.

OUR NATIONAL DEFENDERS.

(A Confidential Letter addressed to Admiral Punch.)



ESSMATE, ahoy! What cheer, O! Shiver my timbers, but I feel quite nautical! Scuttle my lee scuppers if I can settle down yet to the lingo of a land-lubber, without first easing off my jaw-tackle, and paying out a few sea-terms. But belay there! I've a yarn to spin about our training ships, and as I chiefly want to say my say to shores' men, I must sink the sailor in the scribbler for this cruise.

"The fact is, my dear Punch, that I've just passed a couple of days on board HER MAJESTY'S Ship *Excelsior* (more familiarly christened, from her mooring-place, the *Madlark*), and hence came this explosion of nautical expressions, on

which my brains have recently been most absurdly bent. For, Cockney that I am, I armed myself at starting with a mouthful of sea-slang, and went through a course of MARRIOTT'S novels and fine old nautical dramas to prepare my tongue and ears for the talk that I anticipated. But sailors aboard ship don't converse at all like those upon the stage: and as for shivering their timbers and blessing their dear eyes, one might as well expect to hear them chaffing you in Sanscrit, or swearing in High Dutch. Time was, or may have been, when JACK spun yarns to messmates in the jargon of sea-novels, and when Captains gave their orders always with an oath. But this foul-mouthed age is past, and our young officers are gentlemen, which is more than can be said of some of the old salts.

"Mind, I don't mean to allege that swearing is extinct; though from the lips of a 'blue-jacket' it somehow sounds, I think, considerably more harmless than from most. But as a rule now, naval officers, like other gentlemen, abstain from it, and in time their good example will extend among their men. I found a dozen or so youngsters on board of the *Excelsior*, and neither in their board-room nor while at night ashore with them, did I once catch a coarse expression, or hear a song or story that would cause a sister's blush. Without attaching to this fact more weight than is its due, of how many Army mess-rooms could one say as much?

"Precious prosy this, I hear fast readers growl. One don't want *Punch* to sermonise and preach against coarse talk. Well, write me down a milksop and a parson-sucking swab. Because his hands, maybe, are not so white as are a Guardsman's, I have heard a naval officer called—aw—wathaw a coarse fellow; but seeing I have found him so cleanly in his converse, I cannot well admit that the epithet is just.

"As Sherrysmouth is now within a morning's ride from town, I should advise my *blasé* friends, who want to kill a day, to go and slay an hour or two on board of the *Excelsior*. If they reach her by two bells (which they will learn is one o'clock) they will hear the beat to quarters, and see somewhat of the bustle that goes on in real action. Used up though they be, and deadened to excitement, I think when they get between-decks they will feel their pulses quickened. Somebody or other asks, in some old song or other I remember somewhere hearing—

"Who ever saw a gallant sight,
That never viewed a brave Sea Fight?"

I dare say the poet's right; but as sea-fights are not included in our public exhibitions, I fancy few of us will ever enjoy the chance of seeing one. I own I have long longed to behold a naval action—a regular three-decker blaze-and sink affair, such as one finds in *Midshipman Easy*, *Peter Simple*, and *Ben Brace*, or in the Lives of glorious heroes like our NELSON and our COLLINGWOOD. But, besides the fact of none such having happened in my time, there is the fact that no safe place has been invented yet for seeing it. To go up in a balloon, and see a sea engagement, was for many years the height of my boyish aspirations; and though to my maturer mind there seems somewhat of cowardice in playing CÆSAR to the conflict, and calmly looking down upon the gladiators fighting, I must own, if the chance offered, I think that I should grab at it.

"But though one can't well hope to get a bird's-eye view of an engagement (without the risk of sharing the fate of poor *Cock Robin*), one may by visiting the *Excelsior* get somewhat of a notion of what it is to be in one. The bawling out of orders, the quick handling of the handspikes and the rumble of the gun-wheels, bring somewhat of confusion to the untrained Cockney brain. It must require no little discipline to keep order in such bustle; and one may well conceive how much more must be needed, when the guns belch forth their thunder, and shots tear up the deck, and the air is thick with smoke and well nigh filled with flying splinters.

"The quickness and precision with which the guns are worked, to use a Yankee phrase, is certainly a 'caution.' I think an enemy would hesitate before declaring war, if he saw how smart we are in banging off a broadside. To cast loose a big gun, and fire four rounds in seven minutes, each shot at a changed distance, and at more than half a mile, for the third round shifting breeching, and each shot scoring as a hit, is nowadays considered far from first-rate practice, and such as would by no means be commended by a CHADS. (Twenty rounds in fifteen minutes have been fired from an Armstrong, but then the gun was worked on shore, and there was neither casting loose, nor changing range nor breeching.) It would

surprise a languid swell to see what row and hurry skurry ensue upon an order such as—*'Enemy Abeam—600 yards' distance—independent firing.* Every young officer who serves in the *Excelsior* has to pass the regular training as a Captain of a gun; and stiffish work it is too, although I know of none more suitable for taking the starch out of you. Fond as I am of cricket, and all active games and exercise, I quite longed to slip my flannels on, and have a good sweat at it. Talk of taking Turkish baths to keep one's figure slight and slim and knock one's London living out of one! A go at Gun Drill once a week would bring an Alderman into shape, and quite prevent the need of further sudorification.

"As the subject of our Training Ships was lately before Parliament, I may next week say another word or two about my visit. Meanwhile I intend to keep my weather eye well open, and remain in strict obedience,

"YOUR NAVAL INSPECTOR."

ANOTHER LITERARY PENSION WANTED.

WHAT is a "Scribbler?" JOHNSON says, a "petty author;" and, as a harsher synonym, tells us a "bad writer." With this before our eyes we are not so much surprised as we might otherwise have been at seeing in the *Gazette* of Friday, May 10th, among the list of bankrupts, a gentleman whose name there is no need for us to mention, but who for his trade or calling terms himself a "scribbler."

As this unhappy "scribbler" is bankrupt in his pocket now as well as in his wits, we should advise him to put in a claim for Government assistance, basing his pretensions, on the mere fact of his "scribbling," which places him of course "in the same category with BURNS." Bad writer though he be, he cannot well be worse than the poet CROSS, to whom a pension has "for literary merit" just been given. We are inclined indeed to wager that the bankrupt is a more deserving claimant than the poet; for in calling himself a "scribbler" he at least shows he has modesty, in which good quality the other scribbler clearly is deficient.

SCRAP FROM THE MERRY WIVES.

SCENE—A Field near Richmond.

H.R.H. THE DUC D'A—— is discovered sword in hand.

Enter to him MR. PUNCH.

H. R. H. Vat be you come for?

Mr. Punch. To see thee fight, to see thee foin, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there; to see thee pass thy punto, thy stock, thy reverse, thy distance, thy montant. Is he dead, my African? Is he dead, my HENRICO, ha, bully? What says my HERODOTUS, my THUCYDIDES, my heart of elder. Ha! Is he dead?

H. R. H. By gar, he is de coward JACK PLON-PLON of de world. He is not show his face.

Mr. Punch. Thou art a Castilian King's connection by marriage. HEROTR of Greece, my boy!

Improved Spelling.

A PEELER, to make use of the Londoner's vulgar term, upon being asked, previous to passing his examination at Scotland Yard, how he would spell Policeman, wrote it down thus:—"Policemayne." Was the latter spelling the result of accident, or design? We incline to the belief that it was intended as a delicate compliment to the Great Commander-in-Chief of the Blues—the distinguished F.M. COMMISSIONER MAYNE.



The advantage of the Practice of "Athletic Exercises" by young Painters, as recommended by a Great Critic.

EMIGRANTS AND REMIGRANTS.

THE *Northern Whig* records that Emigrants from Ireland are leaving the Dis-United States for their own Green Isle in great numbers. This may well surprise us, considering Paddy's love of a row, and the rich prospects that the Model Republic just now holds out in that respect. But even more extraordinary than the remigration itself is a consequence of the remigration stated in the same article, *viz.* :—

"That the extermination of the Irish labourer had doubled the price of pigs."

That Pat has found himself in a pickle in the Airthly Paradise, his return to Ould Ireland is some proof: that he may have thought his prospect of saving his bacon better in Ireland than in the States, as things now stand, is quite possible. But why pigs should double in price, as Paddies disappear, is a problem we must own ourselves unable to solve. Can 'it be that Pat in the new world is ever slaughtered and salted down as a substitute for the pig which in the old world he used to be content with fattening? Perhaps the concatenation of ideas may be, that as Pat took his pigs to a bad market, when he emigrated across the Atlantic, the market is getting better, now Pat is taking his pigs back again.

THE GROAN OF A TRUE BRITON.

(Who hates everything un-English.)

AND have I lived to see the day
That two such things could be!
Fade, England's glory, fade away—
Come France, and rule the sea!
Of all the holds where Britons most,
To hold their own might claim,
Methinks the public-dinner chair,
And theatre, I'd name!

I deemed our SHAKESPEARE as our coasts
From Frenchman's touch secure;
That Frenchman giving British toasts,
No Briton could endure;
But here this FECHTER—all the go—
Hamlet to act doth dare:
At the Freemason's Tavern, lo!
D'AUMALE doth take the chair.

Of all un-English things I'm doomed
In these sad times to mourn;
I know no two which move me through
Such depths of wrath and scorn.
Let Britons on a British stage
Still spout and strut and stare,
And British Royal Dukes engage
The British dinner-chair!

What wretched foreigner e'er rose
To British notions true,
Of duties, which these tasks impose
Upon a man to do?
See FECHTER's *Hamlet* with a mop
Of flowing flaxen hair,
And not the raven Brutus crop
That KEMBLE used to wear!

The dear conventions all are dropped,
The ancient points are marred!
Old starts are tamed, old crossings stopped;
And old traditions barred!
'Tis *Hamlet* such as SHAKESPEARE's words
And simple study show,
Not the creation of the boards,
Of KEMBLE, KEAN, and Co.!

And so of this French Royal Duke,
Who dares to take the chair,
Where CAMBRIDGE once was wont to look
So large and debonair;
He stoops to talk both wit and sense,
And common-place to shun—
As if such things had e'er been known
Since public feeds begun!

Jumping out of his Skin.

ONE J. H. NICHOLAY, a person who sells skins in Oxford Street, has been publishing a letter in which he contrasts a couple of Magisterial decisions on the organ nuisance, and condemns the Magistrate who dealt most effectively with the perpetrators thereof. *Mr. Punch* is always indulgent, and is ready to make every allowance for the skin-man's natural sympathy with a noisy nuisance kindred to that of the cry of "Hare-skin! Rabbit-skin!" But when the skin-man presumes to sit in judgment on our metropolitan judges, we must say that he goes too *fur*.

Protection for British Salmon.

FRENCH Admirals, with all the folly of British Protectionist noblemen, have been kicking up a row in the French Senate against the proposed reduction of the import duties on fish. We can only say, we should be very glad if the Imperial Legislature would impose a prohibitive duty on Salmon-fry, which the natives of France buy of English poachers to preserve, and sell them under the name of Sardines.



"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE," &c., &c.

MILKMAN. "Oh, Sir, my Hartist as paints for me wished me to ask you if you'd make one o' Four in a Fec-aton to the Darby."

THE LISPING TRIBES.

At the last meeting of the Ethnological Society, after a paper about the natives of Western Equatorial Africa had been read by M. DU CHAILLU, the mighty hunter of gorillas, between whom and some of their human neighbours the principal distinction seems to consist in the circumstance that the latter are cannibals, there ensued a discussion, in the course whereof the Chairman, MR. CRAWFORD, "in reference to the inability of the Bakalai tribe to pronounce the letter 'r,' which they sound like an 'l,' observed that the Chinese have the same defective utterance, which excites a disgusting feeling when they speak of eating rice." The Chinese, in fact, when they attempt to say "rice," lisp, and at the same time appear to speak disagreeably plain. When we consider how large a number of youthful swells, of the most tumefied immensity, partake in the inability of the Bakalais and the Chinese to pronounce the letter "r," we cannot but rejoice to think that they do not mispronounce that consonant in the same dreadful manner as those barbarians; so that, although they cannot say "rice" like ordinary Englishmen, they do not turn that word into the one whereinto

it is transformed by Chinamen; but make nothing worse of it than "wice," which is mere nonsense, and disgusting only inasmuch as it is the utterance of imbecility.

CLOSE'S GUSH OF GRATITUDE.

N.B. THE following poem has been sent to *Mr. Punch* with the statement that it is the thank-offering of MR. CLOSE to LORD PALMERSTON for the £50 per annum. *Mr. Punch* doubts its genuineness, from its being so very much better than anything MR. CLOSE has yet published, but it is otherwise much in that poet's way:—

For this kind pension thou hast gave,
All thanks to thee, great PAM,
I am your most obedient slave,
Upon my soul I am.

I sang the praise of Bonny's King,
Benighted Afric's chief;
But if you like I'll change my strain,
And call that black a thief.

What, fifty pounds a year for me,
That's nigh a pound a week,
O Lord, I never shall contrive
My gratitude to speak!

If I can serve in any way
Yourself, my liberal Lord,
Believe me, Sir, by night or day,
You've only got to say the word.

Meantime upon my bended knees
I pray in fervent tone,
That gracious Heaven will always please
To bless VISCOUNT PALMERSTON.

He stuck me up amid haughty bards,
And men of art and science,
And thus my modesty rewards,
And sets them all at defiance.

And though I was a butcher low,
For humble craft designed,
Pothooks and hangers now shall flow,
In verse of every kind.

The man that will not honour me
Shall surely have a dose,
I'll physic him uncommonly,
As sure as my name's CLOSE.

But on the good LORD PALMERSTON,
Our excellent Premier,
I'll never hurl a fiery blast,
Or speak at all severe.

For he is as good as he is great,
And when he comes to die,
I only hope that we shall both meet
In yon purpureous sky.

Till then I'll always sing his praise,
That I've determined on;
And truly proud I am to hear
His name, like mine, is JOHN.

How to Make a Book.

You can print it and publish it at your own expense. If you fancy 500 copies will not be sufficient, order 1000, or as many as you like, as your object is only to give them away to your friends. In this manner, the Book can be made to go through as many editions as your superior judgment thinks best. It all depends upon how wide is the circle of your acquaintances, or how deep is your purse.

THE RICHEST DISH IN THE WORLD.—The "Weal" of Fortune.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE DERBY.



FRENCH horn is not disagreeable when heard at a distance, and the cornet-a-pistons has rather a lively effect when heard amidst the excitement of the road on our way home from Epsom, but we pity the poor fellow who lives in the same chambers with a sporting and sportive youth, whose entire day and evening are studiously devoted to practising on either instrument for an entire week previous to the Derby, so that he may be in good tone and tune on the eventful Wednesday. We know an unfortunate victim whose brains have been completely blown away in the above cruel manner. He endured the agony for five suffering days, when delirium set in, and it was painful to see his anxiety lest Mr. ROEBUCK should consider it his duty to bring his case before the House. He fondly expected to have

been on the Grand Stand on the long-expected 29th, whereas he is at present partaking of the hospitalities of DR. FORBES WINSLOW. It is time that the Legislature prevented gentlemen who are addicted to music (more especially when they are only young beginners) living in chambers. They should live in a house all by themselves.

THE FINEST PART FOR FECHTER.

"MR. PUNCH,

"REGARDLESS of expense, I have been to see the tragedy of *Hamlet*, which I witnessed from the Pit of the Princess's Theatre. I consider MR. FECHTER the best representative of the Danish Prince that I ever beheld, except ALEXANDER; and I'll not say that he does not play the part as well as ALEXANDER himself—FECHTER's countryman. The name of FECHTER is erroneously pronounced FEKTER by many persons south of the Tweed. Instead of 'ech' in FECHTER being sounded as 'ek,' you ought to give it the same pronunciation as what it has in the interjection 'Hech!'—the 'ch' having a guttural accent, as in GREGALACH and CATNACH; for, although educated in France, MR. FECHTER is a native of HER MAJESTY's dominions, and, if not born in that part of them called Scotland, at any rate obviously of Scottish extraction, and his name should be pronounced accordingly.

"I wish, Mr. Punch, you would use your influence with MR. FECHTER to induce him to perform a part still more worthy of his abilities than that of *Hamlet*. I will not deny that WILLIE SHAKESPEARE was a man of vast genius; but where's your WILLIE SHAKESPEARE by the side of JOHNNIE HOME, the author of *Douglas*?—in which finest of tragedies I should just like to see MR. FECHTER play *Norval*; and I remain, your constant reader—at the Caledonian Institution,

"ARCHIBALD FRAZER."

"Auld Reekie, May, 1861."

THE BEST "MILLING PAPER."—*Bell's Life in London.*

NAUTICAL DESTITUTION.

Not every indigent aged British sailor, suffering from wounds sustained in his country's service, is entitled to a pension or a berth in Greenwich Hospital; consequently, many meritorious old tars have no other refuge than the workhouse, which they are too high-spirited to enter whilst they can earn the smallest livelihood. On the Tyne, for example, they act as scullermen and watermen, capacities in which they have to compete with younger and safer men; so that what living they get is the barest possible. To supply the shortcomings of public justice, not to say generosity, towards these superannuated servants of their country, an institution has been founded under the name of "The Tyne Aged Sailors' and Scullermen's Asylum." The honorary secretary to this projected charity, in a letter to a contemporary, makes the following statement, illustrative of the misery of the ancient heroes whom it is intended to accommodate:—

"To prove their destitute condition, I may state that one of their number, a few months ago, died in the act of landing a passenger; and upon a *post-mortem* examination being made, it was found that the poor man (he was upwards of 80 years old) had actually died for want of the common necessities of life. I quote the exact words of the verdict, returned upon an inquest being held."

M. DU CHAILLÉ tells us that the Fans of Equatorial Africa are accustomed to eat the corpses of even those of their own people who have died of disease. The worst of cannibals, however, would turn from the repast offered by the carcase of a lean and tough fellow-creature. It is, therefore, unlikely that the Fans would suffer even the most worthless member of their society to be starved to death. The nation which allows its defenders to perish for want of the common necessities of life, and then abandons their emaciated bodies to the worms, may be more refined, but is it more righteous, than a tribe which eats the dead, indeed but for that very reason fattens the living?

The Tyne Aged Sailors' and Scullermen's Asylum has a claim not only on the consideration of the benevolent, but also on that of those who are chiefly actuated by the instinct of self-preservation. The safety of England from invasion depends upon her maritime strength; and the fewer sailors there are, the less difficulty will perhaps be experienced in manning the Navy.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

MAY 23. *Thursday.* Mr. Punch has the greatest pleasure in saying that Parliament is perfectly alive to the fact that there is a much more pleasant way of spending fine evenings than in ridiculous debates. A small House of Commons re-assembled, after Whitsuntide, on this Thursday, and talked about the Navy, as any topic connected with sea-breezes and blue water is agreeable just now, and LORD PALMERSTON made what MR. BRIGHT called a "Rule Britannia Speech." The next night the SPEAKER could not catch more than 34 Members in his hat, so he let them all go again. Dundee still first favourite, *Diophantus* second; PATTI singing charmingly, and GRIST enthusiastically received. Neapolitan ices not liked so well as the original kind. Floral Hall opened, and pronounced to be a delightful place. Who cares for Parliament!

A CAREER OPEN TO SCOUNDRELS.

THERE appears to exist some idea that the QUEEN's Proclamation, warning all British subjects against taking part in the atrocious war now raging between the Northern and Southern States of America was something more than a necessary formality. A supposition is actually expressed that English sailors, for example, might be tempted to engage in this abominable contest on either side, and that as pirates under the name of privateers; thus not only cutting the throats of Americans for hire, but also, butchering each other. Surely our community contains too few miscreants to render it at all probable that the belligerents would ever include any considerable number of HER MAJESTY's subjects. There cannot be amongst us a sufficiency of THURTELLS, BUKES, HARES, BISHOPS, WILLIAMSES, GREENACRES, RUSHES, PALMERS, MULLINES.

So many of such rascals as may go out of these dominions to fight in the American Civil War as mercenaries, whether for North or South, will leave their country for their country's good. It is to be hoped that none of them will ever come back again. If, however, they fall on the field or the deck of battle, they will die a death infinitely too good for their deserts. Their merited fate will be that of being taken prisoners, and dying with their boots on, in a noose, at the end of a rope, on the branch of a tree, or a yard-arm. If they are hanged, as they ought to be, and any question is asked about their execution, in the Press or in Parliament, the querist will, of course, be pooh-poohed or coughed down. Let them be buried in oblivion at the foot of the gallows; and let their epitaph be—"A good Rid-dance of bad Rubbish."

FORCE OF CONTRAST.—How the poor Sempstresses must envy the Lady who lives in Threadneedle Street when they reflect upon the amount of wealth that she has at her fingers' ends, and the little that they can command from theirs!

FAIR PLAY FOR PHOTOGRAPHY.



BEING what they weekly have before them in our pages, it is needless to remind our innumerable readers that Art in any shape or form is ever under the protection and the patronage of *Punch*. From the pictures "on the line" at the R. A. Exhibition, to the crayon caricatures which are covertly designed on Mr. *Punch's* doorsteps, and wherewith

small artists decorate his newly-painted shutters, all works of Art are cherished and encouraged by his influence, and the interests of artists are watched over and secured.

Now, Mr. *Punch* has learned from certain of his photographic friends, including his friend, FREDERICK, Lord Chief Baron of England, that HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners for next year's Great Exhibition have thought fit to pass an insult upon Photographic Art, by classing its productions with railway plant and garden-tools, small arms and ships' tackle, big guns, and new omnibuses, donkey-carts and corn-extractors, and the thousand other articles of mechanical apparatus comprised in Section II. The Lord Chief Baron, as the mouthpiece of the Photographic Council, has pointed out to the Commissioners that—

"In the observations of natural scenery and in the selection of what shall be represented with reference to the effect of light and shade, and from what point of view, in the grouping and arranging of the principal or accessory objects for the purpose of forming a picture, photography is no doubt an art, an imitative art; but the Council of the Photographic Society claim for it a position, however humble, among the fine arts, if etching and engraving may be so placed, as no doubt justly they may."

In other words, that is, they claim for Photographs a place among the articles admitted under Section IV., which, under the expansive head of "Modern Fine Arts," includes architecture, models, die-sinking, and engravings, in fact (except photographs) anything and everything in any way artistic, from the cast for a new halfpenny and the designs for Guards' Memorials, up to paintings by a MILLAIS and drawings by a PUNCH!

In summing up the case against HER MAJESTY'S Commissioners, the Lord Chief Baron states the grievance of the Photographic plaintiffs in language which, if forcible, is clearly not unfair:—

"The Photographic Society has been founded chiefly with a view to promote photography in connection with science and the fine arts, and the members interest themselves about photographic apparatus in the same manner only as a RAFAEL or a REYNOLDS might select and use the most convenient easel, the best brushes, or the most appropriate and enduring colours. The instrument is comparatively nothing. * * * They do not complain that the apparatus they use is put among all the other apparatus; but they do complain that results such as have been exhibited for many years by the Society, and have been honoured by the presence and encouragement of HER MAJESTY and H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT, are deemed worthy of no better place than among tools and mechanical devices of whatever merit; and they would appeal to the Royal and illustrious patrons of their body to be rescued from the comparative degradation of being mixed up with the last improvement in ploughs or cart-wheels or ships' tackle."

This appeal, Mr. *Punch*, in his Royal pleasure, is pleased graciously to back; and when His wishes are made known to the Commissioners, there will be little need of other "Royal Patrons" to bestir themselves, as His remonstrance will, of course, suffice to set the matter right.

"All's Well that Ends Well."

NOT many years back, a certain HAMLET lost a fortune in the Princess's Theatre by building it.

At the present day, the fortune of the Princess's Theatre is (thanks to MR. FECHTER, who, like a true CRYSTAL of his art, adorns everything he touches), being made by another *Hamlet*. It would seem as though it had been written down in the Book of Fate that it was to be the lucky destiny of the one *Hamlet* to pick up the fortune that had been lost by the other.

PUNCH'S PROPHECY FOR THE DERBY.

PROPHET, my bloaters, of course I'll prophesy for you if you like, and you are wise in coming to me, for when did your beloved Old *Punch* ever lead you by the hignis fatuous of imbecility into the quagmire of impecuniosity? Hi, NELLY, ho, NELLY, hearken unto me; I'll sing to you, I'll tell to you, what oss will win the D. Well, shall I say about that noble and merry animal? Dundee marmalade is uncommon nice, and GRAHAM, of Claverhouse, was a very distinguished party. Fill up your cup and fill up your can, when they saddle the horses, put on like a man, the racer will prove himself fearless and free, who stays at the finish with bonnie Dundee. We can't be rhyming and chiming for ever, my bloaters, so here goes again for "spoken." There's *Diophantus*, a Greek name I'm gave to understand, and perhaps there may be Greeks not a hundred miles from Epsom on Wednesday; they've a right to be there if they like, I suppose, Epsom Downs are free to all HER MAJESTY'S subjects, and so are Epsom Salts. But *Diophantus* rhymes to plant us, or I've mislaid my hearty poetica. Then there's the *Red Dragon*, touching which the only revelations I shall make are, that he'd better take the drag off if he means his number to be re(ajd). *Dictator* is to my mind a speck tatur, and yet if I should be spectator of his winning, I shouldn't be mealy mouthed in saying he was a good oss, and I hope he'll have a mash. As for the French oss, *Royallieu*, in which Royal Loo himself is said to take an interest, there's no royal road to learning or the winning post, but L. N. himself took an uncommonly short cut to the sign of the Crown Inn one cold morning, and what's the odds so long as you're a Nappy? *Kettledrum's* godfathers and godmother were bold sponsors, seeing that a kettledrum is meant to be beat, but if POLLY puts that kettle on nicely, we may all have tea with silver spoons in it, and wouldn't that be a pretty kettle of fish, my bloaters? Hush-a-bye, baby, your cradle is green, father's a nobleman, mother's a queen, sister's a lady and wears a gold ring, brother's a Drummer, and drums for the king. But now we behold *Kildonan*. Far be it from me to disparage anything that sounds Irish, I'm no disparager, though liking asparagus, and this kill may be a cure; who can ever say anything positive about Hibernia except that it is Latin for Ireland, and that PHILIP, you know, is proud Hibernia's king: "He his." Let us next clear off *Klarikoff*, and when this Russian's a rushin' ahead, I don't say knout, but you look out, iss Czar, as the niggers say. There are steppes in Russia, and there are steps up St. Paul's, lay that unction to your soles, my bloaters. *Atherstone* is a oss of the same name as my friend the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, only different, and I hope won't turn out what I am quite sure my friend the ATTORNEY-GENERAL never calls (or thinks) his neighbour, namely, a bad second. *Drake* may or may not be a duck, or if you like to look on him in the light of the celebrated Admiral, he may or may not be the Admiral CRICKETON, which run through all knowledge, and then was run through himself, but as for this oss's running, if a drake carried a feather-weight, eh, twig? Then for *Aurilian*, or hoary lion as they call him in the north, well, he rhymes to cornelian, and yet I'm far from saying he'd better be out. I have no idea "who taught the little *Nautilus* to sail," but I have reason to think that he will be a very good cock-boat. If I am asked of *Bombadier*, my answer you are free to hear, that some will think it very queer, if that oss gets uncommon near, but something whispers in my ear that *Bomba* run, and so do Deer. The remaining oss in the favourite list is *Imaus*, or as my friend the Wiseout anti-classically calls him, Imaws. I am gave to understand that he takes his name from a mounting in Scythia, where scythies was invented, whereby he pught to be able to cut along, and I am partial to classic osses, because they remind me of PAM and his Eleusianian—or did he say Isthmian?—little games. As for *Imaus*, I may as well say that if the mounting won't come to the Prophet, your Prophet must come to the mounting, and he'll take it kind if any of you that sees him looking thirsty, and has good champagne, and bawls out to him to prevent Destruction of Tissue. Lastly, bloaters, there is a oss that I am myself nuts upon, and that oss's name any of you may procure at No. 85, Fleet Street, at four o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 29th instant, by mentioning my name, and asking in a polite manner. Roo-ey-too-ey-too!

PUNCH,

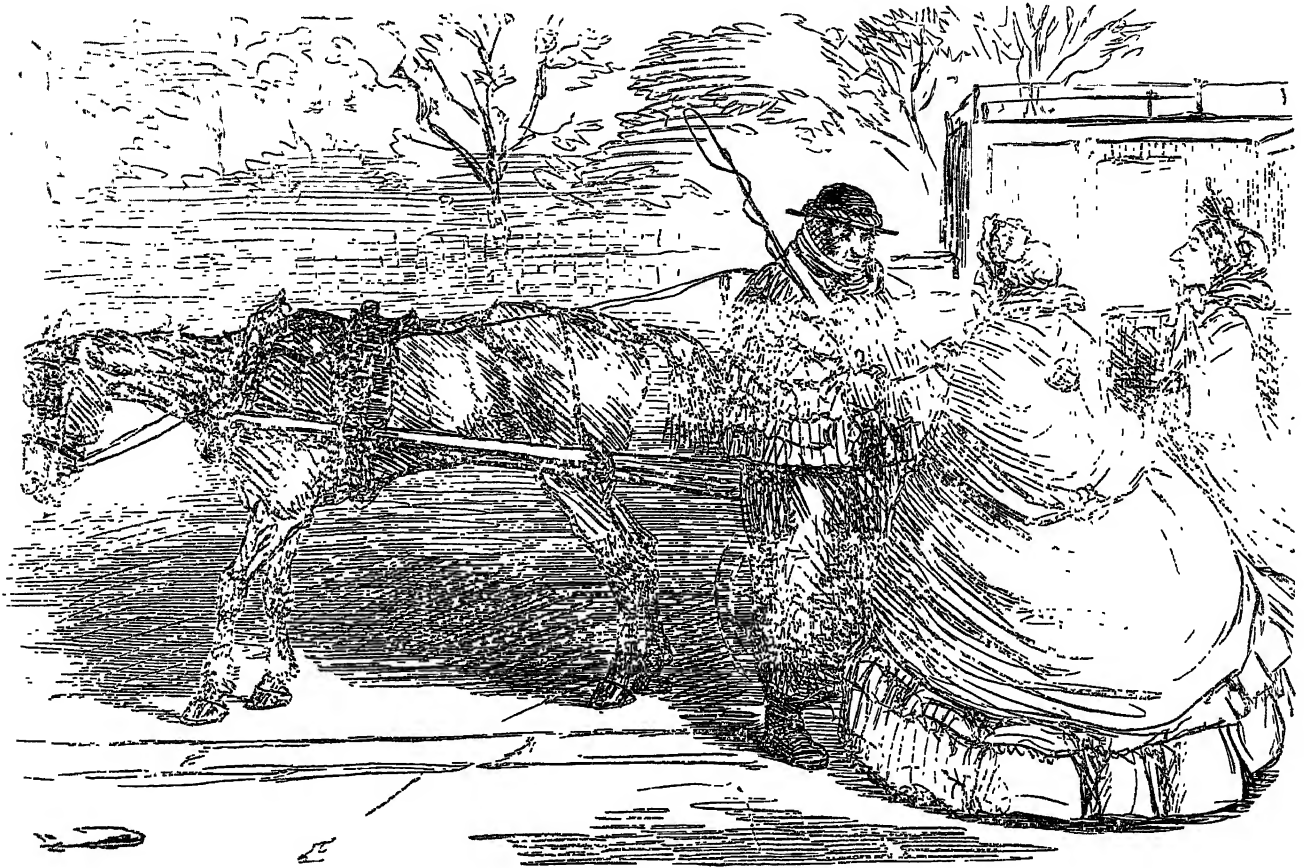
The only Correct Prophet.

ITALY AND HUNGARY.

A POETICAL idea occurred to Mr. *Punch* at the Crystal Palace Concert last Friday afternoon, as he listened to the lovely *Sull' aria* of Mozart, sung by GRISI the evergreen, and TITIENS the vigorous. As they stood together there with their sweet voices in accord, Mr. *Punch* could but regard them as the vocal representatives of what had been their birthplaces, Italy and Hungary. The sight appeared to Mr. *Punch* as a foreshadowing of the time when those two nations will be linked together hand in hand, and pour forth their song of triumph, exulting in their liberty. The parallel moreover was further still borne out: for TITIENS the Hungarian acted as the handmaiden of GRISI the Italian, and showed becoming deference to her elder sister, by waiting for her movements and following her steps. With the Derby week in prospect, and a host of country friends all clamouring for his "tips," Mr. *Punch* has no time now to put his poetry into rhyme; and must content himself with adding a hope that the united voice of Italy and Hungary may be as much in harmony and as free from discord as the voices of their daughters were when warbling MOZART.

Fashionable Obstruction.

THE enormous amplitude which female dresses have attained to is productive of peculiar inconvenience to pedestrians in haste, walking through fields and lanes. Owing to the present width of skirts, it takes a little woman five minutes to get through a great gate.



Lady. "OH! PLEASE, CABMAN, DRIVE ME TO ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH. YOU GO UP EBURY STREET, AND TAKE ———"

Cabman. "I KNOW—HOPPOSITE THE THREE COMPASSES!"

BRYAN THE BRAVE.

An English Melody for the Derby Day.

REMEMBER the glories of BRYAN THE BRAVE,
Though his day, for the present, is o'er:
Though lost to the Ring, till he learns to behave,
He returns to the Paddock no more.
That star of the Field by stern DERBY was scanned,
And in Jockey-Club censure hath set,
But a lesson is chalked all across the Grand Stand,
To teach how the knowing ones bet.

Forestalled in his betting was BRYAN, the dear,
And the Legs they stepped into his shoes,
So he shouted aloud, where his rivals could hear,
The word for his jockey to lose.
Bad temper upset him; and read, in your *Bell*,
That "others their counsel could keep,
Had he whispered it quietly, all had been well,
And he'd done the trick decent and deep."

O Dupes of the Wednesday, what use to repeat
That on Thursday you'll look jolly grave?
Each owner who means that his horse shall be beat
Doesn't bellow like BRYAN THE BRAVE.
So make up your books, boys, and put on the pot,
Luck waits on the downy and bold:
And with tin all abroad, and with coppers all hot,
Next morning confess yourselves—Sold.

Two Thoughts "All in the Downs."

THE man who has renounced betting is decidedly a wiser, if not a better, man.

There is scarcely a race-horse that runs that hasn't a blackleg about him.

"THE COOLIE EMIGRATION."

THIS emigration, which is generally southward, has not yet commenced, though about August, doubtlessly, it will be in full force. When we say that thousands have already promised to join the movement, we certainly speak within bounds. The chief ports that the Emigration is expected principally to bear upon are Brighton, Dover, Folkstone, Hastings, Worthing, Eastbourne, Ramsgate, Broadstairs, Scarborough, Whitby, Blackpool, Boulogne, Ostend, Dieppe, Tréport, and innumerable others, for which we refer the emigrating reader to the map. Of course, it is clearly understood that by "Coolie Emigration" we mean the exodus that yearly takes place from all large suffocating towns on the part of all persons who are panting for a mouthful of cool air. Should this hot weather continue, the Emigration will take place this year much earlier than usual. In fact, we know several ladies, whose great maternal anxiety is the best excuse for their burning eagerness, have already made preparations. On more occasions than one, they have pointedly told their husbands that "the Doctor has recommended the poor children change of air." As yet, their overtures have not met with the smallest encore.

The Advantage of Stuttering.

A YOUNG author (we will not mention names) has the lining of his hat completely blackened with ink. The wonder was how the spots could have got there, because authors do not generally carry their inkstands inside their hats, when a Wag present, who stuttered (and if he hadn't stuttered, he could not have made the joke) suggested that "probably it might be the result of th'-th'-inking!"

IT'S JUST LIKE THEIR CONCEIT!

"WOMEN," says a literary Hermit, "might have some reason to be proud of being the more beautiful half of the human race, if the other half wasn't so confoundedly ugly."



A DERBY OBSTRUCTION.

DIZZY. "SHAN'T GET OUT O' THE WAY. I'D LIKE TO UPSET THE LOT OF YER!"

THE POPULAR THIRST FOR PLEASURE.



DRINKING-FOUNTAINS are liberally represented at the Academy this year. With the heat and the dust of the room, they make one quite thirsty to look at them. Besides, there is a hot glare about the majority of the pictures, the rays (or R.A.s, shall we say?) of which concentrate powerfully, as from a focus, upon one, and dry up every drop of moisture in your parched body. It is arid work to be exposed to a burning-glass of Art for two or three consecutive hours. It is a small taste of the Desert, without the smallest hope of finding an oasis in it. There is plenty of water around you, but not a drop to drink. These water-pieces only aggravate your torture, putting you painfully in mind of what Tantalus must have suffered. SPANFIELD, HOOK, LEE, LIN-

NELL, COOKE, are for the moment so many mocking, wicked persecutors, who taunt you with their beautiful imitations of nature. You allow mock Drinking-Fountains—why not permit the introduction of a real one? A lady might faint away, and we doubt if there would be a glass of water to be found in the place, to put to her lips, or dash in her face. This is cruel, and even wicked, Messieurs Royal Academicians; for you might be unconsciously the death of a beautiful Duchess, or of a lovely Princess of the Royal blood. We beg to tell you that your beautiful art was given you to charm the eye, to captivate the imagination, and not to inflict cruelty on the palate. Your magnificent creations would not be damaged by a bottle of lemonade, or sixpennyworth of ice, being sold down below, at the place where they take the sticks and parasols; on the contrary, your admirers, once refreshed, would return to your transporting transcripts of the world once more, and gaze on them with fresh delight.

We respectfully want to know why there should not be a Refreshment Department at the Royal Academy? It is not a place where you run in for merely five minutes, but it is a fashionable lounge, where ladies frequently spend the entire afternoon. Art may be very beautiful, but Nature grows tired after admiring it a certain period, and cries out for support. There is no use in your looking at pictures that gratify the most fastidious sense, if your own frame is exhausted. We doubt if the most blooming bunch of grapes that was ever painted by LANGE would revive a young lady who was faint with thirst.

Thereupon, it is out of pity for the sufferings of the fair sex, that we beg of the Royal Academy to grant the establishment of a *buffet* where they could procure a harmless restorative, if it were only a glass of iced water; and if it would, also, kindly throw in a little beer for the benefit of the gentlemen, who are sometimes subject to similar sufferings, we should be doubly grateful, and let the beer be ever so small, we will never think of measuring the size of the favour by it. As it is, if any one goes out for refreshment, a glass of beer costs him a shilling above the usual price, since no one is admitted without repaying on re-admission. In this way, we know a poor corpulent aldermanic old gentleman, whom it cost on one occasion as much as half a sovereign. It was a very hot afternoon, and he suffered so much that he had to go out not less than ten times for refreshments! It was too bad!

The above rule of repayment on readmission must be a most profitable source of additional revenue to the Royal Academy, but we will never meanly suppose that it is allowed one moment to weigh as the principal reason for not granting the establishment of a Refreshment Department.

A Dark Inquiry.

WOULD the Herald's College be kind enough to inform us whether "Black Monday," that we so often hear spoken of is any relation to the "Man Friday" that was so attached to *Robinson Crusoe*? Being both of the same complexion may possibly bring them within the pale of such a probability? However, their dispositions are certainly very different, for schoolboys, who, as a class, generally evince the greatest love for the *Man Friday*, do not hesitate to express their profound hatred for Black Monday!

OXFORD PRIZE POETRY.

UNDER the head of "University Intelligence" it was announced that, at Cambridge, the other day, an Extraordinary Congregation was held for granting honorary degrees, and for the public recitation of the University prizes. The degrees having been conferred, in the presence of the VICE CHANCELLOR and the Heir Apparent:—

"Next followed the recitation of the prizes, the most interesting of which was, of course, the English poem, *The Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington*. Mr. MYERS read his composition in a very creditable manner, for it is not always that the best poet is the best reader. Several passages were loudly applauded, particularly the following:—

'Hail! flower of Europe, heir of half the earth,
Descendant noble of a noble line!
Blest none from Heaven with so bright a birth
So fair a fate as thine.'

We don't know what the PRINCE OF WALES thought of this poetry; but if it had been addressed to his Royal Grandfather, GEORGE THE THIRD, we are afraid that the good old King would, in the language of LORD BYRON, have exclaimed—

"What, what!
Pye come again? No more, no more of that!"

"Hail! flower of Europe." Why flower of Europe? England is not Europe; still less is Wales. With what propriety can the PRINCE OF WALES be called a flower? Male and female flowers there are in botany; but, in the modern language of compliment, flowers are always female; for though an individual of the masculine gender is sometimes addressed as "my tulip," that form of address is a familiarity bordering on contempt, and to apply it to the Heir Apparent would be taking a gross liberty with his Royal Highness. Wherefore is the Prince invoked, in the face of facts, as "heir of half the earth"? The hyperbole transcends the sublime; and appears to have been adapted, without improvement, from the parallel passage in *Lord Bateman*:—

And half Northumberland belongs to me.'

The rest is simply PYE; if it may not be said to stand towards pie in the minor relation of tart; but it is too insipid for that. The wonder is, first that the above lines are part of an Oxford Prize Poem, and next that they "were loudly applauded." To relish them, Oxford must be very fond of PYE. We can only suppose that a competition in English Poetry at Oxford is conducted on the principle of a donkey-race wherein the hindmost wins. This arrangement might tend to encourage classical scholarship by rewarding negative proficiency in a pursuit calculated to attract attention from severer study. Perhaps it exists and has been devised to that end; therefore we will trust that the author of the *Prince of Wales at the Tomb of Washington* is a scholar of proportions inverse to those which he exhibits as a poet; and that his real distinction simply consists in being one of the first men of his year.

SMALL CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

IN answer to a question from LORD BERNERS, EARL DE GREY said that the reason why those who were entitled to the Delhi prize-money had been kept out of their share for three years and a half, was because the Government had been unable "to complete the rolls of accounts." This will be great comfort to the poor soldiers, to know that because the rolls are not ready, they are to be kept out of their bread. In the meantime, they may starve—Government cannot help it—the rolls must not be hurried! We little thought it took three years and a half to make a roll—and it is not ready yet! We will conclude by putting the following sum to the Indian Office:—"If it takes four years to make a roll, how long will those who are entitled to the larger prizes, such as a quatern loaf, have to wait?" In the art of "cooking accounts," Government sadly neglects the baking department.

The Just and Holy Cause of Slavery.

"We feel," says PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS, in his Message to the Secession Congress, "that our cause is just and holy." Could not the negroes of the Southern States, if they rose against their masters, say just as much, with at least equal justice, for their own insurrection? The less MR. DAVIS says about justice and holiness the better, if he does not want to preach a dangerous doctrine, besides being considered a humbug. "Dash holiness, and justice be blanked!" is the consistent language for MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS. "Might is right; we expect to thrash the Northerners; and the Institution of Slavery for ever!"

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO GO TO THE DERBY BY THE ROAD.—One grain of Sense is worth a whole bushel of Chaff!



HORRID GIRL!

Mild Youth. "HAVE YOU SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'?"

Horrid Girl! (with extreme velocity). "SEEN 'THE COLLEEN BAWN'! DEAR, DEAR! YES, OF COURSE. SAW IT LAST OCTOBER! AND I'VE BEEN TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE, AND I'VE READ THE GORILLA BOOK!"

[*Mild Youth is shut up.*]

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I SPOKE in my last letter of an evening I had spent in seeing MR. and MRS. KEELEY and MR. T. P. COOKE, and others who recalled the scenic pleasures of my schoolboyhood, and made me feel quite young again, as they themselves indeed appeared. *Eheu fugaces!* How well do I remember my stoical self-denial at the 'tuck-shop' many a week, that I might have my couple of shillings for the theatre on Saturday! For boys were not too proud then to go into the pit, and when they went were not ashamed to look as if they liked it. Now-a-days 'young gentlemen' (one never hears of 'schoolboys') think it snobbish to be seen at a theatre at all, except indeed if be in private boxes and white chokers. And when they condescend to go, just to 'oblige the girls,' they seem to think it the right thing to try and look intensely bored, and as though the whole performance was quite beneath their notice.

"Now how can we account for this marked difference of demeanour in the juvenile playgoer of times present and times past. The *ætas præterita*, of which in person I can speak, does not amount to more than a score or so of years, but the change in this small interval, I think, is very great. Are our actors less attractive than they were a brief time since, or have our schoolboys sharper instincts to detect stage imperfections, and be dissatisfied with what might formerly have pleased? Or is it now thought fashionable to condemn the stage, and speak lightly of the efforts which are there made to amuse us? If so, it may be schoolboys are but following the fashion, and when one sees them yawning and sneering through a play, they are simply acting under the mandates of Mammas. I am inclined to think, however, that acting, as a rule, is not so good as it was once, or at least has not advanced so as to keep pace with the advancement of the times. The old performers whom I saw recalled the other night are still without a rival in their

LINES BY A COCKNEY.

Addressed to a young Lady, but dropped by some mistake into Mr. Punch's letter-box.

SWEET hangel, whom I met last heve
Hat Mrs. HARTHUR's 'op,
I 'ope that you will give me leave
A question now to pop.

I mind me 'ow when in the 'all
Your carriage was hannonced,
You hasked me to hadjust your shawl,
Hon which with 'aste I pounced.

Then heager to your Ma you ran,
She anxious to be gone,
I 'eard 'er call you MARY HANN,
Or helse 'twas MARI-HON.

Now, MARY-HANN's a name I 'ate
Has much as BETSY-JANE,
I could not bear to link my fate
With such a 'orrid name;

But MARI-HON I like as well
As hany name I know;
Then, hangel, I implore thee tell,
Dost spell it with a Ho?

"È PLURIBUS UNUM."

WE notice that in the American army there is a GENERAL BRAGG. Knowing, as we do, the charming licence of speech that our good Yankee cousins allow themselves when dwelling on their own private merits, we were not much astonished to hear that so eminent an individual held so high a position amongst them. We should like to see the General made Commander-in-Chief, for we are confident that where BRAGG leads, all true-born Yankees would be sure to follow. We have no doubt that BRAGG is a good soldier, but we rather incline to the belief that, of the two dogs of war, GENERAL HOLDFAST would be a much better one; and more especially would the services of HOLDFAST be of value at the present moment, when the entire Union is tumbling to pieces. In the meantime, we beg to give our disunited relations over the water fair warning that they will find civil war anything but an agreeable game of BRAGG. It is a filthy game at which neither side can win, but, on the contrary, at which both sides must inevitably lose.

peculiar walks; and were a Dramatic Derby to be run for, providing M. FECHTER as a foreigner be scratched, I'll bet that some old favourite would win the public stakes.

"As good actors are rather *rare aves* just at present, all well-wishers to the stage must of course have grieved to hear of MR. ROBSON's serious illness, which at one time seemed to threaten his permanent withdrawal from a place where he has done so much to entertain us. But I rejoice to hear that this is not now to be feared, and that ere long the *Chimney Corner* will be played with its old cast. Meanwhile MR. HORACE WIGAN has done his best to fill the part which MR. ROBSON will resume; and by way of novelty (at least at the Olympic, which is not a five-act theatre) the ever-green *School for Scandal* has been once more planted out. As I happen to remember the *Sir Peter* of old FARREN and the *Joseph* of MACREADY, I cannot say but what there are to my mind some shortcomings in the Olympic cast; nor with the NISBET's silvery laugh still ringing in my ears, can I speak of *Lady Teazle* as she is seen at present without somewhat of a prejudice to colour my remarks. Odious as they may be, comparisons in some cases are well nigh unavoidable; and when a man has found his *beau idéal* of a character, he finds it hard to speak with fairness of those who chance to differ from it. A critic cannot well help having recollections, and they are apt to twist his judgment and restrain his praise. But if MISS SEDGWICK be not a perfect *Lady Teazle*, she is perhaps the nearest to perfection now procurable; and old playgoers may find it an interesting pastime to go and see her acting, and note its chief shortcomings, and then decide among themselves the exact width of the gap.

"The sudden jump in the thermometer from freezing-point to summer heat, has set everybody talking of where they mean to go next August; and as affairs seem at present pretty peaceful on the Continent, Switzerland, of course, will be the place of chief resort. It is, however, now within the power of a Londoner to spend an hour or two in Switzerland without the bother of getting there. Simply by securing

a stall at Covent Garden, one may leave one's dinner-table at eight o'clock or so, and be comfortably sitting at Lucerne in half-an-hour. The lovely lake that MR. BEVERLEY has brought his moon to shine upon, quite tempts me these hot nights to go and take a 'header' in it: and the sweet airs of ROSSINI come as freshly from the stage as the mountain air that seems to have suggested and inspired them. Nor is *Tell* attractive only to the lovers of ROSSINI. MEYERBEER-admirers, who have *The Huguenots* by heart, will, in the Gathering of the Cantons, find a parallel effect to the Blessing of the Poniards; while, barring the grand climax of the jump out of the window, the delicious vocal interview between *Arnold* and *Mathilde* is quite as heart-touching as that between *Valentine* and *Raoul*. One who hears the opera as COSTA has produced it, can but wonder at its being coldly heard when first brought out; so coldly that its writer ever since, for thirty years, has abstained from all stage-work. What have we not lost by that too hasty verdict, and how careful should a critic be in uttering condemnation!

"But this is not a text that now-a-days needs preaching on. In musical as well as in dramatic criticisms, very much more rose-water is sprinkled now than vinegar. Thus writers get afraid of speaking the plain truth, and actors, in their vanity, fancy themselves faultless. The duty of a critic is to give judicious praise, and to point out imperfections with a view to their improvement. This is only possible where critics are unbiased; and to be this truly, they must keep themselves unknown. Whether this, again, be possible while 'Clubhouse Correspondents' have their ears at every keyhole, and have no consciences to stop them from blabbing what they hear, is a problem for solution by your faithful

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"HERE THEY SPIKE THE ENGLISH."



HE Schoolmaster is abroad, but he has not yet reached Fécamp, or if he have, he does not include the English language in his lessons. We print a *bond fide* advertisement, cut out of Thursday's *Globe*, enumerating the attractions of this Norman Brighton. *Mr. Punch*, in despair of adding any 'grace to this delicious production by his comments, prints it *verbatim et literatim*. Fécamp has quite earned the additional publicity the reprint will give her "establishment" by the fun our readers will gather from this unique specimen of Fécamp English:—

SEA-BATHS AT FECAMP.

—Beginning of the Season on the 1st of June. Among all watering-places none could be put in comparison to the fine and large establishment of Fécamp, which has been created by WATER SOCIETY.

There it is found the invaluable advantage to have in the same establishment, Lodging-houses, Chalets,

Taverns, Dining Table for two hundred guests, a Casino, Hot Baths, Sea Baths, &c. &c. At the Casino we find a Gymnasium, directed by a clever professor; Hot Baths of sea water and of a drinkable one, with ordinary or Scotch Shower Baths—A Breathing Hall for the sea-pulverised water. This is a good treatment for the larynx sickness—a Pistol aiming—Billiard Halls, with all sorts of games—Reading Rooms where all newspapers will be found—Drawing-rooms for the Pianoforte, with a distinguished professor specially engaged for the establishment—a Dancing-room, as well as for Music—a Special Gallery for Festivals.

On every evening a Concert will take place in the greatest style. Twice in the week Theatrical Plays. On Thursdays and Sundays Balls for children. On Saturdays a Ball in brilliant fashion.

With its good distributions, the Casino is admirably appropriated for the most splendid festivals, as well as for the private meetings.

One has the faculty of consenting with the administrator a general subscription, by means of which you have at the same time dining table, lodging, lighting, the perfect enjoying of the Casino, hot and the sea baths, or showers, and even the gratuitous cares of the doctor of the establishment. These subscriptions, it will be easily conceived, have the result of half diminishing (comparatively to all of her watering-places) the expense and trouble not to be parted with in a bathing season. In this manner it is no more need of addressing oneself now to this one for lodging, than to the other for dining, or bathing, or spending evenings, &c. &c.

Besides that, we find in this establishment all sorts of carriages to drive to Etretat, as well as to the handsome valleys of Ganzeville and Valmont, where are to be visited the majestic ruins of the antiquated Abbey and the Castle wherein one may see the Bed-room of François I.

To write for all inquiries and for rent, in Paris, New Mathurins Street, 48 (rue Neuve des Mathurins, 48).

Near Railway, Telegraphic Station—from Paris to Fécamp, hours.

THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—Bet, Better, Best left alone.

EXPENSIVE MATERIALS FOR CONVERSATION.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,

"WILL you please to use your irresistible power to put a stop to a practice which is now becoming extremely oppressive to persons afflicted with families? I mean the practice of Exhibiting a Single Picture, and charging to behold it the price of a whole Exhibition.

"I would not so much care, if the owners of the picture did not advertise obtrusively, so that there is no keeping the announcement out of the sight of one's family. But when, day after day, a woman beholds a Picture advertised, she gets into her illogical head that 'everybody is talking about it,' and I suppose I need not add that she resolves to be able to talk about it also, nor what the result of a woman's resolution is.

"Last Thursday, Sir, I, having a wife, two large daughters, and a smallish boy, who cares much more for pegtops than pictures, but whom my wife would not leave at home (and indeed she abused me for snubbing him, though I had given him a sovereign the day before) inspected as follows:—

	s.	d.	
MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S <i>Temple</i>	1	0	each person.
MR. JERRY BARRATT'S <i>Mrs. Fry</i>	1	0	"
MR. CORREGGIO'S <i>Ecco Homo</i>	0	6	"
MR. PATON'S <i>Pursuit of Pleasure</i>	1	0	"
MR. WARD'S <i>Sleep of Argyll</i>	0	6	"
MR. WINTERHALTER'S <i>Queen</i>	1	0	"
MR. VERBOECKHOVEN'S <i>Cattle</i>	1	0	"
	6	0	"

"Now, Sir, if you will let one of your young men multiply the above sum by myself, wife, large daughters, and small son, he will find the result to be thirty shillings. This, Sir, seems to me to be a good deal of money to lay out for the purpose of enabling three females to talk about seven pictures, to say nothing of about fifteen shillings more for lunches and cabs. They could have done the whole Royal Academy for five bob, and there are more than a thousand pictures there, but I need hardly say that on suggesting this at home, I was called a Mean Screw. I am not a Mean Screw, *Mr. Punch*, but

"Yours very respectfully,

"Edgeware Road, W."

"AN INCOME-TAX PAYER."

TO A CIPPUS-SMASHER.

O BISHOP BICKERSTETH, tell us what beast, man, Advised you to knock down the tombstone of PRIESTMAN: Who counselled you, BICKX, to fly in the Vicar's teeth, Tell us, O BISHOP OF RIPON, *né* BICKERSTETH? SHAFESBURY'S hierarchs' Latin is lazy, But you sure could translate *Requiescat in Pace*, And did not suppose R. I. P. to imply That the Party was Roasting in Purga-to-ry. You'll wish, our dear Lord, when the Judge gets his grip on The bran-new lawn sleeve of the BISHOP OF RIPON, That the BISHOP OF RIPON had acted more gentle, Nor like him who moveth the *triste bidental*. Meantime you'll do well, O most drowsy of Prelates! Not to aim at eclipsing the Puritan zealots: Let's hear that your Lordship, who certainly pious is, Will cease to disturb those who've passed from your diocese, And that, rather, on effort your Lordship determines To wake those you still can afflict with your Sermons.

An Example that is Set us by our Betters.

"THERE go the pigeons!" exclaimed with delight young BOB, after the great race had been run, as the birds went circling beautifully through the air.

"Yes, my boy," said an oldster, who had apparently made in his time as many books as ALEXANDRE DUMAS, only perhaps not all of them so full of interest, "look at them well; for I can tell you it is not often that you will see a pigeon that is let off on the Turf."

HEAT OF TEMPER PRODUCIBLE BY THE HEAT OF THE WEATHER.

Hot weather frequently has the effect of making many good-tempered persons extremely choleric, for which due allowance should be made; for is it not natural that a person who has been for hours exposed to a broiling hot sun, should evince the strongest desire at the first opportunity to take umbrage?



DAY BEFORE THE DERBY.

COSTERMONGER (loq.) "Ax yer pardon, Miss, but I must get ye to take a double 'lowance o' greens to-day, as to-morrow's the Derby."

HAVELOCK'S HUMBLE PETITION.

"WHAT I have done is done: my country's gratitude—
Amplly has been expressed to me and mine;
In every form of paraphrase and platitude
Employed where Englishmen in public dine.

"My birth-place is recorded in topography;
In print and out of print I have been mourned;
Done, overdone, in pietist biography,
My moral pointed, and my tale adorned.

"A grey-haired subaltern the Horseguards left me,
Too poor to purchase, too proud to despair;
Of all save faith and fight years had bereft me,
When sunset glory lit on my grey hair.

"And I, whose long day passed in the cold shade,
Went to my grave, at last, in dazzling light:
Happier that I had served my country's need,
Than in the fame which came so close on night.

"Respect my modest life, and leave my name
Where my own hand has set it—on the roll
Of Indian war: at least, let meddling Fame
With no more Statues vex my patient soul.

"Although a Christian, I was not a Guy,
My head and body were in due proportion;
I was not that which BEHNES sets on high,—
A short-legged hydrocephalous abortion.

"Wherefore, to NAPIER's and my disgrace,
Should Britain thus to her coppers dare,
With heads and tails like those that so deface
Our twin unlikenesses, in that one Square,

"Where pilloried in effigy are seen,
More marks than those burnt by BISHOP BONNER)

In all hues from fierce copper to deep green,
The men whom England most delights to honour?

"GREY talks of 'storied urns,' but never urn
Such stories told as statues now-a-days.
When will revived iconoclasm o'erturn
These bronze and marble monsters from our ways?

"A bookmaking biographer well known
The name of 'One of Death's new terrors' bears;
BEHNES and ADAMS might the title own,
Who work such libels on our clay with theirs.

"Nor satisfied with one guy, ten feet long,
At Charing Cross perpetuate in copper,
BEHNES in Sunderland repeats the wrong,
And there too vents of me a brazen whopper.

"England—of heroes mother—spend thy sons,
But doom them not, thus, to *post mortem* laughter:
Those that have died, like me, firm at their guns,
Ne'er looked to stand thus in the pillory, after!"

"Sanguinary Mendicant."

IN spite of what M. DE MONTALEMBERT may insinuate to the contrary, we cannot imagine any such words as "sanguinary mendicant," dropping from the classic lips of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, even though the subject he was speaking of was the POPE, and we only allude to them for the purpose of indulging in the absurd supposition that a "sanguinary mendicant" must be one who gets his living by means of "blood-money."

A CIVIL CONTINGENCY:—The exchange of civility on the road, returning home from the Derby. We should not like to bet much on such a contingency.



CUSTOMER. "That's rather dear, isn't it?"

FOREMAN. "Our customary charge, Sir, for hordinary hadults; but as you are a hundersized gent, we'll say 4 : 15."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 27. This has been rather a peculiar week, and one which will be remembered in Parliament, though the Outsiders either undervalued or misunderstood the Little Game that was played. As it has turned out, Ministers have not turned out, nor has there been an announcement that Parliament must turn out, but both events were on the cards. And the matter was in this wise.

The Conservatives in the Commons are exceedingly strong, numerically speaking (of course *Mr. Punch* does not mean intellectually) at this moment; so strong, that a very small addition of numbers would enable them to put PAM in a hole. Well, LORD DERBY does not want to take office, for the simple reason that by the time his men got warm in their places, they would all have to move out again. But, on the other hand, power is very pleasant, and it is agreeable to LORD DERBY and MR. DISRAELI to be able to say to the Government, "You may stay in so long as you are good boys and do as we bid you, but remember that you are in only by our sufferance." And an opportunity has occurred for putting this lesson in lively colours before the Constable and his men. There was an Irish grievance. It is called the Galway Contract. Certain Irish folks solemnly undertook, for valuable consideration, to do certain things in the way of mail-packeting. Of course, they did not do them; and as, after a great many months, it becomes clearer and clearer that the contract will be fulfilled in Irish fashion only, which is Anyhow, and not as per bond, the Government repudiates the bargain. This specimen of brutal Saxon tyranny and oppression has roused the Hibernian mind, especially the mind that lives in the bodies that dwell near the district likely to be benefited by the contract, and there was a Demonstration. Divers Irish Members had the screw put upon them by various interests, and it became necessary for them to please the populace by punishing the PREMIER.

Now our friends the Conservative leaders beheld this, and thought

PONTIFF AND PRINCE.

THE POPE can never go astray
In morals or in faith, they say;
His word as Gospel men may take;
'Tis always right, and no mistake.

By grace divine from error, sure
As eggs are eggs, is he secure;
His Bulls, from blunders wholly free,
Bespeak Infalibility.

Far clearer than the lynx, he sees
Right through the cloudiest mysteries;
And all conceptions of his pate
Are, in so far, immaculate.

But though he is so wondrous wise
In all that Reason can't comprise,
His Holiness is grossly dense
And purblind as to Common Sense.

Grant that he could pronounce a Saint
Originally free from taint,
And can as certainly decide
This soul or that beatified:

However, he could not predict
That LAMORICIERE'd be licked,
And faithful blood be shed in vain
His earthly kingdom to maintain.

The wearer of the Triple Hat,
In dogma safe, should stick to that;
In State affairs too near a fool,
Should abdicate his mundane rule.

By all means let him, if he please,
Retain the Apostolic Keys,
Only the Royal power forego
To lock up sinners here below.

Oh! would he but contented be
With spiritual sovereignty,
In peace he would possess his own,
Nor want Zouaves to guard his throne.

Come, Prus, do the proper thing,
Stand forth all Bishop; sink the King.
Send your French janizaries home:
And yield to CÆSAR CÆSAR'S Rome.

that it would be a Neat Thing in Politics to get a good party division at the moment when the Irish soul was inflamed against PAM. So it was decided to give new battle on the Budget. Not that the Budget had anything in the world to do with the Galway Contract, but because the votes of the persecuted Irish Members (for, to do the majority of them justice, they are, as CAPTAIN ESMONDE spiritedly said, "gentlemen," and detest mob and priestly suasion) might be got into the Lobby against Government.

So the battle was set, and on this Monday night exactly a dozen speeches were delivered on the Paper-Duty question. MR. NEWDEGATE had a little battery of his own, which he fired off in the early part of the night; but his Conservative friends had other fish to fry, and left him to be bombarded by an overwhelming force. He and SPOONER, however, stood to their guns, and were smashed up in a heap by 34 to 195. But when the blood-stained ruins of the Newdegation Sebastopol were cleared away, MR. KER SNEYMER came out with a resolution, flatly negating the proposition of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to abolish the Paper-Duty. As *Mr. Punch* hath said, twelve addresses were delivered, which were all about Paper, but which meant Galway. At the end of the evening the Conservatives thought they were all right, and wanted to divide; but the Constable was too wide awake to allow that, and the debate was adjourned till Thursday.

Even of the Derby. The House sat till nearly nine, but who could give attention to political business at such a crisis? *Dundee* still first favourite, because *Mr. Punch's* Prophecy had not appeared.

Derby Day. *Mr. Punch's* Prophecy appeared, and he stated that *Kettle-drum* would win. The result of the Race was, of course,—

KETTLEDRUM	1
DUNDEE	2
DIOPHANTUS	3
AURELIAN	4

Thursday. The Paper-Galway battle was renewed, and raged throughout the night. But in the meantime the most remarkable legends were flying about. It was said that all the Irish Members were going over to the Conservatives. It was said that all the Irish Members had been going over to the Conservatives, but that LORD PALMERSTON had bought Ireland back at the price of £36,000, or half the Contract Money. The speeches in the House bore a good deal upon these legends. LORD JOHN RUSSELL was indignantly virtuous, and declared that it were better Ten Ministries should perish than that statesmanship should be sullied by any disgraceful traffic. LORD PALMERSTON gave a ludicrous account of a priest, called FATHER DALY, coming to him to try to intimidate him by saying, in the Irish language, that the Mimbers must take action. LORD PALMERSTON was too many for the artful priest, whose tumble was ignominious, and who was repudiated by the Mimbers themselves. Well, after all the virtue, and indignation, and repudiation, and all the rest of it, the division was called, and the result was—For Government and Virtue, 296; for MR. DISRAELI and Ireland, 281: Majority for keeping PAM and the Parliament, 15. But it was a close squeak, brethren. And what do you think? *Punch*, of course, disbelieves that any bargain was made by Government. But *Punch* will not exactly fall down flat in hysterical astonishment if he should hear, one of these days, of a Committee, or a Commission, or a something, to ascertain whether Justice to Oireland cannot be done in this Galway matter. Eh? Twig?

Friday. A wretchedly weak attempt at defending the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE's wretchedly absurd appointment of GENERAL EDEN to the Colonelcy of the "dirty half hundredth" was made by three foolish Officers, whose Royal patron will hardly thank them for their blundering. The rest of the Parliamentary proceedings have been totally uninteresting, or, if there be any diamonds hidden in the chaff of the Lords and Commons, *Mr. Punch* has no intention of stopping to pick them out, having an engagement at the Crystal Palace, where the respectable BLONDIN is about to risk his neck for the first time in England. A confiding country knows, however, that if there were really anything to record, *Mr. Punch* would not let twenty Blondins drag him away by twenty ropes from duty, not even if there were a certainty of the twenty Blondins breaking all their twenty necks.

COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.



MONSIEUR BLONDIN has removed his celebrated Rope-Walk from Niagara to the Crystal Palace. The shareholders are in the highest elevation. The shares are almost beginning to look up. The public curiosity is in the highest state of tension. Subscribers even, who, as a class, can never, it is well known, have too much for their money, are beginning to express their gratitude. We doubt not, every time that BLONDIN performs, but that the performance will be marked in their memory, as the classics would say, "with a white chalk." The

shareholders, also, who, like all shareholders who do not receive 35 per cent. for their money, are notoriously a grumbling set, excuse the "chalk" for the sake of the ready money they are sure to get. As geologists well acquainted with deposits of every kind, they will tell you that it is not always that gold is to be got out of the chalk formation; though at billiards, it is true, it does occasionally come largely into play, especially when the chalk falls into the hands of such a player as ROBERTS. For the first time they begin to consider their investments in Crystal Palace shares as not such a Cretan labyrinth as they have hitherto done. In their exultation, they even go so far as to say, that they look upon BLONDIN as "the most rising man of the present day"—even greatly beyond LORD ROBERT OCEIL. In their sanguine expectations, we must say that these excited shareholders are scarcely just to his Lordship; for in our mind we had imagined that LORD ROBERT OCEIL had already reached the very summit of absurdity, beyond which no man could possibly

A NEW COMEDY OF ERRORS.

PEOPLE who pay taxes, and are sometimes heard to wonder how the public money goes, may receive at least enlightenment, if they may not satisfaction, from the following short statement which has been lately put in print:—

"The Dockyard Commission reports the discovery of 7,906 errors in the accounts of Woolwich Dockyard alone, from April 1 to November 30, 1860: errors in rating, valuing, totalling, proving and posting, ranging from pence and shillings to hundreds of pounds—the omission of an entry for £4,480, and the charging twice of a sum of £1,000 to £1,200 per annum for the time of certain workmen."

As accidents will happen in the best regulated families, so errors will creep into the most carefully kept account-books. But it surely is above the usual average in business to have eight thousand entries wrong within six months. The feat of counting-house gymnastics, which is known commercially as "balancing the books," can have seldom been performed in the establishment at Woolwich, if what has lately been discovered be taken as a sample of the way the work is done there. At figuring the clerks must cut a pretty figure, when entries for some thousands are omitted from their ledgers, and other sums charged twice without the fault being found out. Book-keeping by double-shuffle entry one might call it, if there were reason to suppose that any cheating was intended, which however we will charitably believe that there was not. As language is made use of to conceal the thoughts, so figures may in some hands serve to hide what they should show. "Errors Excepted" should be written at the foot of all accounts at such establishments as Woolwich, and when the Naval Estimates are debated before Parliament, every Member who may vote should ask to have an estimate of how many omissions there may be in what is shown.

Government clerks, we know, are sadly overworked; but as taxpayers we feel we have a right to make request that means should be devised for the protection of our pockets from the dips which must be made in them by incorrect accounts. There should certainly be some one to overhaul the cash-books, and be himself hauled over if he let pass a mistake. The notion of there being nearly eight thousand omissions and mistakes within six months is almost comical enough to make one fairly laugh at it, if it were not for the fact that one's laughter would most probably be at one's own expense. The Comedy of Errors which has been performed at Woolwich would be farcical enough if we had not to bear the cost of it; but as it is, if one is tempted to get up a giggle, one feels that one is laughing on the wrong side of one's mouth. We wonder how many of the clerks who assisted in the making of the eight thousand mistakes have passed competitive examinations to test them for their posts. From the talent for arithmetic which these disclosures have betrayed in them, we should think they would be plucked if they were asked what two and two make. Of course we don't wish to be cruel, and deprive them of their berths, although their berths may be the death of all our hopes for a less Income-Tax; but clearly MR. BULL should keep a closer eye to the keeping of his books, if only to sustain the credit of the nation, which has earned the name of being a nation of bookkeepers. When MR. BULL is made a bankrupt (a contingency which, owing to the dropping of the Paper Duty, is prophesied as being by no means far remote) he certainly can't hope to get a first class certificate, if his accounts are so defective as those at his establishment at Woolwich have been proved.

SONG TO THE SPEAKER.

On the Eve of the Derby.

BY THE NOBLE LORD AT THE HEAD OF HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

ADJOURN, adjourn, till Thursday next,
I move this House adjourn,
Why should I say on what pretext?
This House needs not to learn:

Adjourn! Adjourn!

Adjourn! adjourn! This House my cry
Doth generally concern;
The whole House knows the reason why
I rise to sing adjourn,
Adjourn! Adjourn!

Medical Reform.

WE take the liberty of asking Apothecaries' Hall—or, more properly speaking, we pay them the compliment of putting to them—the following question, which, we hope, they will not absurdly consider in the light of "throwing physic to the dogs": Since Quinine is made from Bark, would it not sound better, and the meaning of it be more sound altogether, to call it "CANINE?" An answer, in the shape of an amended label, will oblige.

KETTLEDRUM! KETTLEDRUM!! KETTLEDRUM!!!



Well, POLLY did put the kettle on nicely, and you have all got your tea with silver spoons in it, and now tip up. Mr. Punch claims his money boldly. All the humbugs who send private tips now advertise that "they sent nothing but *Kettledrum*," but it is an impudent falsehood, my bloaters, not one of them did anything of the sort, and the fools who trusted in these canting swine are now weeping and wailing, while you, my bloaters, are standing on the topmost ridge of exultation and gazing down contemptuously upon the victimisation of imbecility. Well, but do not be bumptious, *Punch* did it all, "fortune had no share in this," as *HELIODORUS* said when he swallowed the live lamprey whole, and you must not be proud. Even in the hour of triumph, Mr. Punch had a kindly look for the bonnie Dundee,

RIGHT! Much there is to boast of in that! Right! Why, my congratulatory bloaters, *Punch* simply used his illimitable intellect, looked over the Horses, and calmly selected the winner as unhesitatingly as he would take the biggest strawberry out of a plate held to him by the fair hands of beauty. Right? Come, don't begin pouring out your antibibulous eulogies, just because he didn't imitate all the clumsy Prophets, pseudonymous, anonymous, and anodonymous, who made their ridiculous guesses in print, or sent them in dirty envelopes, and scarcely dared to say, plump, that any particular horse would win, but sneakily hinted that three had good chances, that three more would make cockboats, and that three others had uncommonly excellent qualities; and then these blessed humbugs were wrong on all nine chances. Call that prophesying?—why, DR. HUMMING, the pet vaticinator of Exeter Hall, can do better than that. He is man enough to say that the world will come to an end one of these days, if it doesn't last longer. Bah, hot, bee, as *Panurge* says. By the pavilion of Mars, Mr. Punch hates nothing so much as humbug. He knew who was going to win, and he proclaimed the fact eight hours before the race, and for fear of mistake published his prophecy in the *Times* newspaper on the Derby morning. He admits that he thereby destroyed all interest in the race, and like *TRAMAS* the Rhymer he is gifted with the inconvenient faculty of always speaking the truth, and is thereby made disagreeable in Society and among the ladies, but what can he do. Genius cannot be snuffed out, and he could no more help penning this preternatural paragraph, than the Post Close can help writing doggerel. What said Mr. Punch?

"KETTLEDRUM'S GODFATHERS AND GODMOTHER WERE BOLD SPONSORS, SEEING THAT A KETTLEDRUM IS MEANT TO BE BEAT; BUT IF POLLY PUTS THAT KETTLE ON NICELY, WE MAY ALL HAVE TEA WITH SILVER SPOONS IN IT, AND WOULDN'T THAT BE A PRETTY KETTLE OF FISH, MY BLOATERS? HUGH-A-BYE, BABY, YOUR CRADLE IS GREEN, FATHER'S A NOBLEMAN, MOTHER'S A QUEEN, SISTER'S A LADY AND WEARS A GOLD RING, BROTHER'S A DRUMMER, AND DRUMS FOR THE KING."

who came in so gamely on his game leg, despite his mischance, and deserved the laurel it was not his to gain. Now, tip up, and send in your winnings, for *Punch* cannot be putting on extra steam for nothing, and he has several hundreds of pairs of gloves, voluntarily lost, to pay to various exquisite and darling Beings who called him to their carriages to prevent Destruction of Tissue, forgetting, the dear ones, that they were all the time destroying the tissue of his susceptible heart. Therefore, bloaters, once more, tip up, and Mr. Punch, drinking to you all, hopes many a time and oft to pilot you again over the white waves of irresolution into the bland and smiling harbour of prosperity and glory. Tip up!

PUNCH, The only Correct Prophet.

THE RAGGED CLERGY.

THE Protestant Association, apparently, is unaware of the fact that an order of mendicants exists in the Church of England. The abolition of this fraternity is an object much rather to be desired by Exeter Hall than the suppression of the Franciscans, or any other community of begging friars maintained in the Church of Rome. Voluntary mendicity may be a mistake; but involuntary mendicity is disgraceful to the hierarchy by which it is permitted, if that hierarchy is rolling in wealth. Now the mendicity existent in the Established Church is involuntary. The Anglican mendicants comprise numerous Clergymen who hold small livings, and all, or nearly all, the Curates without private property, or any income beyond their stipends whereon to subsist. They are chargeable not only with involuntary begging, but also with the worse than Popish practice of fasting against their will.

As the readers of this popular periodical are continually increasing, it is expedient for Mr. Punch to state from time to time that there is in being, and in active operation, an Association organised to relieve destitute Clergymen—the Clerical Fund and Poor Clergy Relief Society, 32, Southampton Street, Strand, W.C. And, with an affirmation that he is not joking, *Punch* has further to inform his subscribers, who may also be disposed to subscribe to that Society, that the material relief which it is accustomed to administer to clerical destitution consists, in a very considerable measure, of old clothes. The Society is open to receive donations of cast-off canonicals and other apparel, which are thankfully accepted by Divines out at elbows.

The REV. W. G. JERVIS, Secretary to the above-named Association, has published a letter addressed to him by a Country Curate, and containing a description of the writer's circumstances, which, Mr. JERVIS says, represents exactly the state wherein Curates live. The Country Curate is the factotum of a non-resident Rector. He is nearly sixty years old, and has little more than £90 a-year. To eke out his income he is compelled to have recourse to charity. During the last ten years he has never, but twice or thrice, been able to afford to ask a friend to dine with him. He has not the means to take out his family for an occasional change of that air which is almost all they have to live upon. Food for the mind, also, is so much too dear for him that he cannot even belong to a book-club. He and his family are forced to go without medical aid when they are ill, except in case of extreme danger,

and then he pays his doctor's bill by instalments. If TIMOTHY had been so badly off, he never could have taken the prescription of PAUL. "Wine," says the Country Curate, "is altogether out of the question, and of late, to save the expense"—mark this, you journeymen carpenters, painters, plumbers and glaziers, and bricklayers, discontented with your work and wages—

"I have even had to give up *mali liquor* entirely."

What do you think of a journeyman parson, nigh sixty years of age obliged to deny himself beer?

Not only have the Country Curate and his family nothing better to drink than slops, but they have nothing else to wear. For years he has been in the habit of buying second-hand clothing, "even to hats and shoes." Any Dean or Bishop, whose feet may have been enlarged by the gout, would no doubt do a welcome thing to this poor clergyman, by sending him the shoes that are now too small for them. The bishopric of Durham is a fat one; the occupant of that see may happily not be affected with hypertrophy of the lower extremities, and therefore may have no tight shoes to give away; but he might show forth the fruits of good living to the succour of this Curate, and many other famishing Curates, by the exercise of an economy short of CHEESEPARING.

The richer Clergy generally, as well as the laity, are invited to contribute both money and raiment to the Society established at 32, Southampton Street, Strand. Old clothes may be sent by all parties in the Church. A ragged Anglo-Catholic Curate would probably not in the least object to wear an Evangelical white choker, and as little would one of the Low Church school decline the present of an M.B. waistcoat.

French Freemasonry.

In front of the Freemasons' Lodge in the Rue Cadet was posted, the other day, the annexed notice:—

"By order of the Prefect of Police, all meetings of the Grand Orient are forbidden. The Assembly of the Grand Orient is adjourned to the month of October."

In France it would seem that Freemasons exist in the enjoyment of French freedom.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ORDER OF THE DAY.—What to order for dinner.



A SKETCH ON THE DOWNS.

Jolly Post-Boy of the Period. "I SAY, BILL, DON'T YER WISH IT WAS DARBY DAY ALL THE YEAR ROUND?"

THE PROFITABLE VALUE OF DELAY.

GRANTING that "Time is money," if you gain time, then you gain so much money. Hence, the interest of the Government in refusing to pay the Delhi prize-money, may be to pocket the interest that has been accruing during this protracted delay, for SIR C. WOOD has deliberately stated in the House that, no matter when the prize-money is paid, no interest will be paid with it.

The delay is most shameful. We do not see why the poor soldiers, because they bravely withstood the Delhi siege, should be cruelly exposed to another—for cannot these frequent postponements be called, without torturing the word too much, a downright Siege of Delay—that may be purposely carried on, with the secret intention that when it is finished, there may not be a single survivor left, not even an executor, to claim anything. We agree with the claimants in pronouncing every explanation, that pretends to account for this unjustifiable procrastination as "a regular put off." It is but right that our Government should place great trust in the British Soldier, but it is too bad to expect the British soldier to give them four years' credit, and not to expect a farthing of interest for the trust so long repaid.

CLAY IN PAPER.

MR. FREDERICK PENNY, Professor of Chemistry at the Glasgow University, writes to the *Times* to say that he has discovered "a very considerable quantity of fine white clay amounting, in some instances, to 30 per cent, in foreign papers." We have no hesitation in stating that, on several occasions, we ourselves have found a large quantity of mud of a very dark colour in the *Univers*, which it took apparently a malicious pleasure in flinging in handfuls at England, and it is well known that many other foreign papers have so much dirt in their composition that one cannot take them up without serious detriment to one's fingers, thereby proving how much of the soil there is in them. We are bound to confess, however, that the only real discovery of clay that we ever made in a paper was on the 20th of May, when we fell over an article in the *Times* that was based upon nothing else; for it was signed "C. M. CLAY," who it seems, is the "United States' Minister Plenipotentiary, &c. &c. to St. Petersburg." This CLAY, though of a very heavy nature, did not absorb much of the public attention, and we ourselves found it no small difficulty to wade through it. The great pull of this CLAY appeared to be to puff the Northern States of America, but nothing but smoke came out of the puffing. This is the only evidence of CLAY that we have discovered in paper, and we must say, from that specimen, that we have no particular desire to find any more. However, we should like PROFESSOR PENNY to pursue his interesting discoveries, and accordingly we have sent him a copy of the *Morning Tizer*, if he would only be kind enough to analyse it for us. We have no doubt he will find it to contain a large proportion of a white clay of a very porous nature—the clay, in fact, that pipes are made of, and which is also known to be favourable to the cultivation of tobacco. We have not troubled Mr. PENNY with the *Tablet*, another favourite paper of ours, inasmuch as we know, from experience, that though that paper has a certain proportion of Clay in its composition, such as is used in Roman cement, yet in all other respects it is a complete drug, being full of nothing but Jesuit's Bark, such as no one thinks of paying the smallest attention to, unless the poor patient, who takes it in, happens to have a raging Scarlet fever upon him.

NOT FAR WRONG.—By a typographical blunder in a provincial contemporary, the United States were called "the Untied States."

VOCAL MILITARY MUSIC.

THE Volunteer movement is in some measure a musical one. It bids fair, at least, to introduce a new feature into military music. A contemporary publishes the ensuing pleasant piece of news:—

"THE 3RD CITY OF LONDON VOLUNTEERS.—On Saturday evening last about 200 members of this corps, under the command of MARCO RICHARDS, had a march out as far as Northfleet, and performed their bands. A novel feature in the return march was the introduction of a singing in the ranks, which had a fine effect."

Some old gentlemen of the Army may be prodigiously shocked by the innovation of chorus-singing in the ranks of the Volunteers; but if instrumental music is soldierly, what else is vocal? The former is acknowledged to have its martial uses, and the latter must have at least the same; so that their union will necessarily produce a double, if not more than a double, effect. The natives of this island may as well have their war-songs as the inhabitants of less civilised portions of the globe, provided of course that the songs are proper for intelligent and educated beings to sing. If the voluntary forces take to singing, there can be no reason why the regular troops should not follow their example, and become volunteers too, so far as volunteering to oblige the public with songs. The gaiety of the soldier's life would be much heightened if every company were to become a chorus, and each regiment, on its route, were to march along singing, for example:—

"A very good song, and very well sung,
Jolly battalions every one."

They would kick up a glorious row, to be sure; for the British soldier never did yet, and we trust never will, sing small.

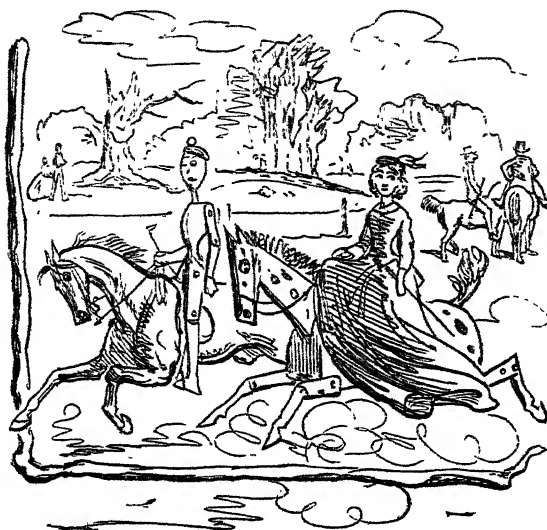
A Legal Judgment.

Be quick in all your actions, and prompt in your service. Whatever you execute, let the execution take place on the spot. You must be nimble of apprehension, or else many a fine capture will assuredly slip through your fingers. Take warning from the Court of Chancery. Think of the delays for which it is notoriously guilty—calculate, if you can, the enormous sums that have been lost in consequence of those delays; and all owing to its extreme *slowness of decision*.—Lord Chancellor *Punch*.



A DERBY SPILL.

MR. PUNCH AT THE RACES.



AST week, being honoured with a special card of invitation to join the little party of some ten thousand or so, who were assembled upon MR. HENRY DORLING's hospitable premises, *Mr. Punch* felt it his duty to pay Epsom Downs a visit on the Oaks Day as well as upon that which is held sacred to Saint Derby. He thereby had the opportunity of watching the behaviour of his friends, the British Public, on the "Lady's Day" as well as the more patronised occasion; and he begs leave to congratulate that most enlightened body on the signs of marked improvement in their conduct which he noticed. *Mr. Punch* had occasion, two Derby days ago, to give a lecture to some fast men who had then broken loose, and who considered that to sprinkle boarding-schools with beer was one of the most elegant and wittiest of jokes. *Mr. Punch* is glad to say that this fast form of fun is now fast dying out, and ere long he believes it will be thoroughly extinct. Through his help men are learning the fact that it is possible to get up a good laugh, without getting up the danders of those whom it is raised at. All *Mr. Punch's* jokes are made both with good temper and good taste; and though the devotees of Derby Day may lack the latter quality, they certainly are growing more attentive to the former. *Mr. Punch* confesses that he can't quite see the fun of wearing pasteboard noses, or sticking little naked wooden dolls all round one's hat; but if men have a desire to make themselves ridiculous, this is at least a harmless way of doing it, and is far better than sprinkling boarding-schools with beer, or pelting turnpike gate-keepers with bags of soot and flour: a joke which is decidedly more cowardly than comic, yet once was reckoned chief among the Derby Day delights.

In his progress down the road (for, not being a betting man, he can always take his time in getting to the Course), *Mr. Punch* was welcomed everywhere with happy smiling faces, and found that all the neighbourhood had turned out as usual to see his carriage pass. Being jammed for some half-hour between a four-in-hand of fast men and a costermonger's cart, with a pleasure-van in front and a swell brougham behind, *Mr. Punch* of course prepared himself to hear some slang expressions; but he is glad to say he heard neither indecency nor oath. On arriving at the Downs, he proceeded at once to the Grand Stand, and in so doing had to elbow through that circle of acquaintance which is known in racing parlance as the betting "ring." This being a slow process, it was well nigh three o'clock before he got up-stairs; and then every inch of public seeing-space was occupied, and happy was the man who had paid down his twelve guineas to secure a private box. By the courtesy of one whose title it would not be seemly to disclose, *Mr. Punch* had a clear view of the victory of *Kettledrum* (who, unlike other Kettledrums, seemed *not* to be beaten), and *Mr. Punch* begs to thank that Noble Lord for giving him that memorable sight. *Mr. Punch* would likewise give his thanks to MR. DORLING, for pointing out an easy way of access to the Paddeck, where the favourites were by far the most important beings present, and looked like Hounhnyhms with a lot of tag-rag Yahoos at their heels. Nor must *Mr. Punch* forget to thank that particular Policeman who escorted him across the crowded Course. Except that he was tall and had amazingly fine whiskers, the portrait of that Peeler has faded, like a photograph, from *Mr. Punch's* memory; but he doubts not that directly his gratitude is known, every member of the force upon the Downs upon the Derby Day will be promoted for promoting the comfort of *Mr. Punch*.

The World's Race is a sight that every one should see, and that it is possible for Britons to enjoy themselves without getting drunk (a fact which foreign writers have, in their great knowledge, been sometimes pleased to doubt), *Mr. Punch* could bring a host of witnesses to show. As a proof of his own temperance, he don't mind owning that he actually brought home with him a full bottle of champagne; a mistake which he most happily discovered before supper-time, when, he scarce need add, it was rectified at once.

Slop-Work.

WHAT is the great difference between the Westmoreland Poet of Kirkby Hall and Moses' Poet?

Not very great—the one is CLOSE, and the other, we infer, was Old Clothes. Perhaps, the mantle of the latter has fallen on the shoulders of the former.

THE TWO PHILOSOPHERS.

GOING DOWN.—HERACLITUS (*the Laugher*).

FRESHNESS and fairness everywhere,
Spring leaves, spring grass, spring flowers!
On earth, in air, nor dust, nor glare,
Thanks to last night's kind showers!
The clouds ride high across the sky,
'Twill be a glorious day,
As 'twixt the screen of hedgerow green,
Past furzy commons, hamlets clean—
Glimpses of village life just seen—
And stately halls and parks between,
Basking in sunshine, still, serene,—
We briskly bowl away!
A fig for thought, as laughter-fraught
The long lines onward flow:
And save our luncheon-hampers nought
Seems heavy, as we go!

DEMOCRITUS (*the Weeper*).

How flat and tame! All round the same—
Same hedges, fields and trees!
'Tis well the scene of raw rank green,
Grows dustier by degrees,
The dust may choke the pointless joke
That wakes the brainless laugh,
Smother those hits of back-slum wits,
This glow of filthy chaff.
And this is England's garden wide,
This monotone of green!
In these aristocrats that ride,
Zephyred and veiled, in sullen pride,
Or this low rabble at their side,—
These trulls and doxies, plumed and pied,
Round-hatted, crinoline-fied,
The English breed is seen!
And now we stop! And now we drop
Into the crush again!
Ha, there's a crash! And—look—a smash!
I hope it's going to rain!

ON THE COURSE.—HERACLITUS (*the Laugher*).

LIKE scene to this the world I wis
Ne'er showed, and ne'er will show!
Hundreds of thousands, all in bliss,
High, middle-class, and low!
Such feasts! Such fun! And never one
So hungry, mean, or poor,
But shares the mirth, forgets his dearth,
Finds for life's ill, a cure!
The Race—a life of hope and fear
Condensed into a flash!
These luncheons, how Gargantuanque!
This life! A motley arabesque,
Dark gipsy, acrobat, grotesque,
Wealth, ruin, tragedy, burlesque—
Business does well to leave the desk,
Satire to drop its lash:
The joyous scene stirs blood and spleen,
Sets one with life in tune,
From merry May makes glad some way
To bright and burning June!

DEMOCRITUS (*the Weeper*).

The Carnival of sin and shame,
The Paradise of fools,
Vanity Fair, at maddest game—
God help the brain that cools!
Waste's reckless hand, the wanton band
That waits upon it, nigh:
And roguery with fawning bland,
And want with vulturous eye!
The Race! whose rush such hopes destroys—
Ruin bedecked with wings!
This gorge and swirl of brainless boys,
Whose highest joy is wine and noise,
And shying sticks at baby's toys;
These lying gipsies, vile decoys,
And every form low life employs,
To pull fool-puppets' strings!
Away, away, nor longer stay,
For sorrow and for scorn:
A sadder, if not wiser crowd
'Twill be to-morrow morn.



A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

What must happen if they continue increasing the size of these newly invented Balloon Balls.

COALS IN COSTUME.

"FRIEND PUNCH,

"AMONG other announcements concerning the 'Fashionable World,' it was notified, the other day, upon customary authority, that at the Drawing-room to be held on the 19th of this month, certain ladies will wear deep crape mourning with black ornaments, and—

"All other ladies attending the Court will appear in black, with black feathers, lappets, and gloves. Diamonds may be worn."

"What dost thou think, Friend, of the discernment shown by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN in commanding ladies to wear black clothes, called mourning, and yet permitting them to wear diamonds? Are not diamonds the most festive of precious stones, and at least as gay as artificial flowers? I think thy sentiments are the same as mine with regard to the demonstration of inward affection by means of outward apparel, although thou mightest dress in black on occasion, in deference to custom. But I suppose thou wouldst desire to maintain a consistency in thy sable externals, and in those of thy wife, and have them black and all black. So, peradventure, doth the LORD CHAMBERLAIN wish the ladies to do at the Drawing-room. He ordaineth black ornaments. Surely he esteemeth diamonds ornamental. When therefore he saith that 'diamonds may be worn,' may he not be understood to mean black diamonds?"

"Thy constant reader,

"Foxhole, June, 1861."

"OBADIAH."

FACING ONE'S CONSTITUENTS.

A PARTY of the name of ZACHORONKO, who had been elected to the Galician Diet, returned to his constituents without having fulfilled any of the fine promises which he made upon the hustings of Busk. He tried to offer some excuses, but they were voted unsatisfactory in the highest degree, and his constituents, instead of laying down the law in a resolution, laid down their Parliamentary Representative on a bench, "and a vigorous arm, wielding a hazel stick, administered unto the M.P. forty-eight sound whacks on the lower part of his back." Such coarse practices may be necessary in countries where elected representatives make fine promises and break them, but happily in England the offence is as impossible as the punishment would be cruel.

THE BONES OF WASHINGTON.

A YEAR ago, and by the maples brown,
O'erhanging swift Potomac's broadened wave,
Bareheaded stood the heir of England's crown,
By the poor stone that shuts an ill-kept grave,
Giving meet reverence to the dead that lay,
Beneath the stripes and stars carved on that stone,
Which nothing of inscription doth display
To mar the majesty that broods upon
The ten plain letters spelling WASHINGTON.

England's crown-prince at this arch-rebel's tomb,
First Magistrate twice-chosen of the States
That rose impatient for more elbow-room,
And flung the English crown out of their gates.
The contrast of those times and these so shows
In this respect of Prince for President,
That e'en the trite prize-poem-maker flows,
Into some lines of grave and deep intent,
Describing that young head in solemn reverence bent.

Passed there a stir from wasting bone to bone,
Ran there a thrill through the great chief's grey dust,
That the old king's great grandson by his stone,
Should bow the head, owing him great and just?
Hovered his placid spirit near and blest
That latest victory of truth o'er time,
When discords, slow but sure resolved, attest
The high and holy harmonies which chime
Their broader music through the spheres sublime?

Or was there foresight of the woe to be
Before the lapse of twelve months and a day?
Was that great spirit prescient to see,
The stripes and stars torn from that flag away?
To know the work that he had lived to do,
And saw and said, was good, before he died,
Undone—his glorious Union cleft in two,
And cleaving more and more on every side,
Till none can say how far the fragments may divide.

Saw he the day that we see with amaze,
When those to whom his life from youth he gave
His own Virginians, his dust should raise,
Out of the shelter of that sacred grave;
Regardless of the curse that lies on those
Whose hands disturb even the common dead!
Brothers, from brothers bearing, as from foes,
His bones that oft their sires to battle led,
Who now draw impious swords, near his dishonoured bed?

SCOTCH SALMON AND SEWAGE.

THE subjoined heart-rending paragraph appeared the other day in the *Glasgow Citizen*:—

"SALMON FRY IN THE CLYDE.—Large numbers of salmon fry were seen, early in the week, leaping in the Clyde, at Glasgow, a little way above the bridges. By Wednesday, however, the high tides had carried some portion of the water polluted with the sewage of the city above the weir, and the result was that the young fish sickened and were rendered helpless."

A double cut is inflicted by the foregoing statement on our tenderest feelings. If the Clyde salmon fry had been poisoned with the useless refuse of chemical works, that alone would have been too bad. But it is too, too bad that they should have been poisoned with sewage. Salmon are killed with what would have nourished crops. That which should have been turned into bread destroys fish. Scotland is the land of salmon and also the land of cakes, and she deprives herself of both cakes and salmon by causing the salmon to perish in the sewage out of which she might have constituted cakes. Let us hear no more of the frugality of Scotland till she ceases to waste her manure in exterminating her salmon.

American Ties.

It has been said that the Americans have no veneration for old ties. By engaging in a fratricidal war, they also show themselves forgetful of their common origin from a parent stock. They are ready not only to cut ties, but also throats, and those the throats of one another.

A RATHER IMPORTANT SYLLABLE.

THE Opposition objected to Ministers for their method of "tacking" in the case of the Budget Bill, Ministers had more reason to complain of the Opposition for their method of *attacking* in the same case.

A THING TO BE AVOIDED IN HOT WEATHER.



Be careful, if you are sending postage-stamps in a letter, how you fold them, or else the receiver may be mulcted out of one half their value. You must place them *vis-à-vis* to one another, and not with their backs turned upon each other. Do not neglect this advice, otherwise you will find, supposing the weather is at all warm, that your stamps, like friends backing one another, will stick together so tenaciously, that not even SIR CRESSWELL CRESSWELL, with all his talismanic power for dividing the heads of families, would be able to decree a judicial separation. On opening your letter you will discover, as in the report of a French debate, "evident marks of adhesion." Every head will have been turned into a Janus head, though as you

can only show one at a time, it is very clear that in this instance two heads cannot be better than one, even though they may have the Dublin postmark upon them. You must exercise due caution in attending to this, or else we fairly warn you that, when the hot weather does come, every five shillings you place in your letter will, before it reaches its destination, have melted down, by Gum! to not more than half-a-crown; in other words, you will be "stuck," not less than the postage-stamps themselves, for one half the amount you enclose.

MUFFS OF MARYLEBONE.

NICHOLAY, the Oxford Street skin-man, and that lot, have actually been holding a meeting for the purpose of denouncing the conduct of MR. MANSFIELD, the excellent Magistrate, in upholding the law, and in summarily packing off to gaol a gang of dirty Germans who persisted in interrupting and annoying MR. BABBAGE, the great mathematician. The wind-bag speeches of these Marylebone spouters were ludicrous enough, and no doubt the HOME SECRETARY has had a good roar at them. *Mr. Punch* merely adverts to such bosh because MR. MANSFIELD has not been very long accustomed to this kind of parochial tom-foolery, and it may be well for him to know that the NICHOLAYS, DIFFANERS, BUGGINES, &c., are the regular laughing-stocks of the Metropolis. Very decent shopkeepers, no doubt, but when they begin to make orations, look out for bunkum. As for the Marylebone snobs, who ought to be proud of having such a man as MR. BABBAGE in their parish, all that can be said is, that they are worthy of such representatives as the skin-man and his set. When M. ARAGO, the great French *savant*, settled in a French country town to pursue some experiments, the inhabitants, feeling honoured at his selection of the place, actually drew a *cordon* round his dwelling, and established a sort of friendly police for the sake of preventing his experiments from being disturbed. The clowns of Marylebone, on the other hand, insensible to the fact that every day of MR. BABBAGE'S labours redounds to the advantage of society and the honour of England, hound on gangs of street musicians to disturb and annoy him, and yet doubtless prate with all Cockney emphasis about "these ear henlightened days, and the march of hintellect." However, MR. MANSFIELD may be assured that Society is with him, and he may treat such vestry bosh with the same contempt manifested for it by SIR GEORGE LEWIS. The more of the organ-wretches MR. MANSFIELD sends to *quod* the better, and he may safely take MR. BABBAGE'S word, in any future case of the kind, against any number of "indignant inhabitants" who back the grinding and blowing nuisances, because the intellect of a person who can come forward in aid of the perpetrators of such nuisances must render him (however decent a person behind his counter) utterly unfit to give testimony worth two pence. With Society, the Home Office, and *Mr. Punch* on his side, MR. MANSFIELD may smile very calmly at the Marylebone Bumbles.

A PRICELESS PARTY.—FATHER DALY is unbought. LORD PALMERSTON would not buy him.

FRESH AS PAINT.

For the last two or three weeks, it has been rather dangerous to walk through the streets of London. Though we have been favoured with a succession of dry weather, the Metropolis has been almost wet with paint. Shopkeepers and householders have been vying with each other to put on the smartest fronts to their houses. Ladders, taller than any fire-escape, have obstructed the pavement in every direction. It is true that the Academy, and the other artistic societies, generally open in the month of May, but that is no reason why London itself should be, also, one vast exhibition of painting. Not even the lamp-posts, or the railings, have escaped this daubing infection. The crowded thoroughfares that have narrow pavements, have been all but impossible to traverse. One's only plan of safety was to walk in the middle of the road. We pitied the ladies with their voluminous dresses. Lured by the gay attractions of the shops to peep into them, it was not always they paid attention to the inscription that was chalked on the pavement below, and sad and ruinous in many instances have been the consequences, because their impulsive admiration could not be warned in time to "BEWARE OF THE PAINT." Many a light-coloured dress has returned home so harlequinaded in effect that the *modiste*, from whose *studio* it had emanated, would be sorely puzzled to recognise the emanation of her genius again. After such a polychromatic metamorphosis, it would require a clever milliner indeed to be able to know her own offspring. The colours are fast enough, but it has been found on experiment that they will not wash. This may do good to trade, but many a poor husband, on making the discovery, has lost his appetite for dinner at the thought of the additional expense.

The country, we believe, has been always recommended, if a lady wishes to get a little fresh colour. This is quite a mistake; she must come up to Town about this time of the year, and we will warrant that she will get more colour in half an hour than the healthiest rural district could give her in a hundred years; and as for freshness, what colour can be so fresh as that which has just come from the colour-man's? Then there is the perfume, too! The fine invigorating smell of turpentine makes the Metropolis quite a nosegay, and throws the boasted flowers of the country quite into the shade—so much so, that one cannot help turning up one's nose at Spring and all the fragrant odours that Poets are so fond of associating with it. We should lose this healthy effect if the houses were painted when every one was out of Town; and it is with this view, probably, that shopkeepers have wisely deferred resorting to the paint-brush till every one comes up for the season. We can imagine that there is a certain class of old fogies, who, afraid of their coat-tails being smeared a pea-green or a bright sky-blue, exclaim in their nervous indignation, "Let go the Painter!" but depend upon it these are only hard-grained realists, who have no eyes for pictorial effect, and whose unpoetical nostrils are never tickled by any fragrance but that of rappee or Prince's Mixture. It is not for such that London puts on her summer attire, though we must in honesty confess that she is a beauty rather addicted to perform her toilette in public a little too publicly, and that she does paint a trifle too much.

GILLS THAT WANT NO STARCH.

LAUNDRESSES, capable of reading, will be either amused or terrified by the subjoined advertisement, taken from the *Manchester Guardian*:

THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE DAY
ELASTIC STEEL SHIRT COLLARS, enamelled white, equal in appearance to the finest linen, 1s. 6d. each.
ENAMELLED STEEL WRISTBANDS, for gentlemen.
ENAMELLED STEEL GAUNTLETS, for ladies.
Collar, free by post, for 22 stamps.

An old woman might be disposed to laugh at the idea of a steel collar, as a sort of collar only fit for a dog, or to be worn as a piece of throat armour, to defend the wearer from garotte-robberies. On the other hand she may fear that if steel is found to answer for collars, the employment of that material will soon be extended to shirts, which will require no further washing than what can be effectually performed by the extemporaneous application of a wet towel. Steel shirts will be followed by steel sheets, so soft and flexible that those who sleep between them will lie quite comfortably, and not at all as though reclining on—

"DAMNED'S bed of steel."

Sheets of steel, indeed, will supersede flaxen fabrics, and usurp the place, and perhaps the name also, of Irish linen.

To Actors who are not Worth a Thought.

We notice that there is a book called *Acting and Thinking*. This is to distinguish it, we imagine, from the generality of *Acting*, in which there is mostly no *Thinking*?



SCENE—THE HILL.

Irritated Swell (walking away). "I TELL YOU I DON'T WANT TO BE BRUSHED!"

Public Coat-Brusher. "OH, JUST TO MAKE YOU A LITTLE TIDY, MY LORD!"

Swell. "I SHAN'T PAY YOU!"

Coat-Brusher (still brushing). "THAT AIN'T O' NO CONSEQUENCE, MY LORD; BUT I SHOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU LOOK RESPECTABLE!"

BLACK IS WHITE.

THE Rambler, a rational Roman Catholic journal, having, on occasion, remarked, with a view to deprecate the interference of the Church with scientific questions, that there are "decisions of the highest ecclesiastical courts which for generations fettered or prevented the course of science in several parts of Europe," the *Tablet*, which goes the whole hog of Popery, thus comments, with reference to that observation:—

"If the Church thought that a particular scientific opinion tended to perplex the simple, we do not know how she is to be blamed if she condemned the scientific gentlemen, or even corrupted science in the interest of man's salvation?"

At this rate, the Church would be justified not only in telling a lie, but also in condemning a man for telling the truth. She would be right in anathematising, and perhaps in roasting, a philosopher for disabusing the mind of a Catholic booby of the persuasion that the earth was flat, and that Heaven was situated on the other side of the blue sky. How is it possible to believe one word that is said by people who entertain such opinions on the subject of veracity as those which are represented by the *Tablet*; and how much sincerity is there in the faith of those who avow that part of their religion is humbug?

DON DO AND DONE.

Morocco owes Spain money. A party in Spain suggests that the Government should leather Morocco into paying her debt. Considering the treatment of the Spanish bondholders, this is cool. It is indeed too cool even for the Spanish Government—not the most easily abashed—and it magnanimously declares, through its official organ, that "there is no fear of a war with Morocco. Government has decided not to undertake a war on a question of money!" Mighty magnanimous from a repudiating State, which owes JOHN BULL more millions that it is ever likely to pay. Money, in slang, is called "the Spanish," no doubt on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle, because out of the Spanish there is no getting money.

Rural Insanity.

A COUNTRY Correspondent, who seems anxious to be kicked, writes that diving for an egg in a cool stream this warm weather is a process he has found to be egg-streamly pleasant.

THAT BLESSED DONKEY!

THE POPE, we read, lately visited his army at Torre de Valle. He gave his blessing to two rifled cannon—thus insuring those blessed cylinders against missing, upsetting, bursting, and all the other misfortunes which Popes cannot avert from themselves, but which they have only to hold up two fingers to ward off from anything they may vouchsafe to bless, from a donkey on St. Antony's day to a devotee in the Holy Week. And so the consecrated cannon were solemnly sponged, cartridged, wadded, balled, rammed down, and laid. The lock was pulled, and the gun was fired. A poor donkey happened to be the only thing within range, and was killed by the bullet! *Punch* the Excommunicate says this was an allegory—that none but donkeys are likely to be within range of the Papal fire, and still more certainly none but donkeys are likely to be hurt by it.

But the precedent raises a nice question for the papal Camera. What is the fate of the donkey that falls under a consecrated bullet, being at the time not in a state of mortal sin, *i.e.*, not being engaged in warfare against the POPE? To *Mr. Punch*, much considering these things, it appears probable that the virtue of the Papal benediction passes to the innocent sufferer, and that the Ass thus dying, is (like that other immortal wearer of an Ass's head, *Bottom*), "translated" into a higher state of animal existence, where he passes a beatific time of it, with St. Roch's dog, St. Antony's pig, St. Agnes's lamb, St. Martin's horse, and the other blessed beasts familiar to us from Romish picture and Romish legend.

In fact the horrors of martyrdom are fairly claimable for every donkey, which being—as donkeys usually are—friendly to the POPE, yet offers itself as a sacrifice to prove the death-dealing aim of the Papal cannons. The tribute is the more valuable, as those cannons are not considered so formidable just now, as in days when they thundered

from the Vatican, double-shotted with leaden *bullets*—the proper Pontifical bullets.

In these godless times men are apt to consider their fire a mere *brutum fulmen*, and to treat them, in fact, as what the sailors call quakers, wooden cylinders painted, mounted, and run out like real cannon to humbug an enemy.

One of the excommunicate, we propose this question:—"If a Papal ball kill one donkey, how many will a Papal bull kill?"

THE LOUNGER'S LAMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE FLOWER SHOW.

OH, WHERE, and oh, where, are my orange-tree leaves gone? Last year how thick they clustered, fit for Flora on her throne; And now—ah, me! they've dropped off, or are dying, every one.

Oh, where, and oh, where, did my orange-trees first grow? 'Twas in the South of France, quite a hundred years ago; How sad that such old friends should now look so so-so!

Oh, what hath hurt my trees? my GROVE, I prithee, tell. It can't have been the gas,—that light excuse dispel; Perchance 'twas the cold winter that hath made them feel unwell.

Suppose, oh! suppose, my orange-trees should die! The organ should peal o'er them its saddest notes, while I Would act as their chief mourner, and sit me down and cry!

NEW NAME FOR THE PAPER DUTY ASSOCIATION:—The Council of Rheims (*Reams*).



BEWARE, DARLINGS, OF ARTILLERY WHISKERS.

THIS IS THE CRITICAL POSITION OF LOUISA AND CAPTAIN CHARLEY BANG—HIS WHISKER CAUGHT IN HER EAR-RING, AND PAPA KNOCKING AT THE DOOR!

ROBBING THE POOR.

THE Royal Commissioners tell us, in their report, that the present income of the Blue-coat School is £60,930 per annum. We wish the Commissioners had carried their investigations a little further. We should like to have known how much the really poor, for whose benefit the above charity was supposed to have been originally instituted, receive out of the above income; also, what is the station in life, and the probable income of the parent of every boy who is domiciled there; and how many of them keep carriages, &c. The subject of presentations, also, would have formed a very curious chapter. We might have learnt if they are ever sold, or bartered, or trafficked in, or given away to ladies and gentlemen in easy comfortable circumstances, who certainly would have paid for their children's schooling if they had not got these educational free admissions for nothing. Gentility occasionally is not too proud to soil her white hands by accepting such gifts. It is true that Poverty suffers, but then is it not her hard lot to suffer; and besides is there not the Ragged School where she can send her children to, if she likes?

We are told that "charity covers a multitude of sins," and she needs a very large cloak indeed to hide all the errors and abuses committed by those who are entrusted with the sacred administration of its funds, and who either from weakness, or excess of good nature, or downright incapacity, do not know how properly to dispense them.

POLLY THE PORTER.

THE *Message du Nord* states that on the Edinburgh and Glasgow line the Directors, in consequence of the neglect of the porters to call out the names of the stations, have placed Parrots at those points, and that the well-tutored birds shriek out the necessary information, to the perfect satisfaction of travellers. A contemporary affects to discredit the statement, but *Mr. Punch* believes that it is perfectly correct, except that the employment of the parrots was not rendered necessary by the neglect of the porters, but by their inability to make their provincial utterances comprehended by educated travellers. The same inconvenience is felt in Yorkshire, Lancashire, Lincolnshire, and other semi-civilised regions, and *Mr. Punch* is happy to hear that the Directors on most of the lines have resolved to meet the difficulty in the same way as the Scotch authorities have done. A large and choice assortment of grey Parrots is now being trained at the

Geographical Society's house, and as soon as the birds are sufficiently apt, they will be placed upon the various stations. They will not interfere with the present porters, who will yelp, clip, scream, grunt, and make the other noises comprehensible by the inhabitants of the localities, while to the inquiry of the Christian traveller, the accomplished Parrot will politely and distinctly state, in English, the name of the station at which the train may be stopping. A brute of *Mr. Punch's* acquaintance (a hateful brute) adds that this finding employment for parrots is a logical consequence of the new system of creating occupation for—but, no, *Punch* will be hanged if he writes a word against Women.

POET CLOSE CHANGES HIS MIND.

"The ridiculous gift of a pension to the Westmoreland scribbler has been cancelled."

WHAT, take away the Poet's cash!
I call that action mean,
The man who'd do that brutal thing
Ought not to serve a QUEEN.

All that I said about old PAM
I hereby do retract,
I did not think him vile enough
To do so low an act.

He is a humbug, born and bred,
Merely a slave of Court,
Without the courage and the pluck
To do the thing he ought.

In other days he was a buck,
And persons called him Cupid;
But now he's an exploded tool,
His speeches very stupid.

I do believe he sold us all
To Russia's tyrant CZAR,
And he felt quite sorry that we won
In the Crimean war.

To give a thing and take a thing,
I've heard a proverb old
Declares is most contemptible,
The "devil's ring of gold."

It shows that all these Lords are fools,
Unfit to rule and sway,
And England ought to be ashamed
Of trusting such as they.

A wretched paltry fifty pounds,
To take it was disgrace;
If MISTER PAM would call on me
I'd fling it in his face.

He thinks to put me in a rage,
The mean, old, wretched Sham,
But here I solemnly declare
I'm prouder as I am.

To be a pensioned slave of state
Unsuited my haughty mind,
I choose to have my genius free
Uncabbined, unconfined.

I'll lash all humbug as before,
And brand all knavish scamps,
But freely praise the noble souls
Who send me postage stamps.

And when old PAM goes down below,
His epitaph I'll pen,
"Here lies the wretch who pensioned CLOSE,
And took it away again."

Notice of Motion.

MR. PUNCH.—To ask the Chief Commissioner of Public Works, or any other Honourable Gentleman who can give the desired information, whether there is at present before the House any private Bill containing any crafty clause insidiously framed to legalise the enclosure of Hampstead Heath?



DOUBTFUL.

UNSOPHISTICATED FRIEND. "Well, look here, I'm not a Betting Man, but I don't mind putting a Monkey on the 'Drum'."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 3, *Monday*. The House of Lords, for some reason, always assumes special care of Ireland, a fact which may account for a few of the curiosities of Irish political and domestic economy. To-night their lordships had a debate on the Galway Packet business, LORD NORMANBY opening the game, as at chess a feeble pawn makes way for a knight and bishop. What NORMANBY said, is, of course, of no consequence, except as additional evidence of his fatuity. He was sense-abandoned enough to try a weak taunt at the "inconsistency" of some of his former colleagues. This from NORMANBY, who in other days was a silver-fork Liberal, who was called by O'CONNELL the "unparalleled NORMANBY," and who went about as the sort of Pretty Boy of the Melbourne administration delivering gaols, pardoning political offenders, and generally doing the Liberal sentimentalibus, and who in his late days became courtier to the Italian despots and advocate in chief against the King of Italy and GARIBOLDI. It was not in human nature, even in that of the good-natured GRANVILLE, not to give the vane old weathercock a spin for this. The Packet question was discussed, as was the much more important question whether the Irish Members had "taken action" upon the subject. On looking to the division-list *Mr. Punch* observes that out of the 105 Irish representatives, 73 voted against Government on the Paper-duty Bill, and 8 of these had previously voted on the other side. Whereby it is clear that the Screw has been put on in Ireland, only of course, being an Irish screw, it turned the wrong way, and there has been only a scandal and a smash. LORD GRANVILLE stated that Government had not come to a decision as to the advisability of a line of Packet service from Galway to America. What did *Mr. Punch* vaticinate last week? The next step will show how Government proposes to arrive at that decision. LORD BELMONT was rather tournamenty, and said that even if the Tories had given the Galway contractors a job, it was not so bad as the conduct of the Liberals in throwing away the Paper Duty to please the penny papers and MR. BRIGHT. LORD CLANRICARDE thought the Irish Members were not such "fools" as to suppose that they could coerce LORD PALMERSTON. The Postmaster-General defended the repudiation of the Contract, and declared that the Galway Company had done nothing in accordance with their agreements, and would not even propose terms by which they would consent to be finally bound. LORD BROUGHAM thought that FATHER DALY ought to be brought to the bar of the Commons, to declare whether the

Irish Members had sent him to make a bargain with the Minister. So ended the discussion, for NORMANBY, having moved for papers which did not exist, obligingly expressed his willingness not to press for them.

The Paper-Duty Abolition Bill passed the Commons, amid cheering from the Liberals. *Mr. Punch*, with incalculable generosity, instantly trebled the Salaries of all his Young Men, from WHEWELL down to the Wiscount, but, with inconceivable sagacity, made the new arrangement commence from the day the Lords should read the Bill the Second Time. This amiable device ensured the zeal of all his Disinterested Young Patriots in urging the measure through the Upper House.

Among matters hardly worth mention was a statement of SIR CHARLES WOOD that there was an Indian Deficit of Two Millions, so he would just ask for Four, but should want some more by-and-by for Railways. It was voted, of course. MR. COWPER officially announced that the Mangle-Wurle lot are to show their fat beasts and fizzle-ploughs in the Regent's Park. *Mr. Punch* only hopes that the provincial dialects will not be very offensive to MR. SCLATER's fashionable animals at the Z. In answer to MR. TOM DUNCOMBE, the HOME SECRETARY said that the only way to get rid of Metropolitan Toll-Bars was for the parishes to agree to charge the road-expenses on the rates. This is just a bit of the bosh officials think good enough for the House. A particular road through a certain parish happens to be a great thoroughfare. The parish gains nothing by the increased traffic, but the road is cut to pieces every three months by people going to and coming from London. Why is the individual parish to bear the expense? Roads are a national concern. The Pagan Romans knew this, and their roads are good now. The Christian English do not, and local Boors are permitted to squabble over rates, while travellers are up to the axles in muddy cross-lanes.

Really important was LORD JOHN's announcement that we interdict the Armed Ships and the Privateers belonging to either side in the American conflict from coming into our Waters with prizes. France merely excludes their Privateers, after twenty-four hours' shelter. *Mr. Punch* doubts whether CASSIUS will like to put our resolution into his Clay pipe and smoke it. Yet no one can say that we are in a hurry to tread on American corns. The House, later in the week, flatly refused to hear MR. GREGORY, who desired to state the case of the Secessionists.

Tuesday. This FATHER DALY is disinclined to be put down. He probably sniffs future business in connection with the Galway affair, and desires to stand *totus teres atque rotundus*. So he employed, of all Lords, the exemplary CLANRICARDE to make a speech for him, and to say that the Father meant nothing like putting the Irish Screw on LORD PALMERSTON, but only that "action" was to be "taken" in a national way. LORD BROUGHAM did not exactly put his fingers to his nose at this statement, because taking such action, or sight, would not have been in accordance with the habits of the Aristocracy, but he intimated that he had lived some time in the world, and so on. *Mr. Punch* does not see what this Priest has to do with these American boats, except, to be sure, that they go to "Mass."

LORD RICHARD GROSVENOR took his seat for Flintshire, where the Conservatives have been defeated, partly by the exertions of MR. GLADSTONE, and partly, it seems, by their own negligence; for the Tory *Liverpool Mail* eloquently declares that "no word-painting, not even a scorching sunbeam dipped in scalding gall, could sufficiently stigmatise the Conservative sneaks." MR. WHEALLEY fulfilled his threat of going in at Maynooth, and was promptly sat upon by a majority of 191 to 114; and then MR. DENMAN brought up the case of the BARON DE BODE, and carried a Select Committee, against the Government, by 134 to 112. This spectral BARON BODE is the *Bodach Glas* for Chancellors of Exchequer.

Wednesday. More very grave speechifying on the Galway Alliance against PALMERSTON, and then Members went away to help PRINCE ALBERT in opening *Artavia*.

Thursday. Suddenly, and, to human apprehension, at an unfortunate moment for Italy, the statesman who has worked out her liberation, expires. After a brief illness, reported to be terminating favourably, COUNT CAVOUR died, this day. The melancholy event was befittingly alluded to in the House of Lords, by the representatives of all sides in politics.

India claimed the Commons. SIR CHARLES WOOD in three speeches introduced three Bills. Most English people have a hazy notion that the Government of India is somehow managed by a mixture of Elephants and Cumberbunds, tempered by Adjutants and Juggernauts, with a final appeal to the Bishop of Calcutta. It is of no use explaining to them that SIR C. WOOD's plans are to increase the Legislative Council, to admit natives largely to it and to other important trusts, and to construct new courts of law. Persons really interested in the subject will read the debate.

The Industrial Schools Bill made progress, MR. HENLEY as usual growing against the power that it is proposed to give the Magistrates to deal with little offenders whose parents are vicious.

Friday. The event of the night amply justified *Mr. Punch's* generous

yet subtle dodge. There was a great muster of Peers on the Second Reading of the Paper Bill. LORD GRANVILLE made his speech, and the DUKE OF RUTLAND proposed that the Bill should be read a second time that day six months. *Mr. Punch's* Young Men stood round the Throne, and suddenly let fly a volley of winks at LORD DERBY. The EARL winked æsthetically in reply, rose, and dashed into a gallant attack on Government, GLADSTONE, and the measure itself. He justified the Lords for what they had done last year, and said that though MR. GLADSTONE had not been at all grateful for the money they had saved him, he had taken it. People said, "What a Wonderful Man is MR. GLADSTONE!" and he echoed the sentiment, with the addition, "What a wonderful body is the House of Commons, to be so cajoled and juggled by the Wonderful Man!" He did not see that anybody would get any good by the Repeal of the Duty (another volley of winks from *Mr. P.'s* Y. M.) except the Proprietors of the Penny Papers, and the Band-Box Interest, and he would thank LORD GRANVILLE not to say "wopping up," but "wrapping up," in paper. If the Bill had been thrown out, Ministers would not have resigned; their only resignation would have been a calm one at the thought of the benefit conferred on them. The Lords had a perfect right to alter Money Bills, but it was not expedient to enforce that right. On the whole, the Government Finance was all wrong, the remission of the Paper-Duty was foolish extravagance, and the system of annual instead of permanent taxation was most dangerous—and therefore he should not permit the Bill to be opposed on the Second Reading, or at any other stage.

The Bishops bolted to dinner the moment they found that they should not be wanted, and most of the Lay Lords were equally coarse in their tastes; for though very few speeches justify your aggravating your cook, a smart oration from LORD DERBY is a pleasure worth buying at the price of an apology to the former artist. There was some more debating. The DUKE OF ARGYLL defended the Bill; LORD GREY scattered sarcasm, and compared the Government, now preaching retrenchment, now vaunting our defences, to the celebrated lawyer firm in the *Antiquary*. "When it is fair weather with the client, out comes the gentleman partner to fawn like a spaniel; when foul, forth bolts the operative brother to pin like a bull-dog." LORD GRANVILLE declared that he had a right to say "wropped," and demanded whether he ought to say "Derby" or "Darby," and told a good story against EARL GREY; and in this pleasant and dignified way the great Paper Battle came to an end.

In the Commons, SIR ROBERT PEEL, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, MR. M. MILNES, and LORD PALMERSTON, spoke like statesmen and gentlemen, upon the great loss to Italy. A person called *The O'Donoghue* emitted some ultra-montane profanity on the subject. Many worthy Irishmen have a touch of madness, but we had thought that there were no Irish Idiots.

MR. CONINGHAM denounced the late appointment of GENERAL EDEN as a most atrocious Horse Guards job, and the excessive debility of the defences offered for it was remarkable. SIR J. TRELAWNY was sarcastic on certain officers who always raise a howl if a job is pointed at, and he intimated that they should show more taste, and that their conduct made him think that they looked for jobs in their own favour. A grant of £133,276 was made for the Volunteers, LORD ELCHO speaking spiritedly and well, and HENRY BERKELEY making great fun of the Yeomanry.

Saturday. Great excitement in the City in consequence of the enormous withdrawal of gold from the Bank for the purpose of making the new payments to *Mr. Punch's* Young Men. Traffic was entirely suspended, and BIRCH's had used up eleven large turtles before twelve o'clock.

Felony v. Fine Arts.

THE Government have granted the Royal Irish Academy £100 a year for the Recovery of Antiquities in Ireland, *through the agency of the constabulary*. This is a new function for a police force, who have hitherto been employed rather in suppressing vice than in encouraging *virtù*—who are generally considered fitter for arrests than archæology, and more conversant with handcuffs than hand-books. But it is an Irish fashion to convert things to unheard-of purposes—to use old hats for repairing broken windows, and to convert jaunting-cars into hen-roosts. One thing, at all events, the constabulary may be relied on to do for buried treasures of antiquity that may exist in Ireland—they are certain to *take them up*.

LATEST FROM LAMBETH.

"WHAT's the row about the Galway job?" asked a young M.P. of the humorous and honourable Member for Lambeth. "Oh," replied the Wiscourt, "the scheme was a dead failure; but by getting Government aid the directors hoped to Galwaynise it into some vitality."

A HINT TO BULLIES.—England never enters upon a War while she can help it, but never comes out while her enemies can help themselves.

SQUIRTO GENTIL!

A Gush of Poetry that welled forth from a Sentimental Being, after taking a Turkish Bath.

AIR—"Spirto Gentil."



QUIRTO gentil!
Pleasant to feel,
From head to heel,
Squirto gentil!
Exquisite souse
Is that cold water
douse:
How it braces each
limb
Of stout and of
slim:
And sets up one's
muscle
For workaday bustle.
How it quickens the
brain,
Brings it vigour
again,
And fits it anew
For the work it must
do.
Health-restorer, life-
giver,
How it freshens the
liver,

And relieves at a touch
Men who've dined out too much.
'Stead of taking blue pill
When you chance to feel ill,
A Turkish bath take,
In the hot room go bake.
'Twill do you great good
To be soaped and shampooed;
And although I dare say
That you wash every day,
You'll come away clean
As you never have been.
Then ere leaving the house
You've that exquisite douse,
Like a fine cooling rain,
Good for body and brain.
Quite a new man you'll feel
Through that squirto gentil!

BLACK AND WHITE LABOURERS.

BRITONS never will be Slaves, otherwise some of them would be glad to change places with the Niggers alluded to in one of MR. WILLIAM RUSSELL's letters from Montgomery to the *Times*:—

"These people are fed by their master. They have upwards of half-a-pound *per diem* of fat pork and corn in abundance. They rear poultry, and sell their chickens and eggs to the house. They are clothed by their master. He keeps them in sickness as in health. Now and then there are gifts of tobacco and molasses for the deserving."

The liability to be sold and cowhided is the only circumstance which might perhaps prevent the lot of these slaves from being envied by the British agricultural labourer. Half-a-pound daily of fat pork would be luxury beyond the dreams of the rustic ironically called a chaw-bacon, whose grinders have scarcely ever a bit of bacon between them. Corn in abundance is what he never sees except growing in the fields; and the idea of rearing poultry, and selling chickens and eggs, he would laugh at as a likely joke for him. As to being clothed by his master, he is too happy to receive a pair of breeches at the meeting of an agricultural society, for having worked on the same farm for half a century. He is fortunate, in illness, to get a bottle of "stuff" from the Union Doctor. The children, whom he rears with meritorious industry upon dry bread, hardly know the taste of treacle; and as to tobacco, let him work as hard as he may he never even receives a *quid pro quo*.

What Blondin will do Next.

A RUMOUR is afloat that, after his engagement with the Crystal Palace Company, M. BLONDIN means to make a mid-air voyage over London, walking on the wires of the Electric District Telegraph, which now are stretched across the Strand, and well-nigh every main street.



A FACT.

Short-Sighted Officer. "SERGEANT! GET THAT MAN'S HAIR CUT IMMEDIATELY!"

THE INDIGNATION OF OIRELAND.

(THROUGH HER MIMBERS.)

WHAT! Oirishmen yield to the base love o' lucre?
The moighty Milesians be bought and be sould?
No! though Oireland fell flat when the Saxon forsook her,
Withdrawing the base brutal help of his gould.

Is 't myself, ye say, offered to vote for the Budget,
If his mane Galway subsidy PAM would renew?
I fing the foul calumny back, where I judge it
Will stick—in their throats that can hould the tale thrue.

Who dares say that I e'er to a job showed a lanin'—
That black is the white of my deep rollin' oye?
Let the dastard but say 't, and, when clare of his manin',
It's meself will be kickin' the ruffian skoy-hoigh.

Would I durty the hand that is clare of all staining
Since the days of Mac MURROUGH and BRIAN BORU?
Would I stoop the proud head, that the Saxon disdainin',
Has still bid his laws, writs and bailiffs, "go to"!

If the purse of the Saxon was lyin' afore me,
Wid its curs'd contints, shoinin' brougnt on the flure,
D'ye suppose that I'd stoop? By the mother that bore me,
I'd pass by, wid contimpt, and look down on the lure.

Or if to lay hands on 't I e'er condiscinded,
'Twould be wid a vow, writ my bosom within,
That the dross I'd be usin', until it was inded,
To damage the Saxons, that furnished the tin.

When you gave us your help, in the hour of our famine,
'Tis thrue that we stretcht out our hands for your dole;
But the very same mouths that your victuals was crammin'
Was mutt'rin' a curse on the base Saxon's soul.

And now, if your subsidy Galway accepted,
D'ye think 'twas to carry your low dirty mail?
No! the money she got, and small blame if she kept it,
Though the terrums of contract in keeping she fail.

Was our grand Celtic nature—that's po'thry incarnate—
To be held to your base Saxon toimes, Saxon toides?
Go muzzle the ocean, your gag it will spurn at—
Go fetter the wind, that your fetther deroides!

"What wilt thou Do, Renowned Salisbury?"

SALISBURY being the tallest Spire in England, the Bishop deems it his duty to be first in attacking the Seven Essayists. For a kindred architectural reason, we suppose, he puts DR. ROWLAND WILLIAMS into the Court of Arches. We can see no other defence for what appears to *Mr. Punch* to be a huge episcopal Bull, with the largest dilemma Horns. DR. WILLIAMS insists on our using the Verifying Faculty in dealing with theology, and the Bishop proposes to use the verifying Faculty of Advocates to prove that we have no right to ask proof of anything. Truly, in future, the ridiculed *Nolo Episcopari* may not be the mere conventionalism it has been deemed, but may express the reluctance of a clever man to put on a Shaftesbury Night-cap.

The Galway Subsidy Company.

SOME surprise may have been occasioned by the circumstance that the principal negotiator with Government on behalf of the Galway Steam Packet Company was FATHER DALY, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, therefore presumably unconnected with secular speculations. But the object of the negotiation was to obtain a contract, and receive a subsidy without performing the contract. The Galway Subsidy Company, as it had better be called, wanted to get £8,000 a month for nothing. FATHER DALY was just the boy to plead the cause. Does not the Church of Rome encourage mendicity?



THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

PAM (*log.*). "OHO! FATHER DALY! NOW I THINK I UNDERSTAND YOU."

A NEAT KIND OF LORD.



HO'S JOHN BAGWELL? Well, he is Member for Clonmel, and was an Irish Lord of the Treasury. But the world will be flabbergasted—there is no other word for it—to hear that this JOHN BAGWELL has out the Government. He writes to an Irish priest, (these priests seem to be the masters of most of the Irish Members) to inform him that on account of the “inconsiderate” conduct of Government in

withdrawing the Galway contract, he, JOHN BAGWELL, not being inconsiderate, “considers it his duty to resign his office, and hopes It will meet the approval of his friends in Clonmel.” What he means by It is not clear—perhaps what he says, namely, “the office,” at which doubtless a lot of hungry-eyed Clonmelians would like to make a rush. But what he does *not* mean JOHN BAGWELL makes more clear, though his English is Irish. “I do not mean to do anything which would put power to the Tory party.” Really, LORD PALMERSTON must be spoken to. Poet CLOSE was bad enough, but the idea of making a Lord of Treasury out of a person who has BAGWELL'S views of composition! We never heard of the man before, and are not frantically eager to hear of him again, until educated; but now that he has leisure why cannot he attend some evening adult school? There are many in Westminster, and the charge is very small (sixpence a week, we believe), and BAGWELL might slip out of the House, improve himself for an hour and come back again as justly proud as a dog with two tails. “Put power to the Tory

party.” O, bedad, but if a dacent boy of a Gorilla should start for Clonmel, at the next election; it'll be doing him a mighty wrong if he's rejected on the educational test.

SIMPLICITY OF THE DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Indulgent Husband. How is it you never do any work now? I don't think I have seen you with a needle and thread in your hands for weeks and weeks together.

Indolent Wife (lolling luxuriantly on the sofa). Yes, my dear, it is true; but then there is no necessity for it, since you were kind enough to buy me that wonderful Sewing-Machine.

Indulgent Husband. By the bye, who works that, I should like to know? I think I saw you using it once, when first it was brought home, and that is all.

Indolent Wife. Oh! my dear, I get JANE, the nursery-maid to attend to it. She rocks the cradle with one foot, and works the pedal with the other. I can assure you she is quite expert at it, and I really believe that the noise sends the baby to sleep. And, moreover, it gives me greater time to read.

[Takes up French novel, and is soon lost in the mysteries of demimondane life.]

True Kindness.

GENEROSITY, we are told, consists not so much in the value of what you confer as in the manner in which you bestow it; thus, in giving a poor man a kick, the great point to be observed is, whether you present it to him with your hand, or your boot.*

* We must come to the rescue of our highly moral, but somewhat slangy, contributor, and apologetically state that, in the argot current in St. Giles' and at the Universities, a “kick” is a small coin that answers to the value of a Sixpence.—ED.

FASCINATION AND FIDDLE-FADDLE.

In a notice of the fancy bazaar lately held at the French Embassy, our fashionable contemporary says:—

“MARIA MARCHIONESS OF AILESBUURY presided at the refreshment stall, and few persons were able to resist the fascinating manner in which she offered a cup of black tea in exchange for half a sovereign.”

The meaning of this statement is not so clear as an inquiring mind would wish. The many persons who were unable to resist the fascinating manner in which the lady above-named offered a cup of black tea in exchange for half-a-sovereign, yielded, of course, to that fascinating manner. How did they yield to it? Not in yielding half-a-sovereign, for they must have already yielded that, if the cup of tea was offered them in exchange for it. On the backs of music-books we see numerous pictures of gentlemen apparently yielding to the fascinating manner of ladies. The gentlemen are generally represented on their knees, to the great danger of bursting their tight pantaloons, with their right hands pressed to their hearts, and left hands extended towards the lady, both hands encased in tense white kid gloves. Their hats and canes are also generally deposited together with themselves at the lady's feet. A faint attempt at the expression of wretchedness appears in the slight contraction of their brows, ruffling the serenity of their otherwise regular features. The lady, attired in the newest fashionable style, is usually depicted sitting with her face half-averted from her suppliant; one of her jewelled hands held out towards him, and the other uplifted in slight surprise, subdued by the controlling influence of educated deportment. Her head is hung a little on one side; her eyes are elevated as though with a serious aspiration for the grace of demeanour proper to the occasion. The varieties of fascinating manner, which, portrayed in gayest colours, attract the eye in piano-shop windows, are so many modifications of posture and gesture. Elegant postures and gestures seem to be the Mesmerism of fashionable life. Did gesticulations and attitudes of that sort constitute the fascinating manner which few persons at the French fancy bazaar were able to resist? If so, by what demonstrations was the inability of resistance to it expressed? They were perhaps worth seeing.

Our surmises derive a seeming confirmation from the conclusion of the paragraph above quoted:—

“The Bazaar will be continued this day and Saturday; and on the latter day there will be a *tombola* for the magnificent objects presented by the EMPEROR and the EMPRESS.”

Did the gentlemen who took part in the *tombola* tumble on their knees before the ladies whose fascinating manner they were incapable of resisting?

A BOLD TITLE FOR A BOOK.

A LITERARY Advertisement announces the publication of—

“This day, in Fcap. 8vo, Price 6s. cloth,

BOTANY BAY, AND OTHER POEMS.”

Then comes the name of the author—a gentleman whose experience of Botany Bay is evidently quite respectable; or else the reader might be disposed to conjecture that the other poems above referred to are mostly writings of a peculiar character, with remarkable titles, as, for instance, *The Mill*, *A Turn at the Crank*, *The Oakum-Pickers*, *The Time of Trouble*, and *Six Months in the Jug*; and as Australia has for some time past declined to receive our involuntary emigrants, the presumption would be that the author of *Botany Bay* is an old offender.

THE BOTANICAL TURKISH BATH.

THE Turkish Bath is just now having a great run, by reason of causing a copious flow of perspiration, and thus relieving diseases of repletion, which are not uncommon; resulting chiefly from over-exertion at the table. It is to be feared that this valuable remedial resource will by-and-by fall into disrepute in consequence of the abuse of it producing disorganisation of the liver, and other diseases of hot climates. A tolerably efficient substitute for the Turkish Bath will be found in the Victoria Regia House at Kew; and if the man in attendance would but turn the garden-engine hose upon the spectators, there would be little beyond shampooing to distinguish the former from the latter sudatory: which has the advantage of being gratuitous.

A Conclusive Answer.

SAYS GRAY to DU CHAILLU,

“I don't want to rile you,

But you set up preposterous claims.”

SAYS DU CHAILLU to GRAY,

“I don't care what you say,

For—you called DR. LIVINGSTONE names.”

DIFFERENCE OF DISPOSITION.—War is an unnatural monster, who devours his own children: Peace is a loving mother, whose whole time is devoted to the bringing up of her numerous olive-branches.



ENTHUSIASTIC ARTIST. "My dear Sir, keep that Expression for one moment! You've got such a splendid Head for my Picture of the 'Canting Hypocrite!'"

THE IRISH AUCTION.

Oh, what shall we say for this neat Irish Member,
His wants being many, his havings are small,
Ah! your hearts are as cold as the brooks in December,
Will you say for this gentleman nothing at all?
What nothing at all for this pure legislator?
Shall we say but a shilling, a sixpence, a groat?
He's the boy that will vote for the best valuator;
Do you think that the best will appraise him at nought!

Nought bid for this genuine jewel of Erin!
This patriot; nought for this broth of a boy!
Going, going at nought, at the price of a share in
The Steam Packet Company you won't employ.
Nought, nought, for this type of political virtue,
All for nought going, going; his vote he would pawn.
And you'll bid nothing more, as the offer would dirt you;
And he's going at nought, going, going, and gone!

Jokes Served up at the Shortest Notice.

SOME one was reading out of a newspaper that a man, who was supposed to be a lunatic, had flung himself from the Pont des Arts into the Seine, when WISCOUNT WILLIAMS, who, if there is a mistake to be made, is always ready, exclaimed, without the slightest hesitation: "That only corroborates the truth of the Poet's line, '*Mens insana in corpore in-Seine-o*.'" For the first time, we regretted that the learned Wiscount had not expressed himself in English.

JOHNSON AND BLONDIN.

Extracted, by permission, from the latest edition of BOSWELL'S
Life of DR. JOHNSON.

THE next day was Saturday, and I called upon my revered friend in the Temple, and after some hesitation I mentioned that I had purchased tickets of admission to the Crystal Palace, to see the feats of the French acrobat, BLONDIN, who was to exhibit that day. I said that I did not know whether I should go or not.

"Sir," said DR. JOHNSON, "why do you tell me a lie? You know that you have resolved upon witnessing this Frenchman's exhibition, and the weakness of the desire is less culpable than the cowardice of the mendacity that would veil it."

I admitted that I had a curiosity to behold an instance of the power of courage and skill in surmounting difficulties of a grave nature.

"You are a humbug," said my venerated friend. "You care nothing for the fellow's courage or skill, but you have a vulgar desire to go with the multitude, and perhaps a concealed hope that you may be present at a painful catastrophe."

I urged that the PRINCE OF WALES, my Sovereign's eldest son, had witnessed the sight, and rewarded the performer with a medal.

My honoured friend became exceedingly angry. "Do not," he said, "drag the name of a member of the Royal Family of these realms (royal, *de facto*, he added with a murmur to himself) into your miserable plea. The PRINCE OF WALES, in not refusing to join in a transatlantic holiday, was gracefully discharging an instalment of the duty for which he was accredited to the West. You have no business on Sydenham Hill, and if you had a medal, so far from bestowing it upon BLONDIN, you would stick it upon your own hat, and repeat the Paoli farce. Let me hear no such nonsense."

But my character, as is well known, is one of invincible fortitude and pertinacity, and when I know myself to be in the right, I am not easily put down. I therefore returned to the charge with a courage which almost astonished myself.

"PINDAR sang the praises of horse-racing, DR. JOHNSON," I replied. "A horse is not a Frenchman, nor are you a PINDAR," retorted my revered friend, with that quickness which belonged to him. The lively sally restored his good humour, for he added, "you are not even a PINDAR of Wakefield, though in your heart you despise GOLDY's Vicar of that locality."

This was unjust, and I told him that though I did not think so highly of GOLDSMITH's little tale as some did, I was far from despising an elegantly written and moral fable. I then said, "DR. JOHNSON, will you do me the favour to come and see BLONDIN?"

He laughed, and said I was putting him to the *experimentum Crucis*—which I afterwards thought a most felicitous phrase, because the Frenchman had to "cross" the transept. I doubt not that I have lost hundreds of equally good things through my culpable negligence of transcription.

"Why, Sir," he said, "if you had asked me to purchase a ticket

for this sight, I should have peremptorily refused, because I am not justified in contributing to bribe a fellow-creature, though only a Frenchman and a mountebank, to risk the loss of his life. But as you have paid for the tickets, and as I shall not repay you, the *onus* is with yourself, and I will accompany you."

"We are at the Crystal Palace," I remarked, as the train entered the station.

"The building is not of Crystal, nor is it a Palace," said my illustrious friend.

The name, I said humbly, was given by *Mr. Punch*.

"*Mr. Punch* is a great authority," said DR. JOHNSON, removing his hat for a moment, "and I willingly accept his nomenclature. The fact had escaped me."

So ready was he to own an error, when it was properly brought before him.

"*Mr. Punch*," he continued, "is most fortunate in selecting denominations. It was he who gave the name of *Arcadia* to that new arcaded Garden and locality at South Kensington; a name which I observe the journals are all adopting without acknowledgment of the original inventor. But few can so well afford to be robbed, though the wealth of the Bank of England is no excuse for the criminality of the burglar."

We proceeded across the beautiful garden, and my revered friend, whose classic recollections were ever ready, pointed to the Mercury on one of the water-temple, and remarked that there was a BLONDIN ready perched. I said "*Stat in eternum*," but was immediately and sternerly rebuked by my honoured friend for light use of a word signifying eternity. "But," he added, playfully, "do not be cast down, for you yourself are an everlasting donkey." This re-assured me, and we ascended to the gallery, and took our seats. Gazing down upon the vast area, on the sides of which, and around it, were nearly ten thousand persons, DR. JOHNSON whispered, sily,

"Do you think as many persons would come to see you supported by a single cord?"

I felt hurt, for though I am conscious of many short-comings, it was wounding to think that the greatest moralist of the age had ever seriously contemplated my coming to be hanged.

"Do not be a fool," said DR. JOHNSON, kindly. "You will repose in your Scottish mausoleum, followed by an incalculable array of semi-denuded Caledonian boors; so be happy, and survey mankind."

The Frenchman came upon the rope, ran, tumbled, stood on his head, feigned to slip, lay down, walked backwards blindfolded, and performed his other extraordinary gymnastic feats at an height of one hundred and eighty feet from the floor that had been cleared below. Military music played, the vast assembly applauded, and tears came into my eyes.

"What are you blubbering for?" said my illustrious friend. "Do you envy that poor acrobat his triumph, or do you imagine that you yourself could perform those feats better? In the first alternative the sentiment is unworthy, in the second the vanity is egregious."

Thus did he ever seek to improve my mind and heart, and what do

I not owe to him? I told him, however, that he misjudged me, and that I was weeping to think that ten thousand of my fellow-creatures had assembled to derive excitement from the chance of a French mountebank breaking his neck.

"Spare your tears, and stow your twaddle," responded my venerable friend. "They have come for no such savage purpose. They have heard that a person has acquired the art of safely walking on a suspended cord, and they evince a laudable desire to witness a triumph of courage and of skill. Do you degrade your fellow subjects to the level of the Roman spectators of gladiator-fights? Is there one person in that crowd who would turn up the thumb, if doing so would bring down that acrobat to that floor?"

I did not dare to remind him that he had summarily crushed my own plea in his chambers, but I asked him whether he would take anything to drink. He was condescending enough to partake of a bottle of Scottish ale with me, and seasoned it by a good humoured jibe at my selecting liquor bearing the name of my country.

"The health of the French acrobat, with the American reputation, in a tumbler of Scotch ale!" he said.

"Drunk by DR. JOHNSON," I ventured to add, "whose reputation is neither French, nor American, nor Scotch, nor English, but universal."

"You are a thundering humbug," said my revered friend, smiling. I have reason to believe that he was pleased, for he permitted me to pay the cab from the terminus to the Temple.

A BRIGHTENER AT BRIGHTON.



It chanced the other evening to converse with a young lady, to whom—when we had talked about the weather and the pictures, and asked her how she liked the last Crystal Palace Concert, and if she thought M. FROCHTER as funny as CHARLES KEAN, and how many pairs of gloves she had lost upon the Derby, and whether she intended to pay any of her bets, and how it was we had not seen her at LORD SNOOZLE'S, and whether she was going to MR. STURGEON'S picnic, and could she play well

at Aunt Sally, and what she thought of M. BLONDIN and the spoon-shaped bonnet, and if she fancied the Gorillas would look prettier if they shaved—we put the question, had she been to Brighton yet this summer, and this leading conversation to seaside things in general, we were startled by her saying that she "never thaw the tea!" In our surprise at this confession we were so brutal as to ask her, what could be her age; whereupon she simply told us she was "thirteen latht Thanthuth;" which we believe to be within not more than five years of the truth.

As we learnt that this young lady had lived half her life in London, her statement that she never yet had seen the sea, appeared to our mind so incredible that we well-nigh lost our character for gallantry by doubting it; but having now a full belief in its veracity we do not hesitate to place it upon record here in *Punch*. This we do that we may use it as a text for a short sermon which we think it well to preach to fathers of a family, ament the good effects of a draught of fresh sea air, and the cheap rate at which that saline dose is now procurable. For half-a-crown a head, O Cockney Paterfamilias, you may take your wife and grown-up daughters down to Brighton, and there let them fill their lungs for nine hours at a stretch with enough sea air on Mondays to last them through the week. Half-a-crown a head for health and happiness combined! where is the doctor that could sell you such a dose? However beneficial it may be in its effects, doctor's stuff is anything but pleasant to one's palate: but a mouthful of sea air leaves no unpleasant taste behind it, and they who are prescribed it are very often clamorous to have another dose.

Prevention is at all times far better than cure; and men who fear lest their small income may scarce suffice for their large family, had better guard against the chance of having a big doctor's bill by taking all their children at half-price down to Brighton, and infecting them with health, so as to make them illness-proof. By giving them a good

blow out upon the beach of the balmy sea-side breezes which are always kept on draught there, he will probably avoid the costly journey to the doctor's, which lungs and limbs pent up and prisoned in large cities are sure soon or late to need. Unlike the tonics sold by chemists, which are bitter to the taste, the tonic of sea air is sweet, as well as strengthening; and now that one may get it at half-a-crown a dose, the most economic parent cannot grumble at its cost. To make them beautiful and keep them well, is the duty of all Britons who have daughters to bring up; and the facilities afforded by the Brighton Railway Company (who own the cheapest, most comfortable of lines, and vilest of Traffic Managers), have brought sea air within the reach of everybody's lungs, and the man who would refuse his children a day's breathing-time is unworthy of the name of SMITH or BROWN which he was born to. "To Hastings and back" for three and sixpence each, and "to Portsmouth and back" for the same extensive sum, are trips within the means of only millionnaires. But "to Brighton and back" for half-a-crown a-head (children half-price, if under twelve years old), is an excursion that the modestest of mothers may prescribe, for the health of BETSEY-JANE or dear AMELIA-ANN. Their big brothers too, who earn perhaps a pound a week, would do wisely to lay by a certain portion of that sum, until they can afford to take their sweetheart down to Brighton, and give her half-a-crown's worth of health by the sea air. Moreover, shrivelled lawyers' clerks who scribble out at elbows for some ten dull hours a day would be the brighter in their looks and wits for nine hours spent at Brighton. A brightener at Brighton does both brain and body good, and, now it is obtainable at half-a-crown a-head, all bodies blest with brains of course will take advantage of it.

CONSERVATORY CONCERTS.

To the thousand and one attractions of the charming Crystal Palace, the directors are this summer adding a dozen more, in the form of Friday concerts of good operative music, whereat both listeners and loungers will find good entertainment for the crown the entertainment costs. To hear the lovely melodies of WEBER and MOZART warbled by such singers as TITIENS and GRISI, is surely worth five shillings to those who can afford it; and far more worth five shillings when one's seat is in a greenhouse, than when it is in the close confinement of a concert-room, and one must put on a dress-coat and a white choker before going there. It is only in the pleasant concert-room at Sydenham that your lungs can breathe the sweet air the while your ears inhale sweet music; and instead of glaring gas and dingy dusty walls and windows, your eyes have dainty flowers and fresh green foliage to look at.

"Oh, but then the Crystal Palace is such a way from town, and it interferes with business sadly to get down to it." Well, MR. SMITH, but how about the Derby Day and Ascot? Do your yearly visits there not interfere with business? How is it you can spare the time to go down to the Downs, and yet can't afford to give yourself a half day here with GRISI? You won't hear her next year, mind. These really are the last of her last final farewell leavetakings. And if your income-tax won't suffer you to take a box at MR. GRIS's, the least that you can do for your neglected wife and daughters is to take them down some day to a Conservatory Concert. Say you are a lawyer, you will find the trip to Sydenham a very easy "motion" if you take a first-class ticket, and the hour or two you'll spend there will be such a "refresher" to your jaded brain and nerves that when you get back to your chambers you will work tenfold the faster for it. Say you are dyspeptic, the half-hour on the rail may prove a "movement cure," and the sight of freshly-blooming flowers and faces will do wonders for you. Or say you are a fop and want to show off your fine whiskers, where can you air them better than in the Centre Transept, where you are not only sure of being stared at, but, being under a glass-case, are safe from getting wetted?

The feet of the bold BLONDIN seem just now more attractive to the million, or the thousands, than the throats of such sweet songstresses as TITIENS and GRISI. But to MR. *Punch's* mind there is something far more tempting in good music than good rope-walking; and although the latter may by small punsters be viewed as a higher walk of art, MR. *Punch* cannot allow that there is anything sublime in it. In the strains of WEBER, MEYERBEER, ROSSINI, and MOZART there is, to MR. *Punch's* thinking, a far higher delight than in the strain upon the rope that bears up MONSIEUR BLONDIN, and whatever be the height of danger he may reach, the taste that cultivates good music is certainly more elevated.

Archimedes and Disraeli.

"GIVE me a *kov stva*, and I will move the world," said ARCHIMEDES. "Give me ground to support a LEVER, and I'll upset the Government," said DISRAELI.

IMPERIAL MOTTO FOR THE PRINCE NAPOLEON.—"*Savez qui peut.*"



THE DELHI PRIZE-MONEY.

MAIMED SOLDIER (with a sigh). "Then, if I come again in Twelve Months you think you'll be able to——"
CLERK. "Tell you when to Call Again, dessay."

THE COMPROMISE IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THOSE of the higher classes whose altitude is exhibited principally in "riding the high horse," will be glad to see that, in spite of the unanimous outcries of pedestrian snobs, Mr. COWPER has determined on re-introducing that noble animal and his rider into Kensington Gardens. All, however, who entertain a proper contempt for the common people, will deplore the weakness which has induced Mr. COWPER to yield so far to clamour as to change the direction of the ride. It is now no longer to cross the path of a flower-garden frequented by the despicable walking community, and to run in the form of a long wide excoaration of bare ground, hedged with hurdles, athwart the turf of what the wretches consider one of the most picturesque parts of the Gardens. "The entrance to the ride," said the Chief Commissioner of Works, the other night, "would be under the dry arch of the bridge which divided Kensington Gardens from Hyde Park, on the south side." He also confessed that it "would not interfere with the privacy, such as it was, of a great portion of the Gardens." These statements may give the superior equestrians too much reason to apprehend that the new horse-ride will be somewhat out of the people's way. The select will be disgusted with Mr. COWPER for conceding too much to the mob. We may, however, be mistaken. The new ride may be so arranged as still to constitute a considerable eyesore, as the rabble are accustomed to call any kind of object which, they fancy, spoils their prospect, interposed between it and their mobility. As if they had any capacity to appreciate a view, or, having any, as if it could be entitled to the least respect!

Mr. COWPER professes to have been induced to transfer the Kensington horse-ride chiefly by objections "proceeding from certain fond parents and timid nurse-maids in regard to the dangers to children which might result from the want of experience or adroitness on the part of the equestrians." This is all very well to say; but the horse-ride would no doubt have remained where it was, if all the noise that had been made against it had proceeded from timid nursemaids and fond parents. A petition signed by some 40,000 people in the habit of

visiting Kensington Gardens, and quietly enjoying themselves there in their own low way, would, if the present horse-ride should prove a nuisance in their stupid eyes, too probably again defeat a gentleman-like attempt to enable the aristocracy of Rotten Row to disport themselves in the face, and to the annoyance, of the plebeians who frequent Kensington Gardens, and presume to object to the disturbance of their quietude by the animated spectacle of splendid horsemanship gratuitously presented to them by the higher classes.

One who Draws it Beautifully Mild.

AN American was asking, "who was the greatest stump-orator in England?" when a gentleman, who looked something like an artist, for he had long hair, and his collar was gracefully thrown back to display the artistic arrangement of his beard, said, "Taking a 'stump,' Sir, as an instrument that is used in drawing, I should say that Sir CHARLES EASTLAKE, Sir, was the greatest 'stump-orator' of this, or any other country. For the distribution of light and shade, and the delicacy of beautiful little touches, as well as for his firmness of tone, I am sure that not even in America, Sir, rich as it is in stump-orators, is there any one who can possibly come near him."

A Long Siege, but no Surrender.

THE siege of the War-Office for the distribution of the Delhi prize-money promises to become one of the longest on record, but there doesn't appear to be the most distant hope of a surrender. The authorities endeavour to screen themselves by taking refuge behind CHARLES MATHEW's celebrated saying: "Never to do to-day that which you can conveniently put off till to-morrow."

ELECTRIC INTELLIGENCE.—MR. REUTER now competes with Lloyds'. All the clerks in his Telegraph Offices are facetiously known as "UNDER-REUTERS." Under-writers, do you see?



A CHALLENGE FOR BLONDIN.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 10, *Monday*. The Lords have been very uneasy over this Bankruptcy Bill, and to-night the Government were beaten by 93 to 61 on a clause proposed by LORD CHELMSFORD, for preventing the Act from having a retrospective effect. It was decided that Debtors and Creditors should start fair, from the time of the Bill becoming law.

The Commons had a smart debate on the Bill for Appropriating the four seats vacant by the doom now irrevocably pronounced upon Saint Albans and Sudbury. EARL JERMYN made a plaintive appeal against punishing the latter place so dreadfully, but nobody had a word to say for the borough of the First Christian martyred in England. *Municipium pro criminibus disfranchizatum* may now be inscribed on the Town Halls of those places. We have not heard that either suffers much from having been saved from occasional Saturnalia, Sudbury continues to be the stupidest town in England, and St. Albans is thinking more of spiritual than temporal matters, and hopes to have its noble Abbey elevated into a Cathedral, and to have a Bishop who shall take half of the overgrown diocese of DR. WIGRAM. The battle to-night was on the allotment of the seats. A new Member for the West Riding, and one for South Lancashire were agreed to after some debate. But when it was proposed to unite Chelsea and Kensington into one borough, and give Members to the Union, the House rose in its wrath. "What?" said the British Parliament, "have we not had enough of men of the type of MISTER ROUPPELL, and HARVEY LEWIS, and HARPER TWELVETREES the bug-destroyer, and JABEZ INWARDS, and NICHOLAY the Skinman, and DIFFANGER the Spouter, and COX of Finsbury, but you must go and make another borough that will swamp the educated classes, and elect, by force of publicans, two more of the breed? By the Nine Gods, no!" Vainly did the Government shuffle; it was not a question of politics, but of social endurance. Men rushed together, to prevent the creation of more Metropolitan Members, as they rush, in the instinct of self-preservation, to blackball a Club candidate who is known to put his knife into his mouth. The majority showed the terror into which Parliament had been thrown. Government were beaten by more than One Hundred. They begged time to consider what they should do, and MR. DISRAELI graciously granted them a

week. *Mr. Punch* has rarely seen such an instant and spontaneous demonstration of the feeling of the country in regard to the Metropolitan Constituencies. If the latter had any pluck, or sense of shame, they would call meetings, and seriously consider their position, and see whether, by purifying the Parliamentary roll, they could not do something to reinstate themselves in the opinion of the nation. The fate of St. Albans and Sudbury is far happier than that of boroughs permitted to exist upon such contemptuous terms.

Tuesday. The DUKE OF SOMERSET declared that the Navy was in fine order, that the *Warrior* would be ready one of these days, and that the Government were resolved to maintain the Naval Supremacy of England. With true official instinct, he abused ADMIRAL ELLIOTT for having visited the French dockyards, and for having reported what he saw there. The Duke intimated that the Admiral ought to have said nothing publicly, but should have called on LORD DERBY, and told him, and LORD DERBY should have called on LORD PALMERSTON and told him, and then LORD PALMERSTON could have sent for the DUKE OF SOMERSET, and told him. Doubtless this is the gentlemanly and high-bred way of doing business, but when the welfare of a nation is at stake, *Mr. Punch* can forgive a blunt sailor for sailing right in the wind's eye, contrary to all diplomatic nauticalities.

And joy to every scribbling Coon
Who wastes the midnight taper,
On this eleventh day of June
The Lords they danced to GLADSTONE'S tune,
And smashed the Tax on Paper.

The Chicory Budget Bill was read a Third Time and passed. One young author instantly sent for MR. BARRY, and requested him to make plans for a mansion which the former proposed to erect in Hyde Park Gardens; another has written to say that if there is any difficulty about finding a Master for the Flat Hat Hounds, he will take them and hunt that country, as he means to buy an estate there; and a third is building a Steam Yacht, in which he intends to pervade the Mediterranean, sending home his copy regularly every week in his boats. *Astræa Redux*, and despite MR. BUCKLE, the Golden Age has come back.

Then the Lords had a Ragged-School Row, and it is remarkable how the minds of men adapt themselves to the subject of discussion. Whenever this question comes up, some of the Lords are sure to begin abusing one another, much as the ragged objects of the charity would do under excitement. The topic is not an agreeable one, especially in hot weather, but the most fastidious of their Lordships will listen to one of their own body, LORD MACAULAY, and when they are inclined to evade their duty to the Dangerous Classes, let them recollect what LORD T. B. M. wrote of the somewhat anarchical period between the Abdication of JAMES and the Accession of WILLIAM. "On such occasions it will ever be found that the Human Vermin, which, neglected by Ministers of State and Ministers of Religion, and barbarous in the midst of civilisation, burrows among all physical and all moral pollution in the cellars and garrets of great cities, all at once rises into a terrible importance." The LORD SHAFTESBURY and the DUKE OF NEWCASTLE exchanged their usual defiance over the Report of the Education Commissioners, but the Duke had the best of it—he is not one of those men whose every Goose is a Swan, but he is quite content to regard goose as goose, and a very good bird into the bargain, though as the hungry gentleman said, a little too much for one and not enough for two.

At a morning sitting (why are there not more morning and fewer evening sittings?) the Commons considered the Criminal Law Consolidation Bills, and very good business was done. In the evening LORD JOHN RUSSELL announced that the Powers have agreed that Syria shall in future be kept in order by a Christian Governor, of course a servant of the Sultan. It is a comfort to know that there will be one Christian in Syria.

Give a man-with-a-grievance an inch, and if he won't take an ell he'll make a grab at it. BARBER, an attorney, some years ago was foolish enough to be the innocent party to frauds of which, at the time, he was found guilty by a jury. He was sentenced to transportation. But as it was afterwards shown that he had been wrongfully accused of complicity in the fraud, he was pardoned, and a sum of £5000 was properly granted to him out of the public money, to compensate him for his unmerited sufferings. Now BARBER wants more. This is a little too good, and the House negatived the demand without division.

Wednesday. Theology, as usual, on the Parliament Sunday. Shall witnesses who object to oaths, be relieved from the necessity of swearing on criminal trials? For the relief it was insisted that it is hard to make a man's right to the protection of the law depend upon his or another's "speculative opinions," and that at this moment many persons are exposed to danger of life, and property, because it is known that they will not declare their belief in a future state. Against the relief it was contended that the mass of persons whose evidence comes before the Courts, have little respect for truth, but have a dread of perjury, and that to remit the oath would be to diminish the chances of getting at the fact. It was also urged that persons who were incapable of recognising the leading truths of religion were semi-lunatics, who deserved no special law in their favour. The case of those who are perfectly truthful, and believe in religion, and therefore object to oaths (considering that "Swear not at all" does not mean that we are not to swear at everybody, but that swearing itself is inhibited), is a hard case; and unless solved on the broad principle of the convenience of the majority, can scarcely be said to be dealt with. The SOLICITOR-GENERAL, who is a Methodist, avowed his conviction that oaths were very valuable, and SIR G. LEWIS took the same side. A Bill of MR. DILLWYN's for substituting affirmations was rejected by 136 to 66.

The SPEAKER went to the House of Lords, and when he came back, announced that the Royal Assent had been given to the Paper-Duty Bill. MR. GLADSTONE immediately burst into song in the character of the Peri,—

Joy, joy for ever, my task is done,
The Bill is passed, and the game is won!
Oh, am I not happy, I am, I am,
To thee, dear Paper, how dark and sad
Are the war-taxed Teas from Chingchongoram,
Or the crystal Sugars from old Trinidad.
Joy, joy, for ever, my task is done,
The Bill is passed, and the game is won.

Thursday. The EARL OF LEITRIM, (did anybody ever hear of him—he is called CLEMENTS in the British Peerage?) had abused CHIEF JUSTICE MONAHAN, for some charge, in which he had stated that there was a diminution in the crime of a certain Irish locality. This the Earl denied, and was very ungracious to the judge. LORD CAMPBELL and others were down upon his Lordship, and very high testimony was borne on all sides to the wisdom and discretion of the Judge, testimony which of course implied that LORD LEITRIM had neither wisdom nor discretion. He was scolded so severely that he announced his intention of holding his tongue, but was of course much too obstinate to own that he had made a mistake. Then came another Irish affair—a packet of leave having been granted to a man who had pleaded guilty of conspiracy to murder. The DUKE OF NEWCASTLE explained that it

was all right, and noble Lords seemed to derive comfort from hearing that the scoundrel had left Ireland, and settled in Manchester.

The Commons discussed India.

Friday. Some of HENRY OF EXETER's flock petition that his diocese may be split into two parts. We should like to hear DR. PHILLOTTIS (yes, WISCOUNT, that is the right spelling, and nothing is more vulgar, or a clearer sign of that insolent negligence which is the essence of vulgarity, than misspelling a name—do we ever misspell yours, WILLIAMS?) on the point. Ha! ha! not to say hee! hee! When the Ministers got their majority, notwithstanding FATHER DALY, what said Mr. Punch? Of course there was no bargain, such a thing would have been shameful. But he should not go, he said, into hysterics of astonishment, if a Committee, or a Commission, or something, inquired into the question, and if it were found that certain Irishmen knew that justice would be done to Oireland. This was weeks ago. To-night there was a Galway debate, and Government, in the most handsome manner, conceded a Committee, and if the Committee reports that the Galway Company may be indulged with another trial, it will be very wonderful if the Government should take the same indulgent view. But a bargain, Oh, dear no! Perish ten Ministries, and so on; and here, waiter, bring us a Gin Sling, and get us our cigar-case. By the way, MR. DISRAELI made himself very angry to-night, and accused LORD PALMERSTON of having hunted the late excellent MR. STAFFORD to death, a statement indignantly denied by the Viscount, and contradicted by personal friends of MR. STAFFORD, who attributed his premature death to other causes than the attacks upon his Admiralty errors. Let us rather remember the gallant services he did in the Crimea—not in fighting, but in the cause of humanity.

A VOLUNTEER WHERE LEAST EXPECTED.

We are glad to lay before the reader the following curious paragraph. We have found a friend where we least expected it.

"MR. W. WILLIAMS (Punch's favourite Wiscount) concurred in the eulogium which had been passed on the Volunteer corps, and expressed a hope that the Government would not refuse to accede to the proposal of the noble Lord (ELCHO) the Member for Haddingtonshire. (Hear, Hear.)"

The above hearty co-operation was given on the sum of £133,976 being proposed as the vote for the Volunteer corps. It has been universally supposed (and we have aided in no small degree in fostering that supposition) that the Member for Lambeth was such a rigid unsparing economist that he would rub off the gilding of the State-carriage, if he thought he could save a few half-crowns every year by it. However, it will be seen from the above that though the noble Wiscount is generally opposed to everything like "profligate expenditure," still he is not averse to the outlay of what he considers is worthily laid out for the defence of his country. He consents to pay for the Volunteers (and we have it on the authority of MR. T. G. BARING himself that, including the wear and tear of the rifles, they do not cost more than one pound per head per annum) on the same sensible principle that he does not object to pay his police-rates; the first, he has sense enough to know, protect his country from invaders, and the second protect his house from thieves. Bravo, Wiscount; we beg to hail you as a Man, and a Brother, and a Volunteer! We have often drilled you, and now, if you will only put yourself at the head of a Volunteer regiment, you may drill us as often as you like.

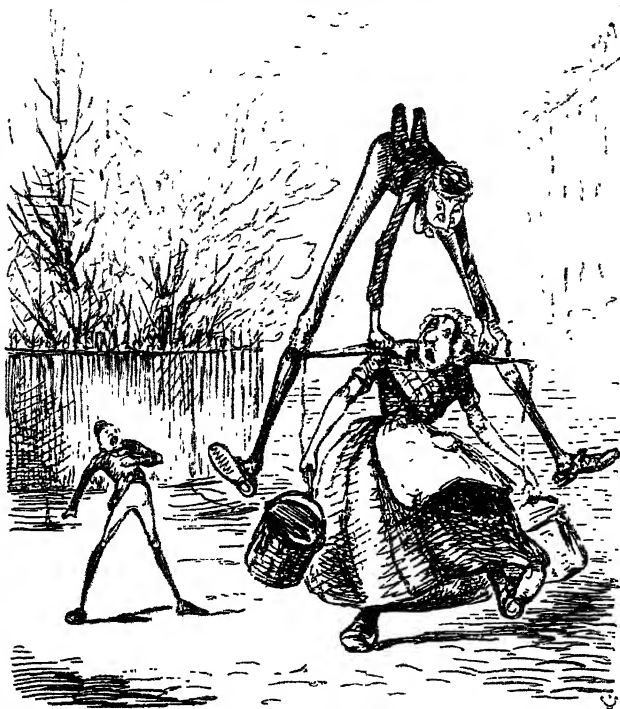
The last Census informs us that after SMITH and JONES, there is no name so common in England and Wales (the latter contributing very liberally) as WILLIAMS. Why not start a corps exclusively composed, then, of WILLIAMSES? and put yourself at the head of them, Wiscount? Out of respect to one who spread great distinction on the name, it might be called "The First Boiled Beefs." The motto, without a doubt, should be, "Cut and Come Again;" and the arms, in addition to the rifle, should be a long carving-knife, with a big pewter-plate, by way of a shield. If the subject were only well stirred, we are confident that the "Boiled Beefs" would come out uncommonly strong, especially when they were mustered in their full strength.

Selling an Uncle.

A REMARKABLE case occurred, the other day, at Marlborough-street Police Court. One LOUIS MOUVILLE, alias MOUILLIER, described as a Bavarian, of No. 4, Kennington-green, was brought before MR. TYRWHITT, charged with fraudulently obtaining from MR. ROBERT ATTENBOROUGH, pawnbroker, of Greek-street, Soho, the sum of 30*l*., by palming upon him in pledge two hogsheds of water for so much port wine. MR. ATTENBOROUGH, in short, supposed that the defendant had spouted wine, but discovered that he had only spouted water. The records of meteorology afford no parallel to this instance of a water-spout.

THE FRAMEWORK OF SOCIETY.—Guilt.—*A Clapham Cynic.*

LET US BE THANKFUL IT IS NO WORSE.



libellous tale has been hung on the Black Cow; for it turns out after all that the proportion of water to milk does not exceed more than one-third. Water is harmless enough; and we ought to be thankful to the milkmen for using it in such extreme moderation. Providing it be not Thames water, you could not have a more harmless, or a more agreeable adulteration. The character of the *marchand de lait*, which it has been the special fashion of the tea-

N action was lately tried at the Common Pleas to recover damage for the misrepresentation of the value of a milk business, in which it appeared that—

“Although 16 barn gallons of pure milk were manufactured into 24 of ordinary milk, yet nothing but pure water was used in the adulteration of it.”

The milkman has been shamefully calumniated. How repeatedly has he not been accused of using calves' brains, chalk, plaster of Paris, and other ingredients that only convert the milk-pail into a kind of whitened sepulchre to hold the poor remains of milk—remains on which the verdict would naturally be:

“Found Drowned.” Like CÆSAR'S wife, the vaccine produce should be not only pure, but above all suspicion. Many a

table to blacken as much as possible, has come almost milk-white out of the above lacteal analysis. With that third of water, he has almost washed his hands of all the dirt and filth that he has been popularly and falsely accused of dealing in.

However, we do not see why milk should always be condemned to meet with a watery grave at all. In Paris and other large towns in France, certain *octroi*, or medical officers go round, and test the contents of the cans by means of a lactometer. On the proof of any adulteration, the pails are emptied into the gutter, and the vendor severely fined. Why couldn't some such easy plan be tried over here? If in every quart we purchase of milk one-third of it has been borrowed from the pump, it is almost tantamount to paying for one's water-rates twice over. Our milk-bills should be mixed with those of the New River Company, for the amount liquidated for in both is mostly of the same element. In truth, why shouldn't the water-companies be able to lay on to our houses a service of milk every morning? It could almost be done through the same pipes, and would dispense for the future with the visits of the milkman. There is nothing like tracing abuses to their native source—and we hope that, having discovered it in this instance to be a water-source, the abuse, since water enters so largely into its composition, will soon, like water itself, find its own level.

A Home Question for Yankees.

OUR friends in the North American States complain that the British Government recognises the Southern Seceders as belligerents instead of regarding them as rebels. Are the Northerners prepared to hang MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS if they can catch him; and if not, why not, and how, if they treat the Southerners as legitimate combatants, can they expect us to do otherwise?

A FRENCH WONDER.

IN looking over the Report of the recent debate in the French Legislative Body on the Army and Navy Estimates, we were agreeably astonished by some remarks which fell from M. LARRABURE. This gentleman, speaking of the wars into which, of late years, France has plunged for ideas, actually uttered the following sensible words:—

“Were the accounts of these expeditions cast up, the total would astonish, perhaps alarm, Frenchmen, by showing how much blood and treasure had been spent in different parts of the world, which, if they had been applied to improvements at home, would have realised wonders in France.”

Blood makes muscle, and muscle does work, recollect cavillers, who may demur, with a grin, to the idea of the application of that fluid to domestic improvements. But what wonderful words are the foregoing to have proceeded from a Frenchman's mouth! In themselves, regarded from our point of view, to be sure, they are commonplaces. So are the questions, “How do you do?” “I hope you are pretty well?” But you would be amazed to hear them addressed to you by your terrier.

In the same rational and extraordinary strain M. LARRABURE continues:—

“It may be answered that ‘France is rich enough to pay for glory.’ With such pompous puerilities fine speeches may be made, but they risk the mismanagement of national affairs.”

Here we have a Frenchman whose moral and intellectual faculties are really sufficiently developed to enable him to despise glory, to see the ludicrousness of pompous puerilities, and to regard them with contempt instead of admiration! A Frenchman who thinks and expresses himself like a fellow-creature!

Some little exception, however, may be taken to this position:—

“France is too easily led by witticisms; it is to be desired that a little common sense were mixed with them. Wit is all very well in its place, but in the management of public affairs, common sense and sound calculations are preferable.”

No, M. LARRABURE, it is not wit that misguides France. It is gravity, Sir, that profound gravity which cannot see the fun of fighting for the gratification of vain-glory—the fun that such folly affords *Mephistopheles*. France has not wit enough to perceive the jokes—

conspiration and taxation—which her rulers enjoy at her expense. After all, however, M. LARRABURE'S remarks on his country's wit were perhaps ironical; for his next observation proves him capable of saying a smart thing:—

“At the risk of appearing prosaic, of the earth, earthy, M. LARRABURE would alter the phrase, and say, ‘France is rich enough in glory to thank now of her finances.’”

If grave France had only the wit to understand and appreciate that last-quoted saying of M. LARRABURE'S, common sense and sound calculations would be sufficiently conspicuous in the management of her public affairs, whilst we should be enabled to reduce a warlike expenditure which is much too serious for merry England.

If the British Public took as much interest in mental as it does in material curiosities, M. LARRABURE should come over here and be exhibited. A philosopher would much rather go to hear him reason, than to see a talking fish, or M. BLOWDIN dance on the high rope.

A PUBLIC FAVOURITE.

IN the description of the Ascot Races, we notice that there was present “MR. MERRY'S BUCKSTONE.” This strikes us rather as tautology—for when you say BUCKSTONE, of course every one understands that it means “merry.” The two, in the public estimation, are almost synonymous. He is Merry all over—points, pace, style, action, stepping, hair, collar, pins, everything. Further on, we read that *Buckstone* was “foaled in France.” Now, that is too bad. France, not content with sending us actors, whom we are gracious enough to allow to come in and win, is actually trying now to jockey us out of our own original stock of high-bred comedians. We protest against this, and maintain that BUCKSTONE was born, and bred, and raised in England, and that all the principal engagements in which he has distinguished himself have taken place in England, where he has always been one of the first in the race of public favour. Is not the name thoroughly an English one? whereas the probabilities are that if he had been “foaled in France,” he would have been christened there also. Translate BUCK and STONE into French, and join the two words together, and you get an incomprehensible jumble that you would not give to a single living creature.



THE DARLINGS COME OUT TO SEE THE 38th OTHERSEX VOLUNTEERS DRILLED.

Sergeant (appealingly). "NOW THEN, GENTLEMEN, ONCE MORE. EYES FRONT!—AND PRAY, GENTLEMEN—PRAY DON'T STARE ABOUT YOU, AS IF YOU WERE IN CHURCH!"

THE END OF THE STRIKE.

I ONCE was a mason in constant employ,
And did for my labour good wages enjoy,
Until bad advisers as led me astray
Hinduced me to strike for nine hours a-day.

I joined the Trade Union, and, more to my shame,
I bullyragged such as would not do the same,
Waylaid 'em and threatened, abused 'em, and curst,
Pitched into and beat and kicked all as I durst.

We struck at a season of danger all round,
To stand by each other when all ranks was bound;
But we cared not a dump for our countrymen's good,
Only tried to screw out all we possible could.

We held on the strike till our funds was all gone,
And then went and begged to be once more took on,
But found all the masters, as good as they said,
Had been and engaged foreign hands in our stead.

Then on come the winter we had to go through,
No money we'd saved, and got no work to do;
I was forced to go beggin', and sing in the street,
With my wife and my children for somethink to eat.

Through the cold and the wet I was laid on my back,
With a fever and likewise rheumatic attack,
Which I never recovered my 'elth as before;
And now I ain't good not for nothink no more.

I once was a mason, and proud of the name,
But now I'm a pauper, my own self to blame,
Confined in the Workus, a wearin' away
The rest of my life in this unionform grey.

Farewell now for ever to pipes and to beer,
Give up all hope of comfort on comin' in here,
At noon there ain't never no "twelveses" for me,
To wash down my ration of skillogalee.

Take warnin' my friends from my sorrowful fate,
If you strike for too much, you'll repent it too late,
Crying, "Why did we POTTERS to pot us allow?
Ah, once we was Masons as Paupers is now!"

SOLEMN APPLICATION OF STEAM.

THE new organ at St. Paul's requires eight strong men, exerting all their strength, to supply it with wind. The bellows, however, is said to be not powerful enough for the instrument, and a competent critic suggests that it should be replaced by a bigger one, to be blown by a steam-engine. But what will our ecclesiologists say to the innovation of introducing into a Cathedral such a monstrosity as a steam-organ? To persons with strong mediæval sympathies there cannot but seem something queer in the idea of performing a musical service by the aid of machinery, and getting up the steam for an anthem. Saint Cecilia, who invented the organ, would have been astonished, if, in any state of ecstatic prevision, the "inventress of the vocal frame" had foreseen it worked by steam-power.

A Golden Rule for Ladies.

A LADY's pocket-money is called her "Pin-money." Therefore, we beg to impress upon the memory of the dear lovely creatures the following important rule in the laying out of their Pin-money:—"Mind you take care of the Pins, and the Pounds will take care of themselves."

DR. GRAY'S ATTACK ON M. DU CHAILLU.—A case of Gorilla-warfare.



THE STRIKE.—HITTING HIM HARD.

NON-UNIONIST. "AH, BILL! I WAS AFRAID WHAT *YOUR* UNION WOULD END IN."

OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT.

"MY DEAR PUNCH,

"NOTWITHSTANDING all the homilies preached on the blessings of concord, I believe that half the pleasures of this world arise from differences of opinion. For instance there are honest folks in the Strand who are perpetually inveighing against the errors of Popery, and on the other hand I have no doubt all the invective and sarcasm of the Brompton Oratory is occasionally brought to bear on Exeter Hall. But imagine either establishment suddenly deprived of its natural enemy. Suppose DR. CUMMING had succeeded in his praiseworthy efforts to convert the POPE. My goodness! What a dull May meeting the next would be. The Doctor's labours would be virtually at an end, and all those beautiful smiles about the Scarlet Lady and the Sons of Belial would be useless. Or conceive the Editor of the *Record* retiring to the convent of St. Blazes in the full persuasion of, &c. &c., would not that respected fraternity be for ever deprived of the pleasure of laughing at his leading articles? In a word, what would SOAPY be without CHEESY, or CHEESY without SOAPY? Don't we know that the possibility of a division in the House is one of the best guarantees for judicious legislation? The principle that holds good respecting Politics and Theology, is no less applicable in the world of Art. The great element of Opposition has effect alike in the pulpit, the Forum, and the Studio. We moustachioed students of the R. A. follow this and that style as befits our temperament, our purse, or education. With some of us the Præ-Raphaelite manner, with others the Post-Peruginian, or Ante-penultimate-Caraccian style may be in vogue; but whichever we follow, be sure a healthy spirit of rivalry exists, and the public taste will be in proportion to the pictures which are submitted to its notice. Thus when at the R. A. Exhibition I find MR. JONES delineating a terrific combat between the Sowars and the 7th Hussars in the Raptée river, I fancy some tough old Indian warrior, criticising (somewhat harshly perhaps) the treatment of the subject, while young Freshman, who has some notion of going in for honours at College, and marrying the dean's daughter afterwards, finds his attention arrested by the *Scholar's Mate* (140) in which MR. COPE has shown us how nicely a flirtation may be combined with a game of Chess.

"MR. WELLS exhibits an excellent portrait of an Italian (147) who MR. BARBAGE I am sure will be rejoiced to find, has forsaken his late horrible occupation of organ grinding, in order to sit as a model in London ateliers. The capillary crop which surrounds his head like a huge sponge, is in itself an object of no common interest, and I for one much prefer seeing his hair on the canvas, to hearing his airs in the street.

"Before MR. WARD's picture (169) you will always find a great crowd assembled, and no wonder. Who could pass that motley scene with indifference. The eye is arrested by a blaze of colour. We are introduced to the most fashionable throng of the gayest court in Christendom. Royal favourites vie with each other in magnificence.

"Dives opum, dives pictæ vestis et auri,"

as the Latin Grammar hath it (and indeed I never saw mortals represented who so nearly realised the description). Silks, satins, and velvets abound. Lords and bishops jostle each other, and as for ladies, sure never were seen more gorgeously attired, bepatched, bejewelled syrens than those who strut before us, and yet—ah! what satire in the glowing canvas—what a dismal moral lurks within the frame! How runs the text?

"Vidi impium superexaltatum,
Et transivi, et ecce non erat:"

The sounds of revelry have scarcely ceased—a minute since the dice were rattled out by noble hands, and see yonder comes a dread unbidden Guest, at whose approach even royalty itself must stand aside. It is Death who holds his levee in that inner chamber. *Fate, vale CHARLES STUART!* Alas for the *Eikon Basilicon!* The Merry Monarch is now indeed but the image of a king.

* * * * *

"I think if MR. COOKE had not followed the limner's art, he would have chosen a sailor's life for his profession. Is there one among us who loves and paints the stormy main as he does? His *Dutch Galliot under a Heavy Gale* (175) is a most masterly performance, and would delight the heart of honest T. P., his venerable namesake.

"*Blaine with the Shield of Sir Lancelot* (176) is a good subject very fairly treated by MR. BARNFORD. The azure colour of the heraldic lions may be symbolical of the lady's temperament, as she has evidently 'got the blues.'

"MR. WEBBE's *Cotter's Cow* (179) is an extraordinarily careful study of that animal grazing by a hedgerow, which is also made out with great care. A little girl is nutting in the middle distance, while the cow is 'nuts' upon the herbage. But why did MR. WEBBE bestow all that skill and trouble on this vaccine portrait? Few cows have been celebrated in English history. We have heard of the cow with the crumpled horn, that tossed the dog, that worried the cat, that

eat the rat, that did something else; and of another cow which having attained a venerable age, expired in consequence of having incautiously listened to a certain dismal tune; but I do not recognise either of these creatures in the *Cotter's Cow*. I am half inclined to imitate the learned critic, who asked the painter to reverse the positions of the Duke and Duchess in his portrait, and recommend MR. WEBBE to bring his cottage girls into the foreground, and keep his cows for the middle distance.

"*Pastimes in Times Past* (177) sounds like a pun, but to paint the subject with such care on so small a scale as in MR. J. FAEN's picture is no joke let me observe. A sturdy wight of Saxon blood is listening with his family to the strains of a wandering minstrel who has just stopped at their door. Some of the party appear to be playing at draughts, and the bard himself looks as if he would not refuse a drain.

"Another picture of the same class, but differently handled, is *The Knight's Home* (190) in which MR. BURGESS has painted us a jolly mediæval warrior clad in complete steel—not 'revisiting the glimpses of the moon,' but sitting down by his ample fireside to play with his children. One of them a fine little fair-haired fellow, who no doubt will be glad enough to step into his father's shoes by-and-by, does not appear to relish the joke of trying on his helmet.

"Before we leave the East Room, one word in praise of MR. GOODALL's *First Born* (203) in praise not so much for his skilful touch and perfect drawing, of which we all have had evidence in fifty previous works, but because in painting this simple group he has not cared to load his canvas with all the splendour which an Eastern scene and accessories might justify, but has only taken human nature for his model, remembering that that great instinct which makes the whole world kin from the Grampian Hills to the Himalaya, is the same in cot and palace, along the sedgy Thames, or by the banks of the Euphrates.

"Faithfully yours,

"JACK EASEL."

ZONG FOR THE HAYMAKUN ZAZON.

I SPAKES a word unto the wise,
If thee 'st got ears to hear;
Thee work, and take thy exercise,
Afore thee takest thy beer.
The showers as arter drought valls fust,
Zee how Earth zucks in they;
Let beer, as rain that lays the dust,
Zo moisten thy parcht clay.

Zave that, whereas the ground do lack
The moisture all outside,
When thee hast need thy thirst to slack,
All drippin is thy hide.
Wait till thee bist as wet without,
As thee bist dry within;
Vor then thy beer will, just about,
Goo down as good agin.

Thee bear this here in mind, my boy,
For fear thy swig to spoil;
If thee 'dst take in thy drop wi' joy,
Thee let un out by toil.
For Natur' bids us, for our hire,
To work and labour here,
And sez, if fellers wun't prespire,
They shouldn't ha no beer.

The Power of Speed.

A SPORTING Gentleman was saying that "for running there was nothing, after all, like a good three-year old." "Excuse me, Sir," said a mildewy-looking youth, who had the stamp of a swindler printed on his face, with 'No Effects' written boldly across it, "but I will venture to back one of my three-months' bills against it. Why, Sir, I will give you my word, I started a three-months' bill not less than five years ago, and by Jove! it hasn't ceased running yet!—and this, Sir, in spite of its having fifty pounds to carry! I believe that at last it will be a dead heat between that bill and *Colleen Bawn*—for I defy DR. CUMMING himself to say which, eventually, will beat the other in running."

A NEW USE FOR THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH-WIRE.

STRETCH it for M. BLONDIN to return to the United States upon. It's the only return the Shareholders are ever likely to get for their outlay.

POSTSCRIPT TO A SEA-SIDE LETTER.—"The Sea is as smooth, and clear, as a looking-glass. The oysters might see to shave in it."



DOCTOR. "Gout, my dear Madam,—Gout everywhere! No Port,—No Beer. Brandy and Vichy-water only."
 ELDERLY LADY (in dismay). "Thank you, Doctor; but I hate your Visky-Vashy Drinks."

OUR DRAMATIC CORRESPONDENT.

"DEAR PUNCH,

"I AM sure that you and I, and every lover of good acting, must rejoice that MR. ROBSON has recovered from his illness, and is able once again to delight a British audience. In the present dearth of talent (protect me from a challenge for using such a phrase!) MR. ROBSON is an actor who can very ill be spared, and whose place it would at present be impossible to fill. Faults he may have, doubtless—who of us has not?—and to those who see him often his very eccentricity may seem mannered, if not forced. But where are we to look for an actor to replace him? and when we lose him, will not hundreds of us much lament the gap? When I think of all the tears and laughs that he has won from me, I can but own his power, and accord my thanks and praise. Few men have held their audience so much at their command, and have moved its smiles or sighs with such a ready sway. His quick change of emotion, if not the work of genius is that of perfect art; and if he skips at times too suddenly from silly to sublime, it is because his better judgment has been blunted by burlesque. They who have not seen him in such plays as *Plot and Passion*, know but little of his skill in making much of a small part, and but little of his power in the conception of a character, and adapting voice and person to the carrying it out. Varied as they are, the parts that he appears in he stamps upon one's memory, so that one at any time can bring them to one's mind; and when, some score years hence, one lights on an old playbill with either *Daddy Hardacre* or *The Porter's Knot* inscribed on it, one will at once recal the character he played, and revive some of the pleasure which the seeing it produced.

"The other night I dropped into the cosy little Bandbox, which people from the country may know better as the Strand. It was not the 'Great Sensation Burlesque' which attracted me, for I saw that long ago, and said my say about it; and have only now to add a sigh of sorrow that *Aladdin* has not taken my advice, and given up devoting her talents to burlesque. That she can turn her tongue and person to a far better account than giving point to puns and dancing comic jig, her acting in *Court Favour* abundantly well proved; and as a lady-like demeanour is at present (more's the pity!) none too common on

the stage, I regret to see it vulgarised by acting in burlesque. Apparently the public are not of my opinion, seeing with what clamour they welcome *Miss Aladdin*, and applaud her every joke; and it is difficult, of course, in the face of such approval, to persuade a young performer to avoid what calls it forth.

"The piece that tempted me to fling in my four shillings to the treasury was paraded in the playbill as a 'triumphantly successful new and original comedy;' and excepting that I found it neither novelty nor comedy, I have no reason to quarrel with the title thus put forth. With a captivating candour, the comedy (so called) is christened *The Old Story*, and with the exception of some few minor points, the story is as old as it is owned to be. The piece abounds throughout in stale and stogy situations, and has the flavour rather of a hash-up of old farces, except one serious scene which is by no means badly played. There is our old, old friend the footman, whose heart is with the lady's maid, and hopes in a snug 'public'; and our old, old friends the poet and the half-pay Indian Captain, who both want a wife with money, and are rival plagues in pestering the heroine of the piece. And there's the old, old way of bringing on the *dramatis personæ*: first, the two servants conversing, then the lover just arrived, and then the old man and his pet; and the old, old way of callers coming quite by chance together, half-a-dozen at a time, and entering through the window, or anyhow they choose, exactly, we all know, as they do in real life. In spite, however, of antiquity—perhaps, indeed, because of it, for some people most enjoy the tales they've often heard before, for they know so well what's coming, and like to look as though they didn't—*The Old Story* has been running now for half-a-hundred nights, which is surely quite enough to make its author proud of it, and tempt him to regard it as a model when he writes. Well, opinions of course differ; and I have no right to assume that mine infallibly is right. But, to my thinking, the character which MR. PARSELE plays affords the only chance of acting with anything like nature; and of this chance, MR. PARSELE, who never over-acts himself, takes care to make the most. I never met the author, mind, and have no private pique against him; nor, as I hear this is his maiden effort at a comedy, would I use a word so harsh as to discourage him from making a better-judged attempt. But as the clapping of the gallery is not the soundest praise,

a word of friendly caution, which I trust will not offend him, may make him ask himself the question, 'What, really, is a comedy?' and what careful thought and writing is, or ought to be, required of him who hopes to write one worthy of the name.

"Yours, Mr. Punch, much more in sorrow than in anger,

"ONE WHO PAYS."

"P.S.—How I envy you the memory of your seat at Covent Garden when that pleasant little party, PATTI, first appeared there! Actually, such are the engagements of this active time of year, I have not yet found a night to spend with her *Sonnambula*, and now I see it stated that Monday was her last. Oh, Mr. GRE, do please reconsider your resolve, if only for the sake of your well-wisher, O. W. P."

POLAND DRESSED TOO LOUD.

THE subjoined telegram, dated from Breslau, announces a little edict of a great tyranny:—

"According to advices received from Warsaw, an ordinance has been published there enumerating the articles of dress which the inhabitants are prohibited from wearing, namely—square caps, Polish tunics, amaranth-coloured waistcoats and neckties, coloured boots and shoes, and any dress of a showy colour or unusual cut."

It must be rather difficult at Warsaw to dress in such a style as to afford satisfaction to the Government. But the other day mourning was forbidden, and now gay clothes are prohibited. We may imagine amaranth-coloured waistcoats and neckties objectionable to the despotic government of Poland, because amaranth is a flower, and perhaps, in the language of flowers, means "Never say Die!" or something of that sort, breathing a spirit of freedom and defiance. But the denunciation of Polish tunics, square caps, and coloured boots and shoes, would be unintelligible if we did not know that the Russian authorities are accustomed to flog ladies. Barbarians who can be guilty of such atrocity as that, may easily be conceived dastardly enough to be capable of trying to inflict an unmanly mortification on female vanity; a sentiment to which all manhood bows. Hence their interference with the smart blue tunic, square vermilion cap, and red morocco boots to match, familiar in the music-shop windows as the costume of the Polka and Cracovienne. It may be, however, that as these are national Polish dances, the Russian officials in charge of Warsaw are afraid of them, and that the ordinance against coloured boots and shoes is intended to prevent the ladies from making themselves too dangerous in exciting revolutionary enthusiasm.

The conclusion of the decree above quoted, interdicting "any dress of a showy colour or unusual cut," has an obvious aim. It is evidently levelled against *Punch*. The hero of the cudgel and the hump, glorious in scarlet and gold, is the universally received impersonation and symbol of absolute liberty; and the dress of a showy colour in which he rejoices, and of unusual cut, whereon he prides himself, is a horror and an abomination to absolute despotism.

REVIVAL IN ART.

"Among things not commonly known is the existence of the Painters' Company; one, nevertheless, of the most ancient and dignified of the civic guilds. The Painters' Company has, however, lately come out into public notice, by establishing an exhibition of imitative and decorative art, now on view in the Hall of the Company at Queenhithe. Dormant, in a state of suspended animation, for many a day, the venerable Company of Painters appears now at length to have awakened out of its sleep of ages. It has already begun to put forth its energies, and there is no saying what it may not ultimately do. In a notice of its present exhibition, a contemporary says:—

"Of the Painters' Company it may not be out of place to add that they are the forerunners of the Royal Academy, and that in bygone times they rendered good service to the cause of art. It is said that among the ancient prerogatives which in right of their charter they still possess is the privilege of contemptuously smearing over any pictorial work which may appear to them to be badly executed."

What if the Painters' Company should take it into their heads to exercise the privilege with which they are thus invested? Suppose they were to delegate certain officers to make a tour of inspection around all repositories of pictures, with a commission to deface all those paintings which they considered to be badly executed. Various picture-galleries, perhaps, would be considerably weeded, and the censors would doubtless effect an extensive clearance, in the picture-dealers' shops, of counterfeits professed to be the originals of eminent artists. What work they would make, or mar, among Parliamentary frescoes! It may be that a thorough purification of British Art is destined to be effected, in the exertion of their daubing powers, by this resuscitated brotherhood of the brush.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—Reading *Bradshaw* at night, by means of a box of lucifers!

CONVERTIBLE NOTES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

At the late half-yearly meeting of the Crystal Palace Company, we find the following observations reported to have been made by a gentleman whom we may almost call a namesake, MR. PUNCHER:—

"They were giving one hundred guineas to a male singer for singing a couple of songs. BRAHAM never had anything like it. They also give twenty-five guineas to a lady singer. Now, with all respect for the musical art, he thought that one hundred guineas for a bawler, and twenty-five for a squaller, was rather too much; it was paying too much for their whistle."

If a hundred guineas are too much for a bawler, and twenty-five guineas are too much for a squaller, how much, by way of dividend for instance, does our friend MR. PUNCHER consider to be sufficient for a grumbler? MR. PUNCHER should not allow his name to run away with him. We are afraid he thought he was punching the male and the female artist to whom he alluded by calling the former a bawler and the latter a squaller; whereas he merely punched his own head as it were, demonstrating its density, and the length and obtuseness of his ears. There is too much reason to doubt that he knew what a funny thing he was saying when he termed singers bawlers and squallers, speaking, as he declared, "with all respect for musical art." If, as MR. PUNCHER thinks, the Crystal Palace Concerts do not pay, the performers are paid too much for the Company's purpose; but they cannot be paid too much for their services except by being paid in excess of what those services will repay. Surely MR. PUNCHER himself will allow that the worth of anything is just as much as it will bring; and, though with utter disrespect for the musical art, a gentleman with *Bottom's* ear for music may denominate eminent vocalists bawlers and squallers, yet unless his arithmetical faculty, and indeed, the rest of his intellectual powers, are on a level with his musical sense, he must see that if squalling and bawling fetch more money than they cost, too much cannot be paid for even squalling and bawling. The same observations apply to the value of those other performers whom MR. PUNCHER would perhaps describe as puffers and blowers, tweedlers, tootlers, tinklers, twangers, bangers, sheepskin-thumpers, and catgut-scraper, meaning the band, and intending to intimate that the sounds of musical instruments are, to his apprehension, merely varieties of noise. If the expenses of the Crystal Palace Concerts exceeded their returns, then, indeed, although consisting of the finest music in the world, they would afford MR. PUNCHER some reason to say that the Company were paying too much for their whistle.

MINISTERING TO ONE'S WANTS AND COMFORTS.

SIR JOHN PAKINGTON was kind enough to inform us, during one of those interminable Paper-Duty discussions, that it was "the duty of a Ministry not only to make a House, but to keep a House." LADY GREY MARE, in whose presence the above sentiment was being read out, instantly exclaimed, "Yes, and so it is the duty of a husband—of every husband, at least, who pretends to be the minister of his wife's happiness; I say, not only is it the husband's duty always 'to make a house,' but it is, also, his duty, as it should be his pleasure, 'to keep it;' and by that, I mean, he should do everything in his power to make it comfortable, and to keep it thoroughly in repair; that is to say, in the height of fashion, so that his wife may have nothing whatever to complain of." All the married Ladies present received this noble exhortation on the duties of married life with a musical murmur of applause, though it was observed that LADY GREY MARE's husband, who seemed to be an incomplete copy of manhood, instantly left the room.

Probable Misunderstanding with France.

A DESPATCH from Athens, published in the Paris papers, states that, at a recent sitting of the Syrian conference, "SIR HENRY BULWER assumed a threatening attitude." This announcement is calculated to impress the minds of our neighbours with an erroneous idea. Pre-occupied with a belief in the propension of all Englishmen for the box, they will naturally picture to themselves the threatening attitude, assumed by SIR HENRY BULWER in the Syrian Conference, as that of "squaring round," and will imagine that, throwing himself into a posture of offence, he doubled his fists, and offered to punch the Russian ambassador's head.

As Clear as Crystal.

WE believe that the Crystal Palace was originally designed for "the elevation of the masses." This tight-rope dancing of M. BLONDIN is, we suppose, only a carrying out of the original intention, for though the Franco-American is seemingly the only person of the masses who is "elevated," yet we know as a positive fact that his performances are so popular that they have invariably met with a general *ascent*!



THE RIDING-HAT QUESTION.

Lucy. "NOW TELL ME, MARY, WHICH IS THE BEST?"

Mary (who is rather horsey). "WELL, DEAR, FOR TEA IN THE ARBOUR, AND THAT SORT OF THING, PERHAPS THE LITTLE ROUND ONE; BUT IF YOU WANT TO LOOK LIKE GOING ACROSS COUNTRY, THE CHIMNEY POT ALL TO NOTHING!"

THE "GENTS" AVENGED.

WHEN ALBERT SMITH, determined foe
To all high aims and large pretensions,
Called Crystal Palace programmes "slow,"
And prophesied the swift declensions
By which its art from "High" to "Low,"
Would sink, until it came to flow
Level with vulgar comprehensions,

When *Punch's* friends, with faith æsthetic
In architecture, pictures, casts,—
Although not bilious nor ascetic,
But still preferring feasts to fasts,—
Hoped, that poor ALBERT's view prophetic
Would prove as false as unpoetic,
Alas! they went beyond their lasts.

For thumping dividends they looked,
To Educational attraction—
They dreamed that JOHN BULL could be hooked
By Saurians displayed in action;
And visitors in shoals be booked
(Preferring mental food to cooked)
In art to find their satisfaction.

They thought, poor souls! to draw the town,
By their condensed zoo and ethnology,
Savages set in buff and brown,
High art, and miniature geology,
And courts and founts, and trees that crown
With beauty Sydenham's swelling down—
They owe the public an apology!

To their appeal the crowd was dumb,
The share-list soon revealed the blunder;
Of comfort 'twill not add a crumb
Against JOHN BULL's bad taste to thunder.
Best put up FLEXMORE or TOM THUMB,
Or BLONDIN: if the public come,
Ask not *cui bono*?—sack the plunder.

Extend the rope, stretch tight the guys
'Twixt the great acrobat's high stages,
Whence he may turn his scornful eyes
On works of old and middle ages,
Fountains and flowers of rainbow dyes—
The book that 'neath him open lies
At Art's and Nature's fairest pages—

And say, as he must proudly see,
"Than all these I'm a marvel greater,
From these, all faces turn to me,
As to Hyperion from a Satyr;
Which should the greater triumph be?
Here, or across Niagara?
To chaw up Art or chaw up Natur!"

An Egg-Batterie de Guerre et de Cuisine.

OFFICIAL returns inform us that in four months we imported from France 63,554,640 eggs, being a large increase upon the corresponding period of last year. This says a great deal for the industry of the fair partner of *Le Cœq Gaulois*. In fact, looking at the prolific result of it, we are inclined to believe with a distinguished Wiscount of our acquaintance, that France, after all, is "our national Hen-emy!!"

"UN TEMPS DE CHIENS."—The Dog-days.



"Pardon me, Madam—you remember me, Mr. Smith?"

YOUNG LADY (innocently). "Smith—Smith! I really, Sir, can't say that I recollect your face; but I think I remember having heard the name before."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

JUNE 17, *Monday*. LORD NORMANBY made some impertinent insinuations to the effect that LORD CARLISLE was not consulted, as to Irish affairs, by the Government at home. LORD GRANVILLE administered the snub which now seems to be a daily necessity to NORMANBY. He would not enjoy his dinner unless he had previously made a goose of himself in the Lords, and had been told that he had. Having received this stimulus to his faculties, he departs quite pleased with himself. One of these days we shall have his Testimonial to DR. GRANVILLE'S Bitter Pills.

SIR GEORGE LEWIS disgusted the Aristocracy and their imitators, who crowd the Crystal Palace to see the French acrobat run the risk of breaking his neck. The HOME SECRETARY announced that he had warned the Directors against allowing BLONDIN to take his child upon the rope. The fashionable world, having attended this BLONDIN-exhibition in far larger numbers than could be mustered when any intellectual or even refined amusement was offered, must feel this insult. They want a stimulus to excite their natures, jaded with an incessant round of common-place fooleries, and it is really hard of the Minister to interfere between them and their diversions. SIR GEORGE may have feared to be unpopular with his Order, so he has made some amends by remitting a portion of the punishment to which a Swell was (very properly, in the opinion of plebeians) consigned by MR. ARNOLD for behaving in a blackguardly manner at Cremorne. So let us hope that the BLONDIN affair is condoned.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL thinks that the Lords have knocked out every valuable feature from the Bankruptcy Bill, and he takes time to consider whether it is worth while to ask the Government to accept the mutilated measure. LORD DERBY, on the other hand, has taken special pains to convince LORD GRANVILLE that none of the important features of the Bill have been removed, except the provision for appointing a Supreme Judge.

Then we went at the Appropriation of Seats Bill. Government had tossed up, or in some cognate way arrived at a determination as to what they should propose, after the unceremonious smasher to Chelsea-cum-Kensington. They gave in their adhesion to MR.

BETHELL'S LITTLE BILL.

My little Bill, come back to me!
This my own Bill? It cannot be!
Ah, let me look! It is. But oh!
Who could have maimed my bantling so?

Whose cruel hand hath smashed thy nose,
My little Bill? What monster's blows
Did thus bung up that precious eye,
And knocked those features all awry?

I scarce can recognise one line
That marks thee for a child of mine;
The Lords have battered so thy face
As HURST'S was knocked about by MACE.

My Bill, thy beauty spoilt and gone,
How wilt thou drag existence on?
'Twere better thou shouldst rest in peace,
For happy would be that release.

O Bill, thou art in such a state
I fain myself would seal thy fate,
So thou, unfit to go or stand,
Shouldst perish by thy parent's hand.

Wonderful Precocity in a Boy only Two Years and Seven Months old.

It was the intention of some fond parents to send their only child (quite a Juvenile Prodigy in his way, and every one else's way too,) to St. Bees' College, when the young precocious genius began to cry, and in very loud terms expressed his disinclination to go there. Upon being pressed to account for his antipathy to that College, it was with a voice broken with tears, that he said it was "because he was sure at such a place as Bees' the masters would take all the honey, and the boys would get only the whacks!"

One would scarcely believe the above in one so young, unless you had been told it as a positive fact. For ourselves, we are sorely afraid that a child, so prematurely clever, has all the elements in him of making an extremely stupid man.

KNIGHTLEY's proposition to assign a third member to Middlesex. MR. NEWDEGATE signified that this was no better than the C.-cum-K. plan, and that the educated classes would be equally swamped in the proposed election. The House, by 236 to 186, endorsed this view, and rejected the idea. Then LORD PALMERSTON proposed to give four members to the West Riding, and this plan, after a good deal of debate, was allowed to stand over, and in the meantime Birkenhead was enfranchised, by 163 to 26.

An Irish squabble finished the evening. Hi, Viscount, stop! Don't you be going off like that. We have a question to ask you. A Select Committee was appointed to inquire into the expediency of extending the Cadastral Survey of England and Wales. Now, don't look Cadaverous—what's Cadastral? There, we won't tease you on a hot evening, but be prepared to answer the question next week.

Tuesday. NORMANBY snubbed himself to-night; for, having given notice of a foolish motion, he withdrew it for a more foolish reason, to the relief and amusement of LORD GRANVILLE.

Good and handsome QUEEN MARY THE SECOND caused a noble Hospital to be provided for aged seamen. It is situated near the houses where MESSRS. HART and QUARTERMAINE minister hospitality. It has enormous property, and this, of course, is mismanaged. The DUKE OF SOMERSET also says that whereas a pensioner in the Hôtel des Invalides is kept for £31, in Greenwich he costs £59. Now, whether an Englishman can beat two Frenchmen, or not, he certainly cannot eat as much as two Frenchmen. The whole system wants overhauling; but so much opposition to the Government Reform Bill is menaced (vested interests in jobbing being of course endangered somewhere) that the measure, though it went through Committee in the Lords to-night, was withdrawn later in the week. Could not a Committee be appointed, with instructions to eat whitebait at Greenwich twice a week until the end of the season, and to chat with the old-Salts for a quarter of an hour before dinner? Much valuable information might thus be obtained, and in the interests of the Service, ADMIRAL PUNCH offers himself as Chairman.

The Harbours Bill—a very good Bill—was discussed in Committee in the morning, and in the evening LORD ROBERT MONTAGU was confusing the Schleswig-Holstein question, when the House was counted out.

Wednesday. The House rejected by 79 to 33 a Bill of SIR CHARLES BURBELL's for prohibiting the employment of maid-servants to clean the outside of windows. Now Mr. Punch, the friend of all mankind and womankind, begs to say that there are two ways of looking at such proposals as these. It is perfectly true that there would be a ludicrous anti-climax in an Act of Parliament which, after a long title, should proceed to state that HER MAJESTY, with the advice of Her Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons in Parliament assembled, Ordained and Enacted that MARY should not mount on the window-sill. But it is equally true that MARY ought to be protected from thoughtless or shabby employers, who do not regard her danger, or grudge a bob to a glazier. SIR G. LEWIS's allegation that there is already law enough for the purpose, and his other allegation that there are more dangerous trades than window-cleaning, are beside the mark. The law is neglected, and the other trades are matters of choice with the followers thereof. What is really wanted is, not a separate Act for every case that demands magisterial interference, but a sensible, comprehensive Police Act, which shall enable the discreet and trustworthy gentlemen absurdly called Police Magistrates to deal with the hundred cases constantly arising in our high-pressure social system. Let Parliament imitate Paterfamilias, who does not go about his house denouncing dusty looking-glasses, picking up litters, and turning the cat off the clean counterpane, but who delegates to Materfamilias an unqualified power over details, and sits nobly in his library, reading *Punch*, reserving the thunders of his wrath and lightnings of his eye for some unpardonably insolent menial or inconceivably dishonest cabman.

Then came on the Great St. Stephen's Race, far and away the most exciting event in the year's political sporting. Stakes, £250,000 a-year. Distance, from Little Mephibosheth Tabernacle to the Mitre Tavern. Open to all horses, and asses not disqualified from running. Before the Race the betting stood thus:—

3 to 1 against Compromise.	14 to 1 against Brother to Voltaire.
3 to 1 against Abolition.	15 to 1 against Drum-Ecclesiastic.
5 to 1 against No Surrender.	16 to 1 against Wet Quaker.
7 to 1 against Puseyite.	17 to 1 against Iconoclast.
8 to 1 against Anabaptist.	18 to 1 against The Scoffer.
9 to 1 against Indifferentism.	19 to 1 against Bigotry.
11 to 1 against Clap-Trap.	20 to 1 against St. Athanasius.
13 to 1 against Little Bethel.	100 to 1 against Any Settlement.

Stringent measures had been taken to ensure a good race, and when the flag dropped they all got off well. TRELAUNY, on Abolition, led, but closely attended by ESCORT on Compromise, and DISRAELI on No Surrender not far off. BOB CECIL made a spurt with Puseyite, but a few strides took the wind out of that showy but unsound beast; and HARVEY LEWIS, who rode his maiden race on Clap-Trap, speedily managed to pump out his horse. GEORGE LEWIS went ahead with Indifferentism, but that horse has had his day, and this jock's unfortunate practice of looking one way and riding another soon got him into grief. BRIGHT shoved Wet Quaker well forward, and cannoning

against Bigotry, knocked that unlucky animal against the rails, WHITE-SIDE loudly protesting. The rest of the horses were nowhere, and it was soon clear that the race lay with Compromise, No Surrender, and Abolition. A brilliant struggle ensued, and the speed and bottom of the horses did honour to the system of British training; but the pace was too fierce to last, and Compromise was seen dropping astern. Then, amid terrific shouts, the two favourites did all they knew, and it was a neck-and-neck race to the post, and for some minutes no-one could say which way the event had gone. At length, after a pause of intense excitement, the Judge, MR. DENISON, announced that No Surrender was the victor. The scene that ensued defies description; the cheering of the winner's friends rose again and again, and the bells of several churches were set ringing.

Mr. Punch begs to apologise for the flavour of turf in the above paragraph, but it is the racing season, and we should all suit ourselves to the tone of the day. But if anybody wants the story told in a calmer fashion, let him be informed that to-day SIR JOHN TRELAUNY's Bill for the Abolition of Church Rates came on for Third Reading; that after a debate the division was taken; that there were 274 on each side; and that the SPEAKER gave his casting vote against the Bill, which is therefore lost. Mr. Punch believes that the division by no means promises a long life to an unpopular rate, but means that the House desires to do nothing harshly or unjustly, and intends to carry out a fair compromise of a vexed question.

Thursday. India. The Commons walk out of the House, and leave the affairs of millions to be settled by a handful of Members, and Mr. Punch is not inclined to be more patriotic. WOOD—aw—where's India?

Friday. LORD DERBY expressed his hope that the vote of Wednesday would lead to the satisfactory compromise so much to be desired. Why does he not himself draw a Bill? He was once pretty ready to deal with Church matters. Does he recollect how many Irish bishops he once bowled over, laughing at the frantic noise of that most objectionable being, a clamorous Irish parson?

The Commons did Harbour business in the morning, and at night amused themselves by deriding BAILLIE COCHRANE, who is so horribly awestruck at the examination-papers for Candidates for the Civil Service. COCHRANE should get away for a little from among old fogies who never knew much, and have forgotten most of what they did know, and should spend a little time among smart young fellows of about 20, educated up to the mark of the day. He may come and smoke half a pipe with Mr. Punch's lads, if he likes (only COCKY must promise not to read them any of his poetry), and then he will learn that however a few harmless exercises may frighten him, the lads of the day are not utterly prostrated at being asked to say where China is, to explain the Second Aorist, to scan a line of JUVENAL, or even to multiply 36 by 72. STANLEY and GLADSTONE laughed at him, of course, but he is ludicrously unconvinced that horrible tyranny is not practised on the rising generation.

THE PORTER'S KNOT COIFFURE.



HERE is no task that the male mind is more inclined to shrink from than that of pointing out a folly or a fault in Lovely Woman. But at whatever risk of losing his character for gallantry, Mr. Punch at times is forced to do himself a violence by hinting that his darlings are making themselves ludicrous by the follies which *Le Follet* persuades them to adopt. With Crinoline he felt it was his duty to contend, as it proved a public nuisance and encroached on public thoroughfares, besides encroaching also upon many a private purse. And against the growing taste for finery and flummery Mr. Punch has often had the courage to inveigh, because beauty in plain clothes is more pleasing to his eye than beauty decked by vanity and adorned with doubtful taste.

The question how far Lovely Woman is gifted with the right to disfigure and deform herself, is one which a debating Club may argue as they please, but on which all minds of sense will certainly agree.

From the times of ancient Britonesses who dyed their hair sky blue, the ladies have been ever grave offenders in this way, and their coiffure has been commonly the head and front of their offending. Never say dye (at any rate with blue) may nowadays perhaps be an accepted maxim; but scarcely less ridiculous than this old English fashion is the modern mode of gathering the hair into a hump, and wearing it à la porter's knot upon the neck. Sometimes this absurd protuberance is of most monstrous size, being swelled out with the hair from other heads and tails, if it be true that use is made of equine caudal cuttings. This not merely hides the beauty of the back part of the neck (and of all the charms of woman there are few which equal that), but it gives the head a most unnatural appearance, and makes it look considerably too big for the body. Ladies with short necks are especially disfigured by the porter's knot coiffure, for the hair hump makes it difficult to see at a back view that they have any neck at all; and one imagines them descended from the race that SHAKESPEARE speaks of, the men whose heads are said to grow beneath their shoulders.

Another disadvantage in the porter's knot coiffure is the fact that it is calculated to collect the dust; and a net is sometimes worn which increases this collection, although it is believed to be a guard against it. Whether ladies wear these nets in the hope of catching husbands with them, Mr. Punch has neither means nor wish to ascertain; nor whether men in general approve of all the beads and bangles and makebelieve half-sovereigns with which these nets are often woven and weighed down. Ladies are in general a *race montagnière*, and when once a step is taken in the matter of the fashions, the whole flock blindly follow without thinking if it suits them. Making a hair poultice at the back part of the neck is not to Mr. Punch a capillary attraction; and although some eyes may view it as "a trifle light as hair," he thinks it gives the head a very heavy look.

NEW CORPORATION READING.—You can take a Mayor to the water, but you'll find it's more than you can do to make him drink.

A SHORT CUT FOR A CLAY.



R. CASSIUS M. CLAY, the new Minister at St. Petersburg of the Northern United States, has been delivering in Paris, to a meeting of Americans, a wonderfully sensible and delicate oration, in the course of which he ventured to congratulate the French on the extraordinary "liberties" which they are now enjoying, and which are so well "recognised by the great chief of their choice." With this sprinkle of soft sawder for our friends across the Channel, MR. CLAY then mixed a spice of peppery temper against England, accusing her of taking up the cause of Southern "rebels," and predicting her arrival at univairsal smash:—

"If England, after all she has said against slavery, shall draw her sword in its defence, then I say, great as she is, she shall perish by the sword." For then

not only France, but all the world shall cry out, '*Peuple Albion*.' When she mingles the red crosses of the Union Jack with the piratical black flag of the 'Confederate States of America'—will not just as certainly the Tricolor and the Stars and Stripes float once more in fraternal folds? (*Hear, hear.*) Can France forget who has doggedly hedged in all the fields of her glory? Can NAPOLEON forget St. Helena? Will he at her bidding turn his back upon the East? Shall *Partant pour la Syrie* be heard no more in France?"

After this outbursting of vinous declamation, the honourable orator proceeded to remark:—

"I have spoken to England, not as an enemy, but a friend. For her own sake, I would have her be true to herself. If England would preserve cotton for her millions of operatives, let her join in putting down the rebellion. Her interference in defence of the rebels of the South will force us to that which would be a calamity to us as well as to them—*at a blow to destroy slavery for ever.*"

It is obvious that CASSIUS had been moistening his CLAY, or he surely would not so have mistated real facts as to allege that neutral England has "interfered" to help the South. He, however, gives her reasonable ground for her so doing, in stating that she thereby would "at a blow destroy all slavery for ever;" which, for all their pious outcry, the Northerners it seems would consider a "calamity." Whatever MR. CLAY may think when in his sober senses, it is clear that when excited he gives vent to queer opinions; such as ought to tempt his Government to take a leaf out of *Othello*, and exclaim—

"I love thee, CASSIUS,
But never more be Minister of mine!"

THE CLERICAL COLLECTIVE WISDOM.

CONVOCAATION has at last done one sensible thing. It has abolished the 29th canon. The old canon had got quite rusty, and was entirely unserviceable, combining absolute inutility with an enormous bore. Henceforward a father will be enabled to be a sponsor to his own child, and exempt from the necessity of soliciting some other man to stand godfather, that is, to stand silver cups and spoons. Gentlemen of Paterfamilias's acquaintance will also be relieved of the necessity of sacrificing a sum of money in superfluous plate to the ecclesiastical obligations of Paterfamilias, and also delivered from what some of them will perhaps regard as a greater nuisance, that of having either to disoblige and vex poor Paterfamilias, or to promise and vow certain things which it is utterly impossible for them to perform.

"Gaudeamus igitur, Hungari dum sumus."

M. KOSSUTH is very well "up" in SHAKESPEARE, and therefore Mr. Punch is not surprised at the extreme felicity of the quotation made by the illustrious Hungarian, when the Appeal Judges confirmed SIR JOHN STUART's judgment in the case of the notes manufactured by MESSRS. DAY. Exclaimed he,

"O DAY, and KNIGHT, but this is wondrous strange!"

THE NUISANCES REMOVAL ACT.—If this Act were only properly enforced, how many of the Statues in the Metropolis, might we ask, would be able to hold their ground?

FRENCH SENTIMENT AND SUICIDE.

ACCORDING to MARSHAL MAGNAN, suicides in the army of Paris have lately become "too numerous." A little of this sort of thing is all very well, but it shouldn't go beyond a certain point. So the gallant Marshal has issued an order of the day, in which he thus addresses his brave fellows who are rather too prone to *felo-de-se*:—

"Whenever you find your minds agitated by fatal ideas, whenever you feel yourselves unequal to the trials you have to meet, come and see me; you know that I am always accessible; come and tell me all your troubles, my soldier's heart will understand yours, will recall you to a sentiment of duty, and preserve your lives for your family, for France, and for the EMPEROR, who loves and trusts you."

It is all nonsense to talk of the wittiness and levity of the French. How intense must be the seriousness of MARSHAL MAGNAN for him to have been capable of having, as above, invited any soldier who had an idea of committing suicide to come to him and talk the matter over. Such gravity is unknown in England; nobody has ever seen anything like it who is not old enough to have seen LUTRON.

Fancy a British full private appearing before his commanding officer, and, after performance of the regulation salute, saying, "If you please, Sir, I'm sorry to say I've thoughts of shooting myself." The officer, if he did not place him under arrest for impertinence, would doubtless call him a blanked fool, and tell him to go to Hades. Whereupon the man would repeat his salute and retire—not, however, to obey the order.

Very different would be the scene which we may imagine to take place between MARSHAL MAGNAN and any one of his braves who shall come and inform him that he intends to burn his brains because he owes a tavern-bill, or has quarrelled with a comrade at dominoes, or has been deserted by a little mantua-maker, or laughed at by somebody, or is dissatisfied with his rations. Perhaps the Marshal would remonstrate and expostulate with him, as a kind papa would with an imprudent boy. The interview might begin and end with a salute, which, however, would not resemble the British private's; for of course the French soldier would embrace the Marshal, and the Marshal would very likely kiss the soldier. Then they would both weep, and the simpleton whose mind had been agitated by a fatal idea, recalled by a soldier's heart to a sentiment of duty, and having had his life preserved for his family, for France, and for the EMPEROR who loves and trusts him, would rush out of his General's presence, crying with joy. And where is the Frenchman who, beholding the scene above supposed, would imagine that it would excite roars of laughter if represented in a farce on the British stage? No; the French are the most serious people in the world: our own folks who frequent Exeter Hall are buffoons to our "vivacious neighbours."

NICE NAMES.

At a late sitting of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council was commenced an appeal from Bengal, described as "*MOONSHEE BUZZ UL RUHREN V. LUTEEFUTONISSA*." There is a certain poem, of an educational character, adapted to the tender capacity, which speaks of "THOMAS and WILLIAM and such pretty names." Is there an essential prettiness in names, or is the quality of names, pleasing or the reverse, a mere matter of personal or national taste? In the poem alluded to, if we recollect aright, THOMAS and WILLIAM are exhorted not to quarrel, because their names are so pretty. An Indian poetess, likewise, might recommend the plaintiffs in the case above mentioned, to compose their difference, and desist from litigation on the ground of rejoicing in such pretty names as MOONSHEE BUZZ UL RUHREN and LUTEEFUTONISSA.

A Sound Objection.

In the review of the Iron Market, we read that "Scotch pig is quiet." This must be comforting news for those who live in the neighbourhood of the market, for we can easily imagine that if the "Scotch pig" was not quiet, that he would probably make a noise compared to which the bagpipes would be considered as tuneful windbags filled, direct from Heaven, with the Music of the Spheres.

DIVIDE! DIVIDE!

We hear that CAPTAIN FOWKE and MR. SIDNEY SMIRKE both claim credit for the pretty Arcades in the new Gardens at South Kensington. We would suggest that they should share the credit, as "*Arcades Ambo*."

CHANGE OF (H)AIR.—Instead of the full-bottomed Peruke at present worn by the Speaker, it is suggested that since Wednesday's Church-rate division, MR. DENISON should assume a *de-w(h)*ig.

A PRETTY HOME TRUTH.—Man may be the Head of the Family; but, far better than that, Woman is the Heart of it.



Photographer. "Now, Sir! AVE YER CART DE VISIT DONE?"

A WONDERFUL MAN.

A TURIN letter, describing the new Italian Minister, declares *inter alia*—

"M. RICASOLI never feels fatigued. Four hours' sleep, a piece of bread and butter, and a glass of water, are sufficient to supply his daily wants. He has no court, but he displays a greater haughtiness than LOUIS the FOURTEENTH. Rarely is he seen to laugh. He is generous, but is feared. His peasants tremble at his approach, yet he has made them rich and comfortable. Never was a character more strongly marked."

This is quite exact as far as it goes, but it is incomplete. We are glad to be able to finish the description from an equally accurate source:—

"For his appearance—M. RICASOLI is seven feet high, but has the delicate feet and hands of a child of four years old. His hair is snow-white, his eyebrows, whiskers, moustache and beard of the jettiest black.

"For his temperament—it is bilio-sanguineo-lymphatico-nervous. He will weep over the pages of MANZONI, but did not shed a tear when his Mother died.

"For his habits—he hates pomp and form, but never goes out without four running footmen, and insists upon being served upon the knee.

"With an annual income equivalent to £10,000 19s. 4d. in English money, his personal expenditure amounts to 1½ pauls (8½ English) daily. He is at once silent and loquacious, amiable and sulky, impetuous and cold-blooded, tall and short, young and old,—in one word, he is exactly the man whom clever Correspondents delight to paint, but whom nobody ever met with."

A Drawn Game.

THE result of the late division on Church-rates, equality of votes on either side, cannot but be said to constitute, between Churchmen and Dissenters, a connection which may be considered as forming a most intimate tie.

REMARKABLE ADDITION TO THE "EXTINCT ANIMALS" AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Statue of an "Original Shareholder."

THEY DON'T DO IT TWICE.

THE *Bristol Mirror* gives an interesting account of a Sheep-Shearing Match at Blackwall, where great feats in the way of rapidly denuding the fleecy flocks were performed. Afterwards there was a dinner, and yet, notwithstanding that fact, and the nature of the exhibition, none of the Somersetshire parsons came. The Chairman proposed the health of the Bishop and Clergy of the Diocese, and was "excessively sorry that no Member of the Clergy was present to represent that important body. Had any clergyman attended, he would have heard nothing to disgrace him: he could positively say that not a single oath had been uttered in the shearing tent during the whole day." The most courteous solution of the problem why no Clergy were there may be the supposition that the Somersetshire ecclesiastics thought (as the event proved) that they had taught their disciples so well that no clerical superintendence was wanted. Or is it that the Shepherds perform *their* shearing duties vicariously, and get through their work at Easter?

Irish Fertility in Excuse Making.

AN Englishman, travelling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles.

"Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!"

"Sure, Sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."

A CHOKER FOR CHURCH-RATE ABOLITION.

"WHERE'S Church-rate repeal?" TRELAWNY may cry—

"Alas—'tis hung up in last Wednesday's tie!"

One "Eapin" asks of Another

Is the present Sculpture Room at the Royal Academy different from the old one?

I should think so, my boy; all the difference between light and darkness.



CHURCH RATE.—MR. SPEAKER THROWS HIS WIG INTO THE SCALE.

INDEX

- ABOVE of Earthly Bliss (An), 99
 Aboriginal Poems for Infant Minds, 126
 A C Song, 216
 Admirably Qualified for the Office, 202
 Advantage of Stuttering (The), 222
 Advertised Absurdities, 158
 Alligators in Tears, 93
 Allshambles Music Hall (The), 100
 All Souls' Saved, 117
 "All's Well that Ends Well," 221
 American Cabinet Minister (An), 72
 American Market (The), 55
 American Ties, 238
 Anglo-Italian Copyright, 65
 Another Literary Pension Wanted, 217
 Another Shadow Pantomime, 19
 Another View of the Strike, 148
 Appendix to the American Anthem, 169
 Archimedes and Disraeli, 247
 "Art not thou Villiers and a Montague?" 89
 Art Progress and Art Purpose, 101
 As Clear as Crystal, 257
 As Different as Black and White, 19
 As and his Rider (The), 47
 Astonishing Blunder, 125
 Astronomical Intelligence, 29
 At Breakfast, 55
 Attractive Novelty, 124
 A wful Census-Warning, 143
 Awkward Fix (An), 85
 BALLAD of Admiral Walker (The), 110
 Banks on Board Ship, 177
 Battle of the Budget (The), 205
 Beauty of Early Rising (The), 87
 "Beggars my Neighbour," 120
 Beggars' Petition (A), 78
 Berkeley Peasage, 106
 Bethell's Little Bill, 259
 Birds of a Feather, 34
 Bit of West-India Pickle (A), 41
 Black and White Labourers, 241
 Black is White, 238
 Black Tennyson (A), 189
 Blow from Across the Water (A), 117
 Bold Title for a Book (A), 245
 Bones of Washington (The), 236
 Botanical Turkish Bath (The), 245
 Box of Odonto (A), 201
 Bravo! Eastern Counties! 105
 Brightener at Brighton (A), 247
 Bryan the Brave, 222
 Bull's-eye Bracelets, 54
 CABINET Conversation, 38
 Can a Chattel be a Criminal? 63
 "Canard" (A), 158
 Career open to Scoundrels (A), 220
 Case of Real Selfishness (A), 26
 Caseous Notion of Comfort (A), 118
 Cambridge Prize Poem (The), 75
 C'est la Meme Chose, 168
 Chance for a New Godiva (A), 42
 Chaos, 44
 Charity for Coventry, 29
 Children in Crinoline, 61
 Choker for High Churchmen (A), 124
 Christmas at the Crystal Palace, 8
 Circular Note (A), 38
 Civil Service News, 178
 Classics of the Counter (The), 73
 Clay in Paper, 232
 Clerical Collective Wisdom (The), 261
 Clerical Moustache Movement (The), 43
 Clerical Reform and Economy, 110
 Close's Gush of Gratitude, 219
 Coals in Costume, 236
 Coloured Vocalist (A), 160
 Commercial Intelligence, 230
 Communitated States (The), 129
 Compact Letter Writer (The), 7
 Comparative Physiognomy, 9
 Compromise in Kensington Gardens, 248
 Concentrated Essence of the Milk of Human Kindness, 135
 Conclusive Answer (A), 245
 Confederates and United Statesmen, 98
 Conscience Money and its Consequences, 52
 Conservatory Concerts, 247
 Consuming Extravagance (A), 84
 Consummation Devoutly to be Wished, 97
 Convertible Notes at the Crystal Palace, 257
 Conviviality and Science, 63
 Coolie Emigration (The), 222
 Coppers of Catholicism (The), 205
 "Corrupt Practices," 95
 "Cough no More!" 23
 Court Circular, 53
 Crème de la Crème, 100
 Crinoline and its Victims, 90
 Crinoline Hospital Wanted (A), 112
 Cruelty of Mammon, 24
 Cruise of the Admiral (The), 119
 "Cry Havoc, and let Loose the Dogs of War!" 167
 Cry of Poland (The), 114
 "De Bello Gallico," 197
 Début of a New Statue (The), 59
 Defence of Agar Town (The), 82
 Delenda Est, 29
 Destruction of Tissue, 210
 Difference between Wit and Humour, 170
 Dig at the Delegates (A), 176
 Dignity and Impudence, 136
 Dinner and Tea Traits, 51
 "Does your Mother know you're Out?" 26
 Don Do and Done, 238
 Don't Believe it was ever said, 155
 Dotage and Dotation, 129
 Dr. M'Hale, 21
 Dr. Watts to Jonathan, 108
 EAST Hair Cutting and Shaving Shop, 143
 Ecclesiastical Swains, 93
 Economy with Elegance, 72
 Edwin James's Clerk, 44
 Effects of the Frost, 62
 Egg-Batterie de Guerre et de Cuisine, 258
 Eggs and Yoke, 171
 Emigrants and Remigrants, 218
 Emperor on the Ice (The), 43
 End of the Strike (The), 252
 England v. China, 133
 English Murdered by the French, 31
 "E Pluribus unum," 228
 Equitable Adjustment, 137
 Equivocal Compliment (An), 129
 Essaying and Reviewing, 167
 Evident Misprint (An), 94
 Evident Mistake (An), 128
 Example Set us by our Betters, 227
 Expensive Materials for Conversation, 227
 Extravagant Scot (An), 116
 FACE of Nature (The), 29
 Facing one's Constituents, 236
 Facts of the Frost, 4
 Fair Play for Photography, 221
 Fair Remark (A), 157
 Fair Sex and the Census (The), 115
 False Hearts, 196
 Fascination and Fiddle-Faddle, 245
 Fashionable Revival, 159
 Fashion and its Follies, 187
 Fashion for the Fireplace, 52
 Fashions for Festivals, 129
 Fatal Mistake (A), 179
 Fellow for a Photograph (A), 107
 Felony v. Fine Arts, 241
 Fevers upon Wheels, 31
 Few Simple Reasons against Smoking, 73
 Fine old Girls, 110
 Finest Part for Fehter (The), 220
 Finisher of British Art (The), 84
 Food and Features, 62
 Foreign Traps for English Flats, 42
 Fragility of Frowns (The), 159
 France and the Fashions, 20
 French Sentiment and Suicide, 261
 French Wonder (A), 251
 Fresh as Paint, 237
 Freshwater Fry, 24
 From a Correspondent, 86
 Frost and Thaw, 86
 Frozen out Lawyers, 82
 Fun for the Foreign Office, 65
 Gaiety Subsidy Company (The), 242
 Gentlemen who have an Interest in Keeping their Heads Cool, 44
 "Gents" Averaged (The), 258
 Ghost of a Guy (The), 56
 Gills that want no Starch, 237
 Giving Gye a Lift, 210
 Gladstone's Pet, 31
 Gladstone the Husband's best Friend, 196
 Glut of Heroes (A), 96
 Golden Rule for Ladies (A), 252
 Good Licking (A), 98
 Good old Days of Joseph Hume (The), 103
 Great Divorce now Due (The), 144
 Greatness Singing Small, 50
 Great Thaw Coming (The), 24
 Grindoff Revisited, 147
 Grown for a Husband (A), 193
 Goan of a True Briton (The), 213
 HAMLET in a Laughing Mood, 140
 Hardness of the Times, 201
 "Hard Lines," 211
 Hatchment Wit, 1
 Hausse et Baisse, 99
 Havelock's Humble Petition, 225
 Having his Swing for his Money, 32
 Head and Front of their Offending, 137
 Helping an old Friend, 168
 "Here they Spike the English," 227
 Here we Are! 12
 Here we Spirits are Again! 120
 Hero and a Martyr (A), 161
 Hohenzollern's Prayer, 147
 Home Question for Yankees (A), 251
 Hop at the Holy See (A), 71
 Hopeful Character (A), 168
 Hoot from a New Forest Owl (A), 52
 How Extremely Lucky, 32
 How to Draw out a Person's Gratitude, 84
 How will you have it? 188
 Hubbard's Appeal, 98
 Humbugs in the House of Commons, 208
 If not a Donkey, certainly a Duellist, 89
 Imperial Assurance, 71
 Impromptu (of course), 145
 Improved Spelling, 217
 Inconvenient Horses, 62
 Indigestion from Irish Stew, 184
 Indignation of Oireland (The), 242
 Ingenious Idea, 26
 Ink, Blood, and Tears, 192
 Instead of which and not Only, 86
 Insult to France, 196
 Intellectual Destitution, 161
 Ires Amantium, 211
 Irish Auction (The), 246
 Irish Fertility in Excuse Making, 202
 Ironsides, Chairman, 137
 Italy and Hungary, 221
 Italy's Christmas Wails, 9
 It is never too late to Learn who our great Men are, 167
 Jigs for Gents, 146
 John Palmerston, 143
 Johnson and Blondin, 246
 Joke for Johnny Raw, 195
 Jumping out of his Skin, 218
 Just and Holy Cause of Slavery, 225
 Justification, 185
 Kings and many Friends (The), 61
 King Bumble of Marylebone, 177
 Keep your Five Shillings! 149
 Kettledrum! Kettledrum!! Kettledrum!!! 231
 LA GLOIRE and La Crinoline, 19
 Lament of the Season (A), 14
 Last new Martyr (The), 139
 Latest from Lambeth, 241
 Lay of the Last Statue (The), 165
 Legal Judgment (A), 252
 Legal Sweaters, 41
 Lèse-Majesté, 197
 Let's Try to be Cheerful, 64
 Letter from an Affectionate Mother, 29
 Lettier H. and Slavery (The), 3
 Let us be Thankful it is no Worse, 251
 Lines by a Cockney, 226
 Lipping Tribes (The), 219
 Long Siege, but no Surrender (A), 248
 Lord Mayor on his Legs (The), 202
 Loss and Gain, 157
 Loud Cries of "Walker!" 119
 Lounger's Lament at the Crystal Palace (The), 238
 MAX called out of his Name (A), 63
 Making the Most of it, 65
 Maronites and Martyrs, 51
 Marriage for the Masses, 149
 Mansion House Marbles, 145
 Mawworms in a Milk-walk, 159
 May-day Music Show (The), 193
 Mechanical Babies, 23
 Media Magpies, 63
 Medical Notes in Newspapers, 195
 Military Education, 1
 Ministering to one's Wants and Comforts, 237
 Miraculous Hair-Cutting, 45
 Modern Civilization, 139
 Modesty and Music, 197
 Monkysana, 206
 Moonstruck Bells and Men, 148
 Mr. Punch at the Races, 235
 Mr. Punch's New Year's Gifts, 21
 Muffs of Marylebone, 237
 Musical Marauders, 155
 Musical Martyrdom, 198
 Mysteries of Trade (The), 87
 NARRATIVE Destitution, 220
 Naval Etiquette, 103
 Neat Kind of Lord (A), 245
 New Airs for Volunteer Bugles, 22
 New Arrival (The), 130
 New Comedy of Errors (A), 230
 New Fashion (A), 173
 New Gentleman (A), 25
 New Miserere (A), 156
 New Periodical (The), 35
 New Version of Mother Hubbard (A), 94
 Nice Names, 261
 Nominal Objection (A), 83
 Nose and Ear in Harmony, 99
 Note on Naval Estimates, 124
 Notice of Motion, 120, 239
 Notices for the Coming Session, 39
 Nuisances at the Royal Academy Exhibition, 216
 Ode to a Young Barrister, 176
 Ode to the North and South, 209
 "O, &c., my Uncle!" 54
 Old and New World Changing Places (The), 77
 One who Draws it Mild, 248
 Only Cure (The), 52
 Order for Mourning, 88
 Our Admiralty Thinkers, 135
 Our Dramatic Correspondent, 30, 53, &c.
 Our National Defenders, 217
 "Our Own Correspondent at the Seat of War," 1
 Our Prize Census Paper, 135
 Our Roving Correspondent, 43, 123, &c.
 "Over, Fork over," 169
 Oxford Prize Poetry, 225
 PAINFUL Imprudence, 123
 "Palman qui Meruit Ferat," 140
 Palmerston at Home, 146
 Pam and the Poets, 200
 Panislavism in the Southern States, 159
 Papal Zouaves and Petticoats, 87
 Parliamentary Bore (The), 211
 Parliamentary Entertainments, 74
 Parliamentary Rehearsals, 51
 Paul Fry in the Pulpit, 84
 Pauper Hunting, 10
 Paying Line (A), 25
 Peasant's Petition (The), 14
 People who shouldn't Live in Glass Houses, 83
 Personal Poems, 159
 Petticoat Empire (The), 12
 Plea for the F. R. (A), 162
 Post Close changes his Mind, 239
 Poetry of Locomotion (The), 195
 Poisoned Toys, 8
 Poland Dressed too Loud, 257
 Political Tabernacle (The), 84
 Polly the Porter, 239
 Pontiff and Prince, 229
 Pope at Bay (The), 157
 Pope at Home (The), 181
 Pope's Last (The), 138
 Popular Thrill for Pleasure (The), 2
 Porter's Knot Costume (The), 260
 Postal Arrangements, 138
 Post Obit Prosecution (A), 67
 Pot and Kettle, 155
 Potter's last Push, 186
 Power of Speed (The), 255
 Pray Pity the Poor Pope, 109
 Prejudiced Protestant (A), 150
 Prelates at Play, or Prolusions Episcopales, 113
 Preparations for the Derby, 220

Presents to Mr. Punch, 10
 Pretty Figs, 167
 Prevention better than Punishment, 103
 Preventive Penal Knowledge, 170
 Price of a Partridge (The), 153
 Prince Murat's Pippin, 150
 Probable Misunderstanding with France, 257
 Profitable Value of Delay (The), 232
 Prophecy of Merlin (A), 87
 Proposed Decoration of the House of Lords, 146
 Protection for British Salmon, 218
 Protestants under Protest, 216
 Publicans and Sinners, 34
 Public Favourite (A), 251
 Punch in his Glory, 74
 Punch's English Exercises, 4
 Punch's Essence of Parliament, 57, 66, &c.
 Punch's Prophecy for the Derby, 221
 QUEEN for the Army (A), 85
 Quite a Legal Line, 124
 RAGGED Clergy (The), 231
 Railway Remembrancers, 63
 Rash Assertion (A), 107
 Rather a High Note, 189
 Rather Important Syllable (A), 236
 Rather Pungent, 139
 Rattling Game (A), 96
 Real Conscience Money, 36
 Real Editor of "Notes and Queries" (The), 87
 Reality of Cloud Land (The), 46
 Reduced Highness (A), 103
 Reform Anti-Reformers, 123
 Reform Breeze (The), 123
 Reforming the Reformer, 99
 Regular Fox Club Dinner (A), 105
 Renaissanceur, 114
 Revenue Cutter (The), 134
 Revival in Art, 257
 Revolution in Evening Parties, 39
 Riddance of State Rats (A), 41
 Right and Left of a Rule (The), 163
 Right at Last, 175
 Robbing the Poor, 239
 Rod in Pickle for Rogues (A), 202
 Romilly and the Bigots, 52
 Royal Christening (A), 199
 Rule Slaveownia, 160
 Rural Insanity, 233
 SACRED Bear Gardens, 179
 Salmon's Remonstrance (The), 211
 Saluting a Captain, 62
 "Sanguinary Mendicant," 228
 Savages on Skates, 31
 Saxon Law in Canada, 12
 Scarlet Rover (The), 127
 Schoolmistress Abroad—Rather? 156
 Scotch Husbandry, 180
 Scotch Salmon and Sewage, 236
 Scrap from the "Merry Wives," 217
 Seasonable Advice, 33
 Seasonable Intelligence, 133
 Secession and Slavery, 11
 Self-Moving Furniture, 2
 Selling an Uncle, 250
 Sense from Suffolk, 40
 Sentiment in the Sheriff's Court, 33
 Serenade, 20
 Servantism versus Schooling, 2
 Settlement of the Italian Question, 176
 Shave for the Soldier (A), 99
 Shocking Objects of Charity, 196
 Shop and Freedom, 134
 Short Cut for a Clay (A), 231
 Sight Seeing and Seeing, 139
 Similarity with a very great Difference (A), 216
 Simplicity of the Division of Labour, 245
 Sir G. Bowyer's Gammon, 107
 Sir W. Goodenough Hayter, M.P., 97
 Slang of the Shops (The), 54
 Slang of the Stage (The), 9
 Slave-Owners' Declaration, 40
 Slavery and Mormonism, 78
 Slave Trade and the States (The), 115
 Slipshod of the Shops (The), 133
 Small Crumbs of Comfort, 225
 Smash for the Encore Swindle (A), 105
 Snaring Peasants, 32
 Snobs and Squibs, 35
 Solemn Application of Steam, 252
 Something like a Machine, 212
 Something Picked up at a Publisher's late Dinner, 22
 Something Short for Snake-Bites, 182
 Song by Mr. Merriman, 196
 Song for the Merchants, 226
 Song of the "Skied" One (The), 197
 Song to the Speaker, 230
 Sound Objection (A), 261
 Spanish Honour to be Avenged, 133
 Special Verdict (A), 7
 Spiritual Bell-ringing, 187
 Spiritualism and Quarter-day, 120
 Spoilt Children of the Admiralty (The), 138

Squirro Gentil, 241
 Star of Italy (The), 83
 Steel versus Wood, 176
 "Strike, but Hear me!" 140
 Stultissimi, 162
 Superiority of the Superior Sex, 123
 Supernatural Swindle, 100
 Support in Sickness, 85
 Surgery for the Middle Classes, 169
 Sympathetic Slave-Owners (The), 54
 Sympathy, 116
 Sympathy of Holiness (The), 30
 Symptom of Sanctity (A), 205
 TAKING Fashion (A), 103
 Taking of Fort Sumter, 183
 Temperature of Paupers (The), 41
 Testators all Alive O! 11
 Teutonic Serenaders (The), 101
 That Blessed Donkey, 233
 There are no Children Now-a-days, 127
 These Things are an Allegory, 23
 They Don't do it Twice, 262
 Thing to be Avoided in Hot Weather, 237
 Things that won't Wash, 161
 Those Dogs of Italians, 63
 Thought for Tears (A), 55
 To a Cippus-Smasher, 227
 Tomkins's Telegrams, 114
 To Oblige Benson, 30
 To Spurgeon, 146
 Tribute to Normanby (A), 116
 Troops that can well be Spared, 146
 True Kindness, 245
 Tune of many Millions (The), 187
 Turks and Traitors, 14
 Two Bishops (The), 199
 Two Entrances and Two Exits, 81
 Two Features Rolled into One, 64
 Two Philosophers (The), 235
 Two Thoughts, "All in the Downs," 222
 UNCERTAIN Cures of Souls, 25
 Un-English Slang, 178
 Unfeeling Mockery, 210
 Unsuccessful Attempt (An), 64
 Use of France at Rome (The), 181
 VARIATION Humbug (The), 47
 Vengeance of Music (The), 77
 Very Unfair from John Bright, 58
 Vocal Military Music, 232
 Voices of our Nights, 165
 Volunteer to his Tooth-Brush (The), 182
 Volunteer where least Expected (A), 250
 WANTED, a Garibaldi for Cottonopolis, 47
 Way with Husbands (A), 135
 What Pleasure will do NEXT, 241
 Why I Love the Isle of Wight, 2
 Will Hayter, 100
 Wiscount's Last (The), 187
 Wit in the Meas Room, 145
 Wonderful Cabinet (The), 67

Wonderful Man (A), 262
 Wonderful Precocity in a Boy, 259
 Word of Advice to the Bishops (A), 109
 Working Man's Crib and his Club (The), 13
 Wrong Man for the Work, 55
 Wrong Word in the Wrong Place, 190
 YAKOOS among the Yankees, 139
 Yoicks, your Reverence! 118
 Young Lady Architecturally Surveyed (A), 210
 ZONG for the Haymakun Zazon, 255

LARGE ENGRAVINGS:—

AMERICAN Difficulty (The), 198
 "Beggar my Neighbour," 121
 Britannia about to Take her "Constitutional," 59
 British Slave (The), 163
 "Cæsar Imperator!" or, The American Gladiators, 203
 Cottage (The), 17
 Derby Obstruction (A), 223
 Derby Spill (A), 233
 Divorce à Vinculo, 27
 Durham Cheese (The), 101
 Frost and Thaw, 87
 Jack's "Navy Estimate," 111
 Latest Arrival (The), 131
 Lion of the Season (The), 213
 Looking into the Accounts, 91
 Man for Galway (The), 243
 Master Bull and his Dentist, 173
 Mr. Speaker throws his Wig into the Scale, 263
 Our Cabinet Maker, 133
 Papal Allocation, 152
 Real Barbarian from China (The), 5
 Recollections of Easter Monday at Brighton, 153
 Seasonable Advice—"Put by for a Frosty Day," 79
 Skating Lesson—Slippery Work (A), 49
 Stable (The), 16
 "Strike, but Hear me!" 141
 Strike—Hitting him Hard (The), 253
 Where's the Baby? 69

SMALL ENGRAVINGS:—

"ATHLETIC Exercises," 218
 "Ave a Pair on, Sir?" 23
 Awful Apparition! 140
 Beware, Darlings, of Artillery Whiskers, 239
 Butcher Boy and Drayman, 130
 By the Fast Train, 202
 Capital Lark of Bodger and Pippis, 136
 Census (The), 162

Challenge for Blondin (A), 249
 Christmas Visitor (A), 30
 Clerical Beard Movement (The), 36
 Coming Home with the Band, 153
 "Completely Nonplussed!" 100
 Compliments of the Season (The), 8
 Considerate! 68
 Consolation, 13
 Contented Mind (A), 55
 Cotton Lord and Artist, 106
 Dangerous Situation (A), 10
 Darlings Seeing the 38th Othersex Volunteers Drilled (The), 252
 Day before the Derby, 228
 Delhi Prize Money (The), 248
 Dining under Difficulties, 126
 Dip in the Lucky Bag (A), 114
 Doctor and Elderly Lady, 256
 Doing a "Bit of Paper," 208
 Doubtful, 240
 Effect of the Weather on a Sensitive Plant, 58
 Effects of the Thaw, 45
 Eminent Tragedian, 166
 Emphatic! 117
 Enthusiastic Artist, 246
 Ex-King of Naples (The), 40
 Fact (A), 242
 Figure of Victory, 116
 "Flattering," 198
 Force of Habit, 146
 Foreman and Undersized Gent, 229
 Frederick Teasing his Brother-in-law, 78
 Gaddy's Academy Picture on View, 176
 Going over the Gate, 90
 Going to the Sham Fight at Brighton, 155, 156
 Gone Away! 120
 Great Coat Committee (The), 53
 Guards' Monument (The), 34
 "Have a Cigar, Fred?" 186
 Helping him on! 134
 "Hooley—the Streets up Again!" 137
 Horrid Girl! 226
 "I'd Choose her be er Daisy," 171
 Ignorance not Bliss, 21
 Immense Swell a-Shopping, 172
 Irish Housekeeping, 74
 "Isn't Mr. Blaque a Wicked Man?" 159
 Italian Boot (The), 86
 "It Certainly Sets off the Uniform," 196
 Lady and Cabman, 222
 Latest Importation in Sweets, 12
 Medium (A), 149
 Modern Governess (The), 52
 Morning after the Juvenile Party, 33
 "Neat Style of Cob that, Charles?" 84
 New Lady Godiva (The), 42
 New Leathers, Too! 97
 Nimble Ninepence (The), 188
 "Old Lady's Delight at Seeing a lively Female Wasp," 85
 "One Touch of Nature," &c., 219
 Our Artist at Wimbledon, 148
 Ow Mary Hanne Follows Fashion, 121
 Painful Subject (A), 132
 Papal Beadle (A), 139
 Paper Collar—Useful and Ornamental (The), 169
 Party with Skates and Cabby, 44
 Photographer, 262
 Pitt's Statue, Hanover Square, 94
 Poser (A), 199
 Proposed new Style of Whisker, 104
 Punch takes a Turkish Bath, 192
 Riding-Hat Question (The), 358
 Rival Cabby, 178
 Scene—A Quiet Street, 181
 Scene—The Hill, 238
 Screaming Latin Joke, 72
 Serious Accident during the Frost, 26
 "Severe," 168
 "She won't be a Pig," 157
 Shop! 107
 Six-footers at Brighton, 158
 Sketch from Nature (A), 113
 Sketch of the Ship "Express," 65
 Sketch on the Downs (A), 232
 Snooks has Joined a Mounted Corps, 85
 "Sour Grapes," 110
 Street Boy and Flunkey, 32
 Sunday School Teacher and Boy, 179
 Sweet Thing in Hats (A), 127
 Thaw and the Streets (The), 48
 "Thou art in a Furlous State, Shepherd," 209
 Valuable Recommendation (A), 2
 Very neat Present for small Children, 22
 Volunteer Captain and Recruit, 160
 Waltzing of the Period, 212
 Wanted a Sponsor, 46
 Warning to Mothers (A), 236
 Weather and the Streets (The), 4
 "What's your Candid Opinion?" 64
 Yankee Subtlety, 75
 Young Lady and Mr. Smith, 259
 "You was very nearly Down, Sir!" 20



LONDON:

BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

